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August 5, 1959

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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by
Lucille Rivers

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 403P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 5, 1959

Vol. 27, No.

Our cover

● Sydney model Anne Felton looks a breath of spring as she poses with towels of glowing colors. Anne and her husband, Neil Felton, have a six-month-old son, Scott. She studied medicine for five years and graduated a Bachelor of Science. Picture by Laurie le Guay.

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The Weekly Round

● Dr. Richard H. Klemmer, author of "A Man for Every Woman", which begins in this issue (pages 32 to 35), became interested in his subject during World War II.

HE said: "While I was recruiting W.A.C.s (American Women's Army Corps) I began to wonder why some women marry and others don't.

"Some young women, obviously above average in intelligence and appearance, were not married. It seemed neither logical nor right.

"I decided then that if ever I had a chance I would see what I could do to help those who wanted to be married."

As Associate General Director of the American Institute of Family Relations, Dr. Klemmer has started classes and discussion groups called "Social Effectiveness."

These are designed to help those who wish to be married to understand their personalities and so improve their capacity for making friends.

Dr. Klemmer, aged 41, and his wife have one daughter.

MRS. ALICE PEECE, wife of tenor Jan Peerce (story, opposite page), will be more than a sightseer as she accompanies her famous husband on his Australian tour.

In the United States, Mrs. Peerce campaigns for the Bonds of Israel drive.

If she is asked, she hopes to raise funds in Australia.

Robert Feldman, of our New York staff, says:

"I asked Mrs. Peerce if she planned during her Australian tour to criticise America's Middle East policy as she does—eloquently and often—in the United States.

"She said her job in Australia would be to help her husband in his role as 'ambassador of culture.' She did not think it proper to demean her country abroad.

"We are Americans first and Jews second," she said.

STAFF men at our coloratura plant wouldn't believe their eyes when we sent them colored bread rolls as a color check for the illustration of rumpus room recipes.

Pink or green rolls (tinted by a baker with pure vegetable food coloring) are popular party food for teenagers.

When the staff men saw the colored bread, they thought the rolls had come from one of Sydney's "magic" shops and wouldn't eat them because they expected a trick.

NEXT WEEK

● A frame can be the perfect setting for your favorite painting. A five-page feature in our next issue discusses the right way to frame pictures and how to hang them. Superb color pictures show the effect of inexpensive, attractive frames.

RAGS TO RICHES TENOR

● Jan Peerce, one of the world's greatest tenors, has waited nearly 12 years to make a concert tour of Australia. The American singer, due in Sydney next week, turned down bid after bid until he got his own terms — a maximum amount of time and a minimum amount of work.

FRANKLY," the 55-year-old star said, "I don't need the money. To go to Australia to sing and not to be able to relax and look around would be pointless.

"Suppose I had signed to give a concert every night, or four a week, as most touring artists do. When I came back and my friends asked me what I had seen in Australia, what could I answer? Concert halls?"

Alice, his gracious and charmingly managerial wife, and pianist Warner Bass will accompany Peerce to Australia.

In his own country, Peerce has been able to call the tune for years. He is acclaimed as not only a musician — Toscanini proclaimed Peerce his favorite tenor — but an example of the classic American "rags to riches" success story.

In 1956 he toured Russia, becoming the first American to sing at Moscow's famous Bolshoi Theatre. His trip paved the way for the current cultural-exchange programme, and he was invited to return to Russia after the Australian tour.

The U.S. State Department welcomed Peerce's Russian tour—he had been invited by the Soviet Ministry for Culture.

After his first Moscow concert he had to sing seven encores, and the house manager had to turn off the lights in Tchaikovsky Hall to get the audience to leave.

In Leningrad crowds lined the streets from the Opera House to Peerce's hotel after his performance in "Rigoletto."

During the dress rehearsal of "La Traviata" at the Bolshoi, Peerce suddenly realised that there was an audience of about 500 in the stalls. He had been singing at half-voice to save his strength for the performance.

When he was told that his impromptu audience consisted of members of the ballet, the theatre, and well-known singers, he let go.

After the second-act aria there was such an ovation that the conductor said: "If you don't mind, could we repeat the aria?" "Mind?" said Peerce, loosening his tie. "Try to stop me!"

In Australia Peerce will give 16 concerts in five weeks, commencing in Sydney on August 6. Twelve of the concerts will be given in other States and New Zealand.

He will be presented by J. and W. Tait, the concert division of J. C. Williamson Theatres Ltd.

During the tour he will present a

Story and picture
by
ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

varied fare of French and Italian operatic arias, oratorio, German lieder, and popular ballads.

Jan Peerce, born Jacob Perlmut in the slums of Manhattan's lower East Side, began his musical career as a violinist.

Making a living with jazz bands and nightclub combos, he found work easier to get by "doubling," laying aside his fiddle in the middle of a number and standing up to sing.

He eloped with Alice Kaye, his childhood sweetheart, in 1929.

When the runaway couple came home, the elder Perlmut, a caterer, asked Jacob: "How are you going to support your wife, my son?"

The youth replied impulsively: "Some day I'll be a great singer at the Metropolitan Opera."

One night three years later at New York's Astor Hotel, the diminutive violinist had just sat down after playing "Marie" at a dinner honoring comedians Weber and Fields. A man walked up, introduced himself as Samuel L. Rothafel, and asked Peerce if he would like to sing at the gala opening of a new theatre.

Rothafel was better known as "Roxy" and the opening was that of the celebrated Radio City Music Hall, the largest and most lavish theatre in the world.

"I was so scared I didn't know what to say," Peerce recalled. "I said, 'Mr. Rothafel, I'm too short to go on a stage. I'm too funny-looking.'"

Peerce didn't appear at the opening after all—he remembers crying when he was told his number had been cut. But he stayed on at Radio City and his name eventually became better known than many of the stars who had edged him out of the programme.

Peerce, urged by his wife, began taking singing lessons. In 1941, he

Besides infusing him with a new personality, Roxy also gave the timorous singer his new professional name.

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● Jan Peerce and his wife, Alice, in the study of their luxurious home. The picture window overlooks the wooded three acres surrounding the home.

made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera in "La Traviata," replacing Tito Schipa, who had been called back to Italy by Mussolini.

The raves over his performance have not stopped since. Peerce was compared to Enrico Caruso. His dramatic style, his legato, his lyrical "bel canto" earned the praise of critics.

Soon afterwards Peerce was introduced to the late Arturo Toscanini. After the Maestro had listened several times to Peerce's singing, he said, "You have lived and studied in Italy, of course."

"No, sir," replied the tenor.

Tudor house in New Rochelle, a fashionable area of suburban New York.

An immense lounge-room, with vaulted ceiling, contains a grand piano, an elaborate hi-fi gramophone and tape-recorder system, and other luxurious appointments.

In Peerce's large study a wall-size picture window overlooks the family's private three-acre woods,

One of Peerce's hit recordings is an LP of commentary and song entitled "A Passover Seder With Jan Peerce."

Many of Jan Peerce's recordings veer from the Metropolitan Opera fare. While he doesn't sell like Elvis Presley, some of his popular records — "Because" and "Bluebird of Happiness," for example — are among the all-time favorites.

Peerce tries hard to keep up to date on "pops," and gets invaluable help from his 18-year-old daughter, Susan.

The day I dropped in, Peerce had to record a new ballad, "Wonderful, Wonderful." He asked Susan if the song "sent" her.

"Just so-so," she replied. "Why don't you do something dreamy like 'Round and Round,' Daddy?"

"A fine thing," grinned Peerce. "I make records for teenagers and my daughter goes out and buys Perry Como!"

Mrs. Peerce will go to Australia armed with cashmere and long-sleeved evening frocks against the lack of central heating. I asked her what furs she was packing. "Two. One full-length coat and a jacket," she said. "They happen to be mink, but, believe me, I wish they were something else!"

Long wait for tour

"Have you any Italians in your family?" asked Toscanini.

"No," said Peerce. "My parents and grandparents came from Russia. Beyond that I can't go."

"Aha! That's it!" cried Toscanini triumphantly. "That's where the Italian comes in."

Beginning with the famous "Hymn of All Nations," which Toscanini filmed during World War II, a long association and friendship developed between the two.

Toscanini, a notoriously dour personality for all his musical genius, paid Peerce the highest compliment: "He has the beautiful voice."

The Peerce live in a rambling

which slope down to a pretty lake.

When Jan is not on tour the Peerce entertain lavishly.

For the two successive nights of the Seder, the ceremonial dinner that marks the Passover festival, they packed more than 100 friends into their dining-room last April.

Among the guests were dozens of Jewish and Christian celebrities from the world of opera and the arts; for example, violinist Isaac Stern and Agnes de Mille, of ballet fame.

Peerce acted as the cantor, singing the taxing service and entralling his guests with his mastery of the Eastern rhythms and improvisations of the sacred Hebrew ritual.

Can make a dress in eleven minutes

● Lucille Rivers, famous New York dressmaker now visiting Australia for a nationwide series of sewing demonstrations, is not only an expert on the theory of sewing. She can make a dress — in just eleven minutes.

"It was a jersey 'quickie' dress," she said. "I made it on a television show.

"I sewed up the side seams, and then a knitted banding round the neckline, round a sleeve . . .

"It was DRAMA—" she leapt out of her chair; "—here I was at the machine. Would I finish in time?"

She did, except for the hem.

Lucille Rivers is an effervescent brunette with olive skin and almost black eyes that snap with enthusiasm when she's talking about dressmaking.

"Some people who can't sew think that there's some 'black magic' in dressmaking, and that you need a special gift. But you don't.

"It's just commonsense."

In Sydney

Miss Rivers will lecture at David Jones' at 2.30 p.m. from August 3 to 7, with a business-girls' lecture on Saturday, August 8, at 9.30 a.m.

The lectures will be held on the fifth floor of the Market Street store, and tickets (2/6 each) are available in the fabric department on the first floor of the Elizabeth Street store.

Miss Rivers will also answer sewing queries in the fabric department from 10.00 a.m. each weekday.

She will give additional dressmaking advice on TCN, Channel 9, daily, between 12.30 and 1.30 p.m.

All of which adds up to a tight schedule. But Miss Rivers is settling down happily in Australia, although she's still bewildered by our currency.

L.s.d.

"One friend in America told me the only way I could learn your currency was to get into a dice game," she said.

"But I met a charming woman from Brisbane in the plane on the way out here.

"So I told her about this money problem, and she said, 'Well, we have plenty of time,' and brought out her purse.

"She showed me a pound—she didn't have a half-pound—and some coins, and she taught me about each one.

"She'd say, 'Now I'm going to buy something, and it costs so much, and I'd have to give her the right change.

"I got quite good at it—except that I mixed sixpences and thrippences—but it's all gone now."

Ask Miss Rivers what she does in her spare time and she



LUCILLE RIVERS, our New York dressmaking expert, on her arrival in Sydney. A vivacious brunette, Miss Rivers has shining dark eyes and short brown curly hair.

says, mock horrified: "What spare time?"

And then, "Well, I'm a red-hot mambo dancer.

"I learnt it from an Argentinian in New York."

She leapt out of her chair again and began to do the mambo. "You see, you practically stay in the one place. It's the hip movement.

"People couldn't get it when it was first introduced to the

error—learning from my own mistakes.

"In my lectures I concentrate on the short-cuts that I've learnt from years in the dressmaking and merchandising fields.

"Each has something to give to the other, and I feel that the woman at home can benefit from both.

"So I've demonstrated these short-cuts all over the States and on television."

With her demonstrations, on TV and to big audiences in stores, Miss Rivers is combining two of the things she likes best: sewing and "life on the stage."

"Real hammy"

"Anything can happen at my lectures," she said. "Sometimes I get real hammy.

"I like the audience to ask questions, and one day, somehow, we got on to the 'shuffle.'

"And I said something about 'I could shuffle off to Buffalo,' and I began to do the shuffle.

"Everyone had a wonderful time—but they were learning something."

Lucille Rivers says, "Sewing can be fun."

With her it is.

The lucky 400

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL, staff reporter

● "We're thrilled." That's what Canberra's 400 are saying. And no wonder. These 400 young people, aged between 18 and 25, will be among the first to meet Princess Alexandra in Australia.

THEY are the lucky ones—out of 630 boys and girls, all living or working in the Capital Territory, who applied for invitations to the luncheon in honor of the Princess.

Tour officials arranged a ballot which resulted in 200 young people representing a wide variety of occupations in Canberra, including public servants, Duntroon cadets, an Asian student, an apprentice compositor, several New Australians, a plumber, university students, journalists, being invited to the luncheon at the Hotel Canberra on August 17.

Then 45 more of the

original applicants, plus partners whom they can ask themselves, have been invited to attend the State Ball at Parliament House that evening.

Another 130 of them have received invitations to the special enclosure at Fairbairn Airport, where the Princess will land at 3 p.m. on August 14.

The large white invitation cards have been out only about ten days or so, but everybody, absolutely everybody, in Canberra is talking of Royal occasions, invitations, what to wear, and what to do.

Over afternoon tea in front of the fire at the Gerald Kilmartins' property at Mugga Heights, Canberra, 18-year-old John Kilmartin told me about his invitation to the ball.

"It came right out of the blue," he said, "a terrific surprise. I guess I'll really have to be on my toes, though—pretty formal, you know, not like the local dances.

"I've only been in King's Hall once—to have a look round. Thank goodness you're asked to nominate your partner—at least that's one person I'll know and can dance with."

John has asked Margaret Brodrick, whose parents have a dairy property, "Glenallen," at Gloucester.

When he rang Gloucester to ask Margaret if she'd like to come to the Royal Ball, she thought he was joking. Now she's excited, too.

John went to school at Chevalier College, Bowral, and passed the Leaving at 15. It has been a life on the land for him almost ever since, helping on the family property and others round about.

Library assistant Penny Hibbertson, aged 21, who works



SECRETARY Marika Kuusik, a naturalised Australian, who was born in Estonia and now works at the C.S.I.R.O., is invited to the luncheon.

in the Members' Reading Room in Parliament House, is also going to the ball.

Penny still hasn't decided what to wear. "But it'll be a long dress for sure," she said. "It's not often that you have the opportunity of going to such a gala ball in Canberra, so I'm going to make the most of it. But I won't say who I'm going to ask."

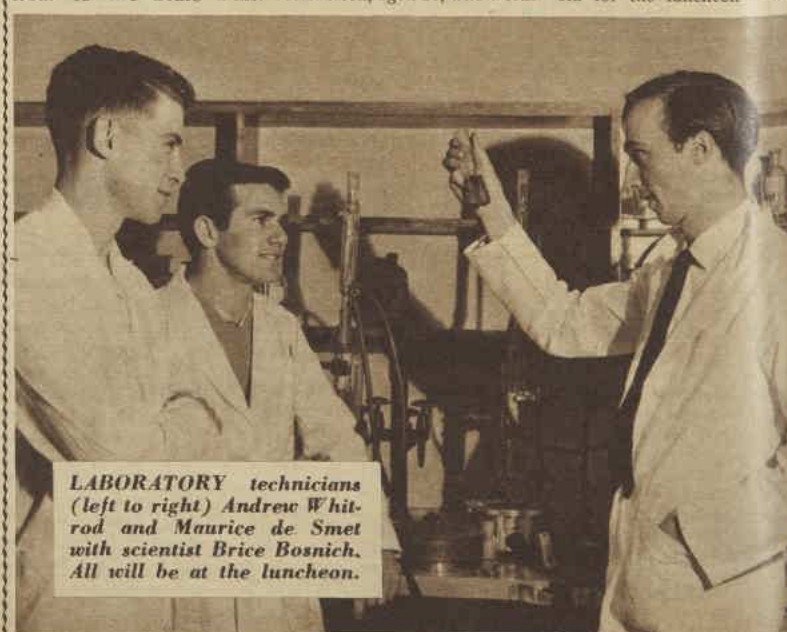
Charming New Australian Steve Zeiger and his dark haired wife, Georgina, are one of the young married couples asked to the ball.

Georgina has been in Australia for ten years from Hungary—she's 20 now—and said: "My old headmaster, Mr Crawford, from the Telopea High School, rang and said he'd like to suggest me for the luncheon. I was captain of the school in 1955 and 1956."

Then, with a grin towards Steve, she said: "But perhaps they thought Steve was too old for the luncheon—he's



SECRETARY to Sir William Dunk, Chief of the Public Service, pretty Dawn McKean, 19, in the velvet dress she will wear to the State Ball.



LABORATORY technicians (left to right) Andrew Whitrod and Maurice de Smet with scientist Brice Bosnich. All will be at the luncheon.

to meet the Princess

Canberra looking forward to Royal occasions

24—40 they asked us to the ball. I think the ball will be much more exciting.

"The invitation arrived on Saturday morning, just as we were all set to go fishing."

"So we didn't catch many fish," said Steve, who is a joiner, and has been here about four years from his native Austria.

Georgina is a laboratory assistant at the C.S.I.R.O. and is going to make her dress for the ball.

Steve and I have been looking at materials today and found a lovely blue brocade. I hope it will look pretty."

Petite Robin McGregor was

than anyone else in the district.

"I'll wear the dress I had for the judging of the contest. It's floor-length and strapless, in oyster satin and bronze satin with just a little beading across the bodice. And it'll be good for curtsying in, as no one can see your footwork."

"Robert's going to wear white tie and tails. He has been practising sitting down without getting his tails caught."

Robin is a descendant of one of the old families of the district—they've been living there for nearly 100 years.

Her great-grandfather was born where the Community Hospital stands now, and her mother, Mrs. Norman McGregor, was a typist in the Prime Minister's Department 25 years ago.

Fair-haired Julie Edlington is also from an old Canberra family. She was the fourth generation of her family to be christened in St. John's Church, and she's going to the ball, too.

"Isn't it a marvellous chance of getting a new dress!" she said.



LIBRARY ASSISTANT Penny Hibberson is invited to the State Ball.

practising her curtsy when I called at her home in Griffith.

Nineteen-year-old Robin is a typist in the News and Information Bureau and has nominated Robert Reilly, of Armelife, N.S.W., as her partner for the ball. He's a building contractor working in Canberra.

Robin has been used as a model in films and photographs for the bureau and entered the Miss Australia Contest last year, raising more money for the Spastic Centre



SECRETARY Mrs. Kevin Thrift, who works in the C.S.I.R.O., has received a luncheon invitation.



NEW AUSTRALIAN COUPLE Steve and Georgina Zeiger, who have been asked to the State Ball. Steve, 28, is a joiner, and Georgina, 20, a laboratory assistant at the C.S.I.R.O.



TREASURY CLERK Bill Brophy proudly shows his luncheon invitation to his mother, Mrs. James Brophy, of Forrest.

Julie's 18, and since she left Canberra High School has been working in the Treasury as a clerk.

"I hope the Princess has a good time at the ball, too."

"I was asked to the garden party at Duntroon when the Queen Mother was here, but that wasn't half as much a thrill as this invitation to the ball. I'll be going with a Duntroon boy, Sergeant John Bertram—from Brisbane—he's in this year's graduating class."

Bill Brophy, a 23-year-old systems clerk from the Treasury, has an invitation to the luncheon, and hopes there'll be a rehearsal beforehand. "Then we'll all know what to do."

Bill is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Brophy, of Forrest (Mr. Brophy is the for-



CLERK Faye Macfarlane is going to the aerodrome, and to the ball with Duntroon Staff Cadet Dave Sanderson.

mer Auditor-General), and they were presented to the Queen when she was here in 1954.

Bill is the assistant secretary of the Canberra Aero Club, and has had his private flying licence since he was 19. He's also an Australian Rules footballer, and has won several swimming cups.

Victor Chen, the 18-year-old son of the Ambassador for China, will be one of the guests at the luncheon.

He's a first-year architecture student at Sydney Uni-

versity—one of the "freshers" at St. Paul's College—and will be home in Canberra on vacation.

Madame Chen said: "He's really thrilled to get the invitation, so it's lucky he'll be here for it."

"He'll wear a lounge suit just like the other boys, I suppose."

Schoolgirl Elizabeth Bracegirdle, the 18-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brian Bracegirdle, is also going to the luncheon, and she's so excited she keeps changing her mind about what to wear—"Nearly every five minutes," says her mother.

Elizabeth's grandfather, Rear-Admiral Sir Leighton Bracegirdle, was military and official secretary to Government House for many years.

Robin Angus, accounts clerk, and Mrs. Kenneth Moore, a secretary, who both work at the Australian



COUNTRY BOY John Kilmartin, 18, has asked Margaret Brodrick, of Gloucester, to accompany him to the ball.

National University, are going to the official welcome at the aerodrome.

"We'll wear good afternoon dresses—just as we would have worn to the luncheon."

"Actually the only difference in the two functions is that at one you have lunch and at the other you don't. And it will be nice to be the first to see her."

Mrs. Moore's husband, a 25-year-old clerk in the Treasury,



DAME PATTIE MENZIES talking to Canberra University College students (from left) Peter Ryan, Mary Eccles, Jan Ennor, Anne Biveinis, and Colin Mackerras, who will be guests at various functions in honor of Princess Alexandra.

has been invited to the aerodrome, too. They've been living in Braddon since they were married about 18 months ago.

"If I'm presented I'd like to ask what the Princess thinks of Australia and Australians—her very first impressions," said 23-year-old Marilyn Dash, secretary to the Chief of Division of Land Research in the C.S.I.R.O.

Marilyn's going to the luncheon and will wear either a wool dress and jacket or a printed wool dress, "depending on the Canberra weather, of course," plus a hat.

She has been to the garden parties given in honor of the Queen and the Queen Mother, and her mother and father have been presented. Her father, Mr. Hugh Dash, is Press Secretary to the Prime Minister.

Two secretaries from the Entomology Department at the C.S.I.R.O. have invitations to the luncheon—Marika Kuusik, aged 20, a naturalised Australian who was born in Estonia and has lived in Canberra for ten years—and Mrs. Kevin Thrift, of O'Connor, whose husband didn't get an invitation with her—"Prob-

ably he's out of the age-group at 27."

"I'm making a red mohair dress to wear to the luncheon. When I see how it turns out I'll worry about the hat."

Eighteen-year-old Maurice de Smet, a laboratory technician at the John Curtin School of Medical Research, who's going to the luncheon, summed it all up when he said: "Thrilled? I'll say I am. Who wouldn't be? A real live Princess..."



CLERK Julie Edlington will go to the ball with Sgt. John Bertram, Brisbane, a Duntroon cadet.



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A photo-finish for Billy Cook

● When "Last Race Cookie" rode his last race this month, he had a photo-finish to a spectacular career as a jockey.

CAMERAMEN from all newspapers turned out to photograph "The Champ," Billy Cook, perhaps Sydney's best-liked jockey, who is retiring after 36 years in the racing saddle.

Winner of two Melbourne Cups—Skipton (1941), Rainbird (1945)—a man who has ridden more than 2000 winners, "Cookie" has quit, packed away his silks, stepped for the last time from his size-three riding-boots.

Instead of whip and reins in hand, he's taking to the pen, intends to write the story of his years in the racing game. And, to use a racing colloquialism, it should really be "one for the books."

"It won't be a Nat Gould sort of book," said Billy Cook in an interview at his Coogee, N.S.W., home. "I'm going to write down some of the things that happened, about the people I've met, and the horses I've ridden."

Began at 13

Billy Cook, only 5ft. 2in. in height, about 8st. 8lb. in weight, is a grey-haired 49. "Don't say 'in his 50th year,'" he stressed. "People are always trying to age me. I'm 49 and I've been a jockey since I was 13."

Billy Cook had racing in the family generations back.

"My great-grandfather," he said, "was an old-time jockey. He rode in some of the first races ever held in Sydney—on the North Shore line, I think."

"My grandfather was too big for a jockey. He was enormous, like a village blacksmith. It's funny—one side

of the family, my side, has been stumpy. The other side's like a race of giants—all six-footers.

"Anyway, Father was a butcher. I was, too, as a kid. Well, Dad had an interest in a horse, Tricolor, and I watched it race. Probably the colors the jockey wore took my fancy. I don't really remember."

"But one day, out of a clear blue sky, Father asked me if I'd like to be a jockey."

"Yes," I said, "and he apprenticed me to O'Donohue's stables at Kensington. O'Donohue was a good trainer; his home was like a home to me, and I moved in with the family."

Billy Cook got his racing

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

licence at 14, and has been riding ever since.

Like most jockeys, he'll never forget his first race. His mount was Little Marg, the course Canterbury.

"What's it like riding in a race? Like a dive into space."

"The pressure of wind catches you. You can't go forward in the saddle; you can't go back. You're frightened to turn your head; you look straight in front of you, and your mind's on one thing—getting to the winning post."

"You don't hear a thing; you don't see the crowd."

"Yes, I remember my first ride. And I remember my first win, too—also at Canterbury, on Pigeon Pie."

Other wins?

"You wouldn't believe this," said "Cookie," "but I'll never forget the Sydney Cup in 1929 when I won on Crucis. After

the race I left the course; had to go over to Victoria Park and herd a cow back home to be milked."

"There I was when the races ended, riding along in jodhpurs and sweater, driving this cow through the crowd as they made their way home from the Cup. Not a soul recognised me either as I rode along after the cow."

It was different as the years passed, and "Cookie" took his two Melbourne Cups. People certainly recognised him then.

Cup thrills

"You get a kick out of winning the Cup," he said. "It's a nice feeling. Particularly when you're a couple of lengths from that winning post and there are no horses beside you or in front. You know you've done it."

"And afterwards, there's all the excitement, and parties."

"I swear people write telegrams out before the race is over, for the moment you get into your room telegrams are piled up by the hundreds on the table."

Yes, "Cookie's" career has had its highlights.

He rode for the late King George VI, found it a "great honor" to don the King's colors—purple with red sleeves and gold braid, black jockey cap with silver tassel—and ride the King's horse Gay Mood.

Through his association with the "Sport of Kings" he has met the Queen twice, once when she was a Princess, again when she visited Australia as Queen.

"What's so nice about her," said Billy Cook, "is that you spend five seconds with her and you're relaxed, talking away. Besides, you're on your



CARRYING his father's whip, Peter Cook, 8, is astride "Carioca," the toy horse given to the Cook children after Billy won the 1953 Sydney Cup on Carioca. Billy has handed his riding-boots and saddle over to young Peter, says: "If he wants to be a jockey later on, they're his . . ."

own ground when you're talking horses."

He rode, too, for Winston Churchill, says he will never forget meeting the statesman. "He had steel-blue eyes, so sharp and clear for an elderly man. I couldn't take my own off them."

In India he rode for the Maharajah of Kolhapur, received a gold cigarette case as a trophy; in England he met famous Gordon (now Sir Gordon) Richards ("a wonderful little fellow. Much shorter than I am. His hobby is pigeon racing"), took part in races over English tracks where the ground "slopes down hill, then gives you a climb to the winning post."

"Cookie" says he has a bad memory for horses' names.

"Winning is the thing that matters to me," he said.

"But one day, at Ascot in Sydney, I did get on the wrong

horse in the Enclosure. I was meant to ride the favorite."

"Well, a jockey had borrowed my saddle. I saw it on this horse, walked over, got a leg up, and sat in the saddle. I'd jumped on to a 20 to 1 chance. Then I looked across; the other jockey was sitting on my horse, the favorite."

"Quietly, I just slid off. So did the other chap. We'd both made the same mistake."

Billy Cook has always had a great following among women punters.

Women punters

"Every jockey gets a 'bad trot' as we call it," he said. "Sometimes you strike a run of bad luck. Then the women punters used to send me rabbit feet for luck. Once someone sent me a 'cat's eye'." Hastily, "Not a real cat's eye, of course. A colored stone."

"Yes, in racing, when you win, it's a great world."

But racing hasn't been Billy's whole world by any means. He's a real family man. At 21 he married the pretty star of Australia's first talkie film, "The Sentimental Bloke."

Her name's Ray (not Doreen), and she is the mother of six children—Billy (24), who woolclasses at the C.S.I.R.O., Sydney, Jan (22); Mrs. Darryl Stewart, wife of the singer, now living in Miami, U.S.A.; Colleen (15), Anne (13), Peter (8), and John (4).

"Cookie" and his wife, proud grandparents, pore over photographs of young Diane Stewart, 19 months.

Now that Billy Cook has retired, things may change a bit in the rambling Coogee home.

Mrs. Cook won't be keeping an eye on the weather, warning "Cookie" to "miss the muddy patches" when it's a wet race day; she won't be washing his white silks (racing breeches), or be tensely waiting for race results.

Mrs. Cook is the daughter of Alvin Fisher, an American jockey who visited Australia. She's been used to race talk all her life. For the early-morning starts for track gallops she has often seen Billy off in company with daughter Anne, who likes to go along.

Now Billy Cook has handed his boots and saddle over to young Peter.

"If he wants to be a jockey," says Billy, "they're his. I don't believe in trying to make somebody be a jockey. Still, if he feels like it later on . . ."

"The Champ," noted for his fine horsemanship and hands—said to be "the lightest in the game"—has given up the reins.

Now he'll have more time for fishing, golf, gardening, and writing that book.

But, even if he isn't in silks, he'll be seen around the stables and the tracks.

That's one certainty admirers of "Last Race Cookie" will win a bet on.



FAMILY group taken at Billy Cook's Coogee home. With Billy and Mrs. Cook—and dog Kim—are (from left) Colleen (15), Anne (13), and Peter (8). Missing from the portrait are Billy Cook's other three children—Billy, 24, who does woolclassing at the C.S.I.R.O., Sydney; Jan, 22, (Mrs. Darryl Stewart, of Miami, U.S.A.); and John (4), who was in bed with flu.

MILLINERY STYLES FROM THE MASTERS

Hats inspired by masterpieces in portraiture are included in a collection by milliner Stella Fraenkel for a charity show to be held in Sydney next week.

The models are prominent charity workers, and were chosen for their resemblance to the artists' originals. From a toque worn by Queen Nefertiti in 1370 B.C. to a chic chapeau painted by Matisse, the collection illustrates the complex art of millinery.



PARISIAN CHIC of the early 20th century, depicted by the Impressionist Edvard in his "Les Parisiennes," is personified by young Sydney girls Caroline Yates and Toni Hill. Caroline, in the foreground, is wearing a flat "Dolly Varden," and Toni a peaked cone of loops and bows. With these seemingly frivolous chapeaux, Edvard has well portrayed the difficult task of the milliner, whose creations must weld some diverse feminine aims to produce not just a mere hat but at once a decoration, an offensive weapon, and a psychological tonic against the adversities of life.





THE BLACK HAT worn by the model above so impressed Australian artist Sir John Longstaff that he named his portrait after it rather than the model. Mrs. Wyndham Rose, whose facial bone structure and coloring bear striking resemblance to the original subject, is wearing milliner Stella Fraenkel's recreation of the sitter's sweeping ostrich-plumed hat.



ARTIST RENOIR, brilliant 19th-century French Impressionist, made the essentially feminine orange hat of his model the focal point of his masterpiece "On The Terrace." The hat's replica, swathed in tulle and trimmed with a rose, is worn by Mrs. Tony Buckingham. This type of hat was very fashionable at the turn of the century. Like many fashions, it has returned to vogue.

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Paris in the spring:

Shopping spree

● Our fashion editor, BETTY KEEP, flew to Paris specially to choose more than 60 ensembles—valued at £25,000—for The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Parades. Here is her story of the excitement and challenge in selecting a couture collection.

Choosing a collection is fascinating, but I claim anyone who is new to the game would find it exhausting and, at first, really bewildering. I certainly did!

IT is not possible to plan and assemble a large parade collection without gaining concrete and first-hand knowledge about existing trends.

This means far more than a casual glance at fashion.

It means visiting each couture house separately and studying the characteristics of the clothes each house has to offer.

Believe me, this can take up an alarming amount of time.

It adds up to one showing per day per house in a five-day week. But only after viewing all the important top couturiers is it possible to develop one's own taste and opinions from what is offering.

Then came the rounds of the fabric manufacturers.

I was more than eager to see what they had to show, because after all a large number of dresses in the collection were to be cotton.

These are the 1960 cottons and they are lovely.

Couture help

At this point I would like to refer to the couture as a whole and how their co-operation helped me in the choice of the collection.

My personal picture of the couture is of extreme courtesy and friendliness, of bustle, chatter, excitement, gilt chairs, perfume, and an overheated atmosphere.

Windows are seldom open during the afternoon parades; or, for that matter, at any other time.

The French appear to think fresh air endangers the health.

Any opinion given by a dress house is modestly divulged. But at times I sensed the iron hand beneath the velvet glove.

On one occasion I suggested a different hat for a particular suit.

"Madame," was the firm but tactful reply, "the hat was specially designed to balance the silhouette of the suit. But perhaps, you prefer another type of hat?"

I said nothing and decided to keep an eye on hats. A week later I was back to buy the suit and its hat.

I am delighted with both—the ensemble as a whole is ravishing. I picture it looking perfect worn on the lawns at Flemington or at any big race carnival in Australia.

The dress houses all show a daily collection approximately between 3.15 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. The clothes are shown on mannequins, and each house has several permanent girls attached to the staff.

Viewers of the collection sit on small gilt chairs arranged in neat rows — though most houses have a sofa in a key position for "top brass."

I made the sofa once and was absurdly pleased.

After the collection is over, business starts. Private clients often do their buying the next morning, but it is also done in the late afternoon.

The houses close down when the last client leaves. This can be any time up till 7.15 p.m.—sometimes even later.

However, it is useless to visit a couture house before 10 a.m. Things start moving between 10.30 and 12.30. Then comes the lunchtime break — two hours in Paris and it is a ritual.

The collections vary in size. This season, the Maison Dior showed 182 models, by far the largest collection in Paris.

There is nothing dull about the daily parades. The clothes are shown rapidly — for me often too rapidly. There is no time-lapse at all; as one girl disappears to change, another girl appears.

I quickly and thankfully discovered that a mannequin considers it a compliment to be asked to pause for the viewer to study the color, material, and design of a garment.

This was a wonderful help to me; I became quite brazen about holding up the show.

I also found that the girls are very proud of the clothes they show and are delighted if they display a "success."

They do not tire of their parade clothes. On the con-



IN PARIS, fashion editor Betty Keep meets Yves Saint-Laurent, the young couturier who took over the Maison Dior after Christian Dior's death.

trary, they become very attached to them.

The houses from which the collection was chosen gave me very special attention and service.

They took an enormous interest in the fact that between 60 and 70 high couture models and four couture mannequins were being flown so far from Paris to such a vast country as ours.

The staff in all the houses liked to hear about "Australia" and would say inquiringly "Like the South, Madame?" —meaning was it sunny.

"Yes, rather like the South," I would reply.

Gay cottons

So the collection grew — gay, exciting, colorful, young, and mainly made in cottons.

The houses also questioned me about whether formal clothes were worn in my country.

I told them that mostly we dressed informally, but we do have formal openings of Parliament in our capital city Canberra, and that there are also big charity balls and lots of country picnic races followed by end-of-the-day balls.

The houses were delighted to hear about Royalty and an added interest was taken in the formal clothes.

They all had their own views and opinions about the colors best suited to the clear light of Australian summer weather.

Pinks, rose-reds, and lilacs, backed simply with white ac-

cessories, were, I think, even one's first choice.

White, luminous and cool was unanimous for night, and for summer, twilight the choice was a pale background crowded with flowery patterns.

However, no house was ever really insistent about a point; their role was to guide not to dictate.

A "give and take" attitude prevailed—the hand in the velvet glove remained well padded.

One morning I suggested to a young designer that dress might look prettier with a shorter sleeve.

With delicate tact (the snarl with bared teeth is myth) he said: "I designed the dress to have long sleeves but perhaps Madame is right—they should be short."

The courteous demeanour and logic of the statements won. The sleeves remained in their original length.

Monsieur, it was you who was right!

Once the dresses were chosen, the question of who would wear each model remained quite a big job, but finally we had it arranged to everyone's satisfaction.

Our two Australian mannequins, Ursula and Margo, are now well-known names and personalities in the Paris couture houses. I would hear at a fitting: "This is for Margo" or: "Ursula's evening dress is ready to fit."

Fittings in the beginning gave me butterflies in the tummy. Had I chosen well was the top-level question.

The parade dates

MELBOURNE.—Myer's. Gala premiere: Saturday, September 19. Daily parades: September 21-October 1.

SYDNEY.—Mark Foy's. Gala opening: Saturday, October 3. Daily parades: October 5-October 15.

BRISBANE.—Myer's. Gala opening: Saturday, October 17. Daily parades, October 19-October 22.

ADELAIDE.—Myer's. Gala opening: Saturday, October 24. Daily parades: October 26-October 29.

... for glamor Paris Parades



"424" by designer Pierre Cardin is one of the daytime parade dresses. Worn by Olivia, it has an ultra-wide belt. S.F.T. fabric is by Passot.

Would that skirt suit Monique? Would the white tulle be right for Elza? And so on. Baroness Danuta Dangel, who will bring the girls and parade clothes to Australia, was a wonder.

Her spirits were unflagging, her constant cry was: "It will be wonderful—you will see!" "Dan," as we call her, was right. The first dress I saw finished was a Jacques Heim model—a dream.

"Sensational"

Everyone was thrilled. "Sensational" was the general verdict. Jacques Heim visited the fitting room and complimented everyone.

Then came the time for photographing the collection; such a lot of dresses to photograph. We all prayed for fine weather and our prayers were answered with four days of scorching heat and glare.

"Unreasonable," the Parisians said, "just like late July."

The girls worked hard and Mike de Dulmen took the photographs. We turned Mike's studio-apartment into our headquarters.

Poor Mike—he slept at night surrounded by tulle ballgowns and ravishing hats.

"Dan" took charge of the clothes and she packed and unpacked tirelessly. The girls worked from early morning

till the light faded. Mike remained cheerful.

I often suggested the impossible, but Mike cleverly introduced technical difficulties when I went too far.

The "troupe" always drew a crowd before you could say "cheese." American tourists would photograph Mike photographing the girls.

We trailed all over the city.

Mike shot one picture from the middle of the street while I held back the traffic. But everyone loves a pretty girl, and to the onlookers it was pure entertainment and fun.

I was always cheered to hear the crowds' cry of "Ravishing," because the French are connoisseurs of fashion.

The heat finally got us down at 3.30 on the fourth day. I suddenly found we were photographing four tired girls, but they still managed to look chic and pretty. Such stamina!

I was dead beat, so we called it a day.

Finally the clothes were ready to pack.

And so a collection marked Made in France, carrying the most famous couture labels in the world, is on its way to Australia.

I only half believe it has gone. I know tomorrow I will wake early to vet the weather and wonder how much can be crowded into a long summer day.



SARAGOSSE, by Heim, worn by Monique, has a boldly printed cotton skirt with a rose-trimmed top. S.F.T. fabric is by Wallace. It was first dress chosen. Below: Mrs. Keep with Jacques Heim.



Thanks to couturiers

THE top French couturiers have given us wonderful co-operation in planning our Paris Parades.

The ensembles from Yves Saint-Laurent, of the Maison Dior, for example, are not from the spring collection—they were designed specially for Australia.

Other couturiers contributing are Jacques Heim, who is President of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, Pierre Balmain, Carven, Pierre Cardin, Jacques Griffe, Lanvin, Castillo, Guy Laroche, Jean Patou, and Nina Ricci.

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FATHER



"Househusband."

MOTHER



"Remember... it's Saturday. Have you still got that awful gnawing pain?"

It seems to me

ABOUT that millenium which the electronic boys keep promising to housewives.

Such marvellous gadgets they forecast! Within 25 years, say the backroom fellows in an American firm, there will be a robot which scurries out of a niche in the wall, picks up the dishes from the table, returns to its hiding-place, disposes of leftovers, and washes the dishes.

I can believe in a lot of things. I am prepared to accept the imminence of interplanetary travel. But I cannot believe in a machine which would know that I wanted to save a saucer of green peas and throw out the mashed potato.

There will be a gadget which will emerge from the wall to scrub, rinse, and dry the floor without human aid. When it is finished it will go back to its home.

Present-day vacuum-cleaners will be as outmoded as millet brooms.

But where is the machine that will lift the suitcases from under the bed; that will throw out the old newspapers, but remember to keep the unread magazine section from last Saturday week?

I WAS astonished to read some published advice offered to the mother of five children who complained that she couldn't think of what to talk about to her husband.

The advice was: "Read the paper. When you find an item that interests you, ask your husband's opinion. If you don't agree with him, tell him so, and explain why."

In most homes this is known as quarrelling.

CURIOUS tale from Japan in the cable news concerning a drowning accident:

When a citizen was washed into the sea by big waves, his friends, unable to swim, offered five high-school students 5000 yen to save him. The students asked 10,000 yen, and the man drowned before the terms were settled.

Business-college students, more likely.

THE world today is absolutely full of people stating simple facts in obscure language.

Two engineers belonging to the Los Angeles Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering say: "Los Angeles drivers can get along fine in their own neighborhood, but their geographical orientation drops alarmingly in unfamiliar territory."

In other words, it's easier to find your way round when you know where you are.

By



THERE is a good to be said for a suggestion made recently by the Administrator of the mania, Sir Stanleybury.

Speaking at a Legacy dinner in Hobart, he said there was a case for coping various days of national significance.

He mentioned the two for remembering the dead, Anzac Day and mistice Day, and those connected with the British Commonwealth—Empire Day, Queen's Birthday, and British Commonwealth Youth Sunday.

Some opposition would be bound to come from groups which have a special interest in these days, but eventually certain commemorations will survive to the exclusion of others.

Anzac Day continues to hold a firm place. Armistice Day is beginning to fade.

The two minutes' silence—a wonderful dramatic idea when first conceived—is well preserving, but it could be transferred to Anzac Day.

The other group of days could well be combined. Empire Day to many children become Cracker Night.

Judging by some small boys who live in my neighborhood, any old day does for letting off crackers as long as the pocket-money is off.

NOMINATED as a word that does not be done without—"work-force". Sample sentence: "Australia's work-force earned so much last year..." Why not "workers?"

SLOT-MACHINES which produce abstract paintings were introduced in Paris last month. When a coin (worth 6/6 Australian) is dropped in the slot, an automatic arm grips a crayon and makes aimless designs on a sheet of paper.

Our household is completely automatic. You press a button, everything will start. The washing, cooking, cleaning—dramatic.

And we even have some automatic painting. We picked it up in Paris on a visit. My husband put the money in the slot. And when he got the painting out, "What is it?"

But added, "Guess the Froggies know what's what."

Some friends of ours—collecting is their hobby—

Prefer their abstract paintings done by hand.

But, honestly, I think they're being snobby.

Our picture's just as hard to understand.



SUSANNA ZVYAGINA, leader of the ensemble, has been with the Bolshoi company since 1929, when she graduated from Moscow School of Ballet.



GENNADY LEDIAKH, who is from Siberia. He was a prizewinner at a 1953 International Dance Contest and has toured more than a dozen countries.



RIMMA KARELSKAYA, a member of the Bolshoi Ballet since 1946, has performed as a soloist in a number of classical roles at the theatre.



ESFANDIYAR KASHANI, one of the younger members of the Bolshoi group. He is a graduate of the famous Moscow School of Choreography.



LARISA TREMBOVELSKAYA, another of the younger members of the Bolshoi, is looked on as a dancer of great promise in classical roles.



YURI KONDRATOV, like Zvyagina, is an Honored Artist of the R.S.F.S.R. He is the son of a Moscow shoemaker, and his wife is a Moscow TV announcer.

Stars of the Bolshoi

Top dancers in first Russian ballet visit

● Members of the first Russian ballet company to visit Australia, which begins a short Australian season in Melbourne this week, hope their tour will lead to closer cultural exchanges between Australia and the Soviet Union.

THE ensemble comprises 12 dancers from Moscow's famous Bolshoi Ballet.

The Elizabethan Theatre Trust is directing the one-month tour.

After its Melbourne season, which closes on August 8, the ensemble will be in Canberra on August 10 and Brisbane on August 12 and 13.

The ballet will end its tour with performances at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, from August 15 to August 22.

Heading the ensemble is Susanna Zvyagina, a leading dancer of the Bolshoi Ballet, and an Honored Artist of the Russian Soviet Federation of Socialist Republics.

Zvyagina is regarded as one of the Bolshoi Theatre's greatest character dancers.

Even after joining the Bolshoi (in 1929), she continued her studies at the State Institute of Theatrical Art, and did not complete them until 1956.

She is one of the few ballerinas at the Bolshoi to have completed this course.

Editor, too

She writes newspaper articles on choreography, and is editor-in-chief of the Bolshoi's weekly newspaper, "Soviet Artist."

Zvyagina has successfully toured with the Bolshoi company in Britain, France, the U.S.A., and Canada.

She scored a triumph in London with her performance of the Spanish Dance in "Swan Lake."

She will perform this during the Australian tour, as well as the Gracovienne and Mazurka from "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," a lyrical dance

from the ballet "Mirandolina," and the Spanish Dance from the ballet, "Laurencia."

In an interview in Moscow before the group left for Australia, Zvyagina said: "We are looking forward to our tour with great enthusiasm."

"We hope our performances will make a good impression on Australians, and will lead to

closer cultural ties between Australia and the Soviet Union."

Zvyagina said numbers from Soviet ballets would be included in the programmes.

Australians would see the complete third act of "The Fountain of Bakhchisarai," based on the poem by Russian poet Alexander Pushkin, and

dances from Soviet composer Khatchaturian's "Gayaneh."

The group would also perform fragments from Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake," "Sleeping Beauty," and "Nutcracker Suite," Adam's "Giselle," and Minkus' "Don Quixote."

Other features of the ensemble's repertoire would include: The scene of the Polish Ball from Glinka's "Ivan Susanin"; Saint-Saens' "Dance of the Dying Swan"; a duet, "Spring Waters," to music by Rachmaninoff; and many folk dances.

Zvyagina said the artists would appear in the costumes they wear on the stage of the Bolshoi.

The dances would be accompanied on the piano by Alexey Zybtshev.

Zybtshev is a teacher at the Moscow Conservatory of Music, and has toured with opera and ballet artists of the Bolshoi Theatre in more than 30 countries.

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OPENING NUMBER of the Black and White Committee's revue "Call Me Coward," with Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, Mr. Leslie Walford, and the chorus singing "Dance, little lady" during rehearsal.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

HAD more laughs in one hour last week than I would have thought possible—at the clever skits and antics of Nola Dekyvere and her Black and White Committee in their "Call Me Coward" revue at Phillip Street.

Specially enjoyed the "Marvellous Party" sketch sung by Leslie Walford, Diana Dawson, and Rosemary Ross, and was almost afraid to laugh in case I missed the next piece of scandal.

HAVE been hearing paeans of praise for the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Connery, of Vauluse, for their daughter Suzanne's 21st birthday. Sharing the birthday honors was Suzanne's brother Maxwell, a recent graduate in law, whose birthday is the same day, and 17-year-old brother Garry, whose "day" is the one before. Many country friends came down for the party, including Mr. and Mrs. John Cannon and daughters Margo and Jeanette, from Forbes. Mrs. Cannon made Sue's delicious birthday cake.

THIRTY-FIVE small choir-boys from Knox sang at the wedding of Anne Jude and David Yeldham at St. John's Church, Wahroonga. Anne, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Page Jude, of Collaroy, wore a lovely gown of Chantilly lace, and her full-length veil was held by two silk roses. David is the twin younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Alan Yeldham, of Lakemba.

ARGUING about the color schemes for their new home at Moorefield are newlyweds Yvonne and Marshall Whyte. Their all-pink wedding at St. Mark's, Brighton-le-Sands, recently united two old Brighton families. Marshall is the elder son of the Bill Whytes, and Yvonne is the only daughter of the R. A. Grays.

Anne



STUNNING GOWN with a ruffled front panel was chosen by Mrs. Henry Stonnington, arriving with her husband, Dr. Stonnington, for the British Medical Association Ball at the Trocadero.



LONDON WEDDING at St. Michael's, Chester Square, for Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Robson. The bride was formerly Susan Carnegie, of Holbrook, daughter of the Douglas Carnegies.

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WORTH REPORTING

BRILLIANT Adelaide scholar Michael Bradley (now overseas) is leaving off work to carry bricks—or practically.

Michael is studying for a Doctorate of Philosophy at Oxford University.

And during his three months' vacation he's gone to Austria to help voluntarily with a United Nations' home-building project.

The authorities hope the project will house the 160,000 homeless wanderers in Europe who lost all their possessions in the war.

Michael, with a couple of Oxford friends, is in West Austria, near the Italian and Yugoslav border at Fefernitz.

This is heavily timbered country and the homes being built there are log cabins with thatch roofs.

As the cabins are completed the homeless move in and they, in turn, help to build other homes for other homeless.

Michael, who is working for an ultimate lectureship in philosophy, will return home late next year.



MICHAEL BRADLEY... a helping hand for the homeless.

No record for Mrs. Black

IN our June 24 issue we published a letter from Mrs. K. Black, of Gladstone, Queensland.

Four members of Mrs. Black's family have birthdays on January 26 and she wondered if this created a record. No, m'am. It's not.

We've just heard from Mrs. Anne Wyllie, of Devonport, Tasmania, who wrote:

"I consider that this beats Mrs. Black's record..."

"My daughter-in-law, Mrs. Wes Wyllie, of Turners Beach (near here), was born on April 17, 1924. Her sister, Miss K. Laphorne, was born on April 17, 1923 — and April 17 was also their mother's birthday.

"Then, on April 17, 1955, Mrs. Laphorne's grand-daughter — Lucille Joy Laphorne — was born."

We're getting more and more interested in these birthdays.

Isn't there someone whose family has five — or even six — on the same day?

YOU may — or may not — know the hit ditty about tan shoes with pink shoe laces. A young friend of ours had a pair of tan shoes, lace-up type.

So she bought white laces and dyed them with cochineal.



THE WIG HAT... the warm glow quickly faded.

He T-wigged that hat

USUALLY first with the latest, a friend of ours bought one of those woollen wig hats.

But that first fine careless rapture of ownership has worn off.

Why?

Well, she was on her way home in a bus the other night. She was wearing her hat (which is green, curly, and noticeable) and feeling that pleasant glow you get when you think you look fashionable.

Then it happened.

A man, standing unsteadily beside her, gave the hat a long and thoughtful stare.

After a few minutes he heaved a gusty sigh of relief and announced in ringing tones to the other passengers, "It's not her own hair, you know."

"It's a wig — and underneath it she's COMPLETELY BALD."

A WOMAN we know was describing a film she'd seen. It was a sympathetic story of a family's ups and downs...

"In fact," said our friend thoughtfully, "you could call it a mellow drama."

A jug of wine and WHO?

MEMBERS of the Adelaide Beefsteak and Burgundy Club have a charming habit of likening their wines to various types of women—blond bombshells, piquant redheads, and so on.

At the club's annual Ladies' Night recently cellar-master Mr. George Fairbrother referred to a special riesling as "a bigger, full-bodied wine—the Sabrina of the lot."

When it came to the dry red wines, other members followed the cellar-master's lead.

A rather acid French claret—a bit sharp for most—was described as Kim Novak, perhaps a little unkindly to her.

A smooth burgundy from McLaren Vale, not lacking an exciting tang, was dubbed with the double-barrelled name Lollobrigittibardot.

ACCORDING to the latest statistics the ratio in every 1000 Australian births is 512 boys—488 girls. This is a promising sign that there'll always be plenty of men.

Goody.

Footnote about felines

OUR London office reports that an impoverished Scottish baronet—who has worked as a road sweeper and a postman—is now making fairly comfortable income raising six-toed cats.

He is 75-year-old Sir Ian Stuart-Kneill, who lives with his wife in a tiny house at Edingworth, Somerset.

"In 1954 I bought a little cat and found she had five toes and an extra separate toe like a thumb," said Sir Ian. "Then she had a litter. And all the kittens had six toes on each paw."

Now Sir Ian has four adult cats—Putti, Tuki, Jumbo, and Foxy. Putti has gone to better than the others. She has seven toes on her front paws and six on her back paws.

"Six-toed cats are believed to have been witches' familiars," Sir Ian said. "The used to sit on the witch's shoulder as she flew through the sky on her broomstick."

Next to his interest in cats Sir Ian says the occult is his second hobby.

He has lived in castles and when down on his luck, in caravans.

"And I always come across ghosts," he said.

"I have a chair that is about 500 years old. When I sit in it I have a clear picture of bygone scenes, with a large



PUTTI... seven toes reach out for food.

man in a doublet and hose seated in front of a relectory table.

"When the ghostly figure is near, the cats keep away. But when the ghost has gone they all scramble up and sleep in the chair."

"When I look at my cats I wonder if my hobby will bring back those days when money was plentiful," he said wistfully.

In the meantime, they're providing extra comforts for his family.

Recently Sir Ian's daughter was married—and it was a big wedding.

The cats footed the bill.

WASPISH note from a London columnist:

"I phoned film star Montgomery Clift at his hotel."

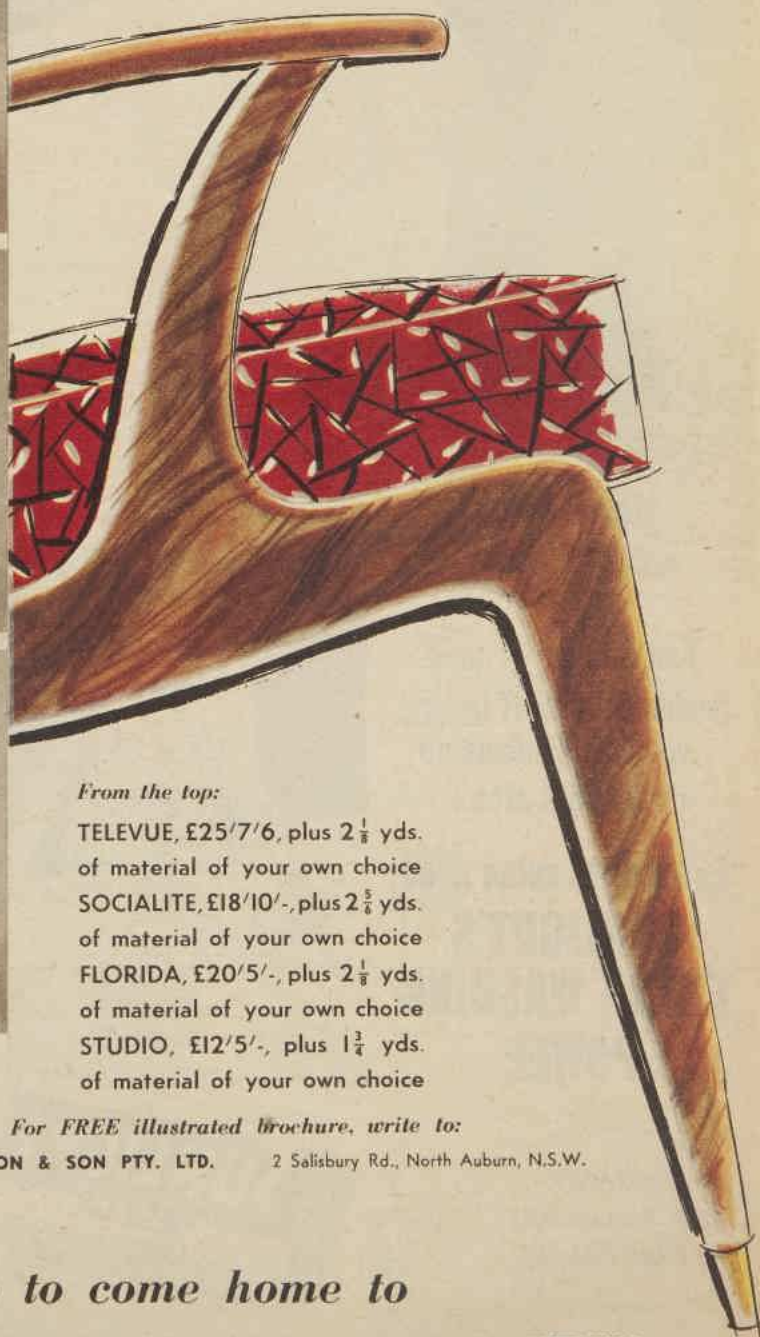
"And a strange voice said 'I have advance information that Mr. Clift will be tired.'"

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SV 213.WW143G



• American singer Mattiwilda Dobbs and her husband, Swedish Bengt Janson, holidaying at Surfers' Paradise before beginning her concert tour.

Opera star never sings in the bath

• Mattiwilda Dobbs, dainty, colored American singer with a warm smile and a heavenly coloratura voice, says she's always happy singing in Australia—it is one place free from racial and social prejudice.

THE 33-year-old singer has come to Australia for a concert tour and will stay until the end of September. She last toured Australia in 1955.

Mattiwilda's husband, Swedish journalist Bengt Janson, is accompanying her on the tour.

They met at the Royal Opera House, Stockholm—he was public-relations officer there—and married in 1957.

Mattiwilda was previously married to a Spanish journalist, who died in 1953, two days before her debut at Glyndebourne, England.

Most applause

She likes best "just to sing," though she never sings in the bath. In fact, she never sings or practises anywhere but in a hall or studio.

I asked Mattiwilda about some of the famous opera houses in which she has performed. "You know," she said, "I've never seen a face in an audience—just a pool of darkness beyond the footlights."

"But I have very memorable impressions of all the great music centres."

"La Scala, Milan, where the Italians give the most vociferous applause."

"Glyndebourne, a stately English mansion set in parklands, with swans on the lakes. "The Royal Opera House, Covent Garden—you can see diamonds twinkling in the boxes."

"The 'Met', New York, where stars are standing in the wings, all waiting for a chance to step into the shoes of the reigning star... where every 'bit' singer is of world standard and the competition is fierce."

"The Royal Opera House, Stockholm, studded with gilt and cherubs, where Jenny Lind, at 70, sang the songs which are my favorites now."

"Helsinki, Finland, which was the Russian Governor-General's Theatre when Finland belonged to Russia."

"This is the smallest and most intimate, and the 'Met'

By
**MARJORIE
STAPLETON,**
staff reporter

the largest. I sing in the same manner for both. A singer must not strain her voice."

"Brussels, Genoa, San Francisco... so many opera houses."

Mattiwilda believes she is successful because she had the courage to leave her native America and go to Europe to escape a prejudice against colored singers.

"Prejudice is my greatest hate," she said. "Particularly prejudice against the color of one's skin."

"I have never met such prejudice in Australia, and I don't think I will."

"It will be years before any headway towards real integration is made for my race. I

would not go to South Africa—even if I were invited, which is improbable."

The little singer left her comfortable, friendly home in Atlanta for the unfriendliness of New York to study under Lotte Leonard as soon as her secondary schooling ended.

She also took her M.A. degree at New York's Columbia University.

Sweden best

Now that she's travelled the world, she loves her new home, Sweden, best.

"It's so clean and pretty and the people are kind," she said.

"Everyone seems to be so prosperous. There's just no poverty."

"Sweden has always been rich," said Mr. Janson. "It's an old country, and time and talent have kept it rich. I think Australia will be the same."

Mattiwilda and Bengt live in a modern house in a suburb of Stockholm. In her spare time Mattiwilda likes to cook.

"Chicken, fried in the Southern manner, is my favorite dish," she said. "My hobbies are photography and embroidery."

Mattiwilda has no interest in jazz or cha-cha, and she hasn't learned any Australian songs.

"But I think I must learn to sing 'Waltzing Matilda' before I go," she said.

"We shall have to christen it 'Waltzing Mattiwilda,'" said her husband.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1959

Rocket guide to a bunch of country pubs

Staff reporter Helen

Frizell gives her own rating to some hotels visited on assignments

● "How nice for you," said an elderly relative, "being paid to go for a trip to the country, and all hotel expenses met."

"VERY," I said, going on with the packing, wondering whether this time I'd strike a starred hotel or a "rocketed" one. Rocketing is my own invention—the more rockets the worse the pub.

In Australia and overseas there are starred hotels, I know. The more stars the better the hotel. I've struck them occasionally. But I've struck more rockets than stars.

The name of the pub can be anything—usually the "Grand" or the "Royal."

You get there at night, lug the suitcase and portable typewriter into an empty hall. The proprietor is in the bar with his mates. You can hear the usual bar-room roar.

In the end you find the proprietor yourself, sign a book, he gives you a key, and lets you take the bags upstairs to a dark corridor, where you grope your way from door to door, striking matches to find the room number.

Here are my rocket awards:

↑↑↑ goes to a pub in New South Wales. It was midwinter and freezing cold. I shared a bedroom with a middle-aged woman—we didn't know each other—whose teeth chattered all night.

We piled topcoats, underclothes, everything on top of the two threadbare blankets, rose to brave tepid showers, hurried down to breakfast.

Porridge came out of the concrete mixer,



toast had been tossed on to a fuel stove, charred insufficiently both sides.

After a few days I was hungry. I wished I were a footballer, for the town was football mad.

The waitresses had footballer boy-friends for whom they were knitting striped beanies.

In the evenings waitresses and boy-friends took over the lounge and its fire, and at 11 p.m. the whole team arrived to eat good steaks specially grilled on a modern gadget. I could smell the cooking.

"Only for the team," the photographer and I were told. "But you can make yourself a cuppa if you come in late from work yourselves."

Next night I groped my way into the darkened kitchen to make a cup of tea. Before I found the light switch my foot slipped on something squishy and skiddy.

The proprietor, coming into the room behind me, found the light. I looked down. Still pinned by the sole of my shoe was an uncooked rabbit.

"Someone must have dropped it," he said casually.

I shifted backwards. Mine host bent down, retrieved the rabbit, carried it over to a stewpot on the stove, and carefully dropped it in. Rabbit stew was on the menu the following day. I did not order any.

↑↑↑ to the pub beyond the black stump. Really beyond. It was a long, low, single-storied shanty with ant-eaten verandah, interior walls half tin, then hessian to the ceiling, in a town where there might have been a dozen people.

But it was Saturday night, and the crowd was in from properties around.

They were living it up. I turned out the kerosene lamp (or was it a candle?), lay down, listening to the last drinkers revving up their four-wheel-drive vehicles bound on the home-ward track.

A couple took the next room. I think he was a shearer. Not that he said a word. His wife said many, loudly.

"All you think about is — sheep," she shrilled the other side of the hessian wall. "Sheep, sheep, till I could — well scream." I could have joined her.

Then the door (no lock) of my room burst open.

"We'll get a bed in here," said one thick voice to his mate.

"Not on your life," I replied, sitting upright. "The room's taken."

They went away. I put the enamel water-filled wash-basin against the door. Someone fell into it later and took the hint. I slept.

Dawn—and the hotel parrot went through



his repertoire. He would have earned a fortune on TV.

↑↑↑ to the big city pub with the knocking taps. They were economical. You held the tap with one hand (it had a spring release), then grabbed the toothbrush and cleaned away before your wrist grew tired and you let the water stop flowing. When you let the spring up, thunderous knocking started along the pipes.

The bedroom was enchanting—like being in a sarcophagus rather.

A one-watt light, strung mid-ceiling; brown, peeling wallpaper, brown, peeling furniture. French windows (with brown blinds) on to a verandah.

I typed late. Hoped to sleep late. Morning came with the sound of loud knocking. "Cup of tea," I thought in a befuddled dream. I cried, "Come in." At

least (licking my lips) there would be a thick white china mug full of sugared liquid. Perhaps a biscuit.

No one answered. The knock started again. Someone gargled. The man next door—teeth-cleaning.

Only the taps. And the tea—a dream.



↑ Only one rocket to the pub out west. It was devoted to the bar trade. Guests were few. And, what's more, treated like guests.

The food was superb. What you liked for breakfast. The right sauces with the right things. Vinaigrette with asparagus.

The only thing wrong with the pub was that the bedroom was uncurtained.

Outside the window sat the late drinkers.

("I'll shout this." "No, it's mine.")

How to get to bed? Ah. Inspiration. I lifted off the marcella bedspread, climbed on a chair, hung the impromptu curtain over the window.

Happily, I padded round on the nicely polished lino—clean as all else in my (now private) room.

I unpacked, wound up the alarm clock, decided I'd read a paper-backed thriller rather than the Russian-language textbook I usually carry.

Then I undressed. Only after I'd put out the light did I realise that manoeuvring between light and white curtain had made the greatest lantern show seen for some time in the far west.

Not that it worried the drinkers. They were still there at 4 a.m., pleading, "Just one more for the road."

↑↑↑ to the pub with the guitar. It had been a long day. Nearly 400 miles' driving with rain coming down. We'd looked forward to that pub. A hot meal. Comfort.

"Too late," said the publican. "Meals are off."

The nearest cafe was miles away. If I couldn't have a hot meal I'd have a hot shower. I turned it on. Air gushed from the "rose." A disturbed spider scuttled from the shower recess. I did, too.

Bed. And next door the concert started.

The guitarist was good. Only I didn't like his music. All hillbilly. His mates were there. Beeping out lyrics about dying cowboys and lonely mothers left heartbroken in that western shanty on the rise.

Mum was still suffering bereavement when the roosters started crowing.

I won't go on with the rocket grading. No doubt you could better it.

All I can say (suitcase in hand, lavish expense account at the ready) is that this time I'm wishing on a star.

↑↑↑

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RICE



**BAKED PORK CHOPS
WITH CASSEOLED VEGETABLE RICE**

6 pork chops, 3 dessertspoons French mustard, 3 tablespoons tomato sauce, salt, pepper, 1/2 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 teaspoon dried sage, 3 level tablespoons lard, 1 cup rice, 3 1/2 cups boiling stock or water, 1 cup raw peas, 1 cup chopped celery, 2 cooking apples—chopped, 6 shallots—chopped, seasonings, 2 large onions, 2 carrots, parsley.

Spread each chop with 1 teaspoon mustard and 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, and sprinkle with salt, pepper, herbs and sage. Melt the lard, then place in the chops—cook for 1 hour in a moderate oven. Place the rice, stock or water, peas, celery, sliced onion rings on top. Cover and cook in the oven with the chops for 1 hour. Cook the carrots whole, then shape into balls, using a vegetable baller or a knife. To serve—place the chops on top of the vegetable rice in the casserole and garnish with the carrot balls and parsley sprigs. Serves 6.

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AUSTRALIA FROM THE AIR

• Two lonely ports on the far north coast of Western Australia—Derby (above) and Wyndham (below). Derby, on King Sound, 1676 miles by sea from Perth, is the outlet for cattle and wool from the West Kimberleys. Because of the extreme tides, which rise and fall up to 35 feet, ships must anchor at the end of a long jetty. Wyndham, Western Australia's most northerly port, nestles at the foot of towering sandstone cliffs. Founded to serve the Kimberley goldfields, Wyndham's most important industry today is the Government meatworks, where 30,000 cattle are killed and processed for export each season. Both pictures were taken by E. V. Read, of Melbourne.



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The phone's not for toddlers

IT is an annoying practice to allow very small children to answer the telephone. Often I have tried to get a child to call Mummy to the phone, only to be met by a flow of childish patter. Last time, when I had to deliver an important message, after a 15-minute wait I had to hang up and dial again. The telephone is not a toy for small children.

£1/1/- to "Against It" (name supplied), Hawthorn, Vic.

Glamor was gone

ADMIRING a smartly dressed girl the other day, my illusions were shattered when she turned to her companion and said "Yer goin' ter th' dance ternite 'arry?" What a pity she didn't spend as much time improving her speech as she did on her appearance!

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Vertigan, Glenhuntly, Vic.

The Queen's

speeches

CONSIDERING the laughter-provoking speech by the Queen in Canada, I think a few of Her Majesty's OWN words would be more appreciated than this habit of reading them. People would like to hear her spontaneously voicing her own opinions, without the inevitable sheaf of papers couched in someone else's stilted phrases.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Walker, Sylvania, N.S.W.

Snobbish—or not?

NEWSPAPER references to the "snobbish practice" of the Royal Navy choosing men with cultured voices for potential officers is something I can't understand. Surely it is necessary and desirable for an officer to have a pleasing voice, rather than issue commands in an accent which would not be respected by his men. But I don't call it snobbish.

£1/1/- to Miss Christine Larsen, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Can babies stand the night-life?

THE thumb and dummy sucking infants mentioned by Mrs. M. Evans (8/7/59) are obviously victims of an acute anxiety neurosis — and no wonder! The average Australian baby attends pictures, keg parties, and every other form of entertainment at the age of a few days. Medical opinion considers noise harmful to infants.

Yet parents go on their merry way putting unfortunate offspring down to sleep

in the backs of trucks and cars, instead of in a cot in a quiet room. Let's hope the Child Welfare Department steps in before we rear a race of gibbering idiots!

£1/1/- to "How Cruel Can You Be" (name supplied), Carnarvon, W.A.

Change the bedrooms

WHY do home designers always put the parents' bedroom in the best position in a house? Wouldn't it be more sensible to have the parents' room closest to the living area, particularly as a safeguard against children being disturbed when the parents are entertaining friends?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean M. Goadby, Nedlands, W.A.

Uniform wows them

I WONDER why a nurse's uniform brings out the romantic side of men—from six to sixty? In hospital they seem to think they are never too young or never too old!

£1/1/- to S. Davison, Kilsyth, Vic.

FAMILY AFFAIRS

A model plane

quieted his fears

OUR two-year-old was so afraid of aeroplanes that on boarding one he would turn to me crying in terror. Then my husband gave him a model plane. Now, whenever he hears an aircraft he runs to find his own and plays happily with it. All fear has gone.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. M. Miller, Milton, N.S.W.

Teeth "training"

ONCE my laddie knew and loved the noises connected with a train we had no further fuss about teeth brushing. He pretends his toothbrush is a train, and delightedly listens to the brush sounding like the wheels of a real train as it moves over his teeth, slowly at first, then faster and faster, en route to the "molar station."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Ruth Reid, Brighton, Qld.

Playrooms at church

CHURCHES should provide playrooms for kiddies who are too young to understand the service. Many more mothers would attend if they knew their children were happy and well looked after by a responsible person.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. M. Edgar, Morinish, via Rockhampton, Qld.

Service to public

REPLYING to Mrs. Walkenden (1/7/59), who complained about women's rest-rooms being located on the first instead of the ground floors of buildings: the "genius" she refers to made a gesture costing several thousand pounds to the Bendigo public in allotting space for two toilet blocks, a feeding and changing room for mothers, and a rest-room for tired shoppers without charge. As ground-level space costs £1000 a foot in this area, Mrs. Walkenden seems to expect rather a lot from private enterprise.

£1/1/- to Madge Edgar, Bendigo, Vic.

No eye for glasses

WHY do women deliberately make themselves ugly by wearing dark sun-glasses? To me they are revolting. They completely destroy a woman's femininity. Wearing them to be photographed for newspapers makes girls look as if they have lovely "black eyes" — administered by cave-men boyfriends or husbands!

£1/1/- to "Bachelor Male" (name supplied), Gordon, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

THERE are several old and discarded dolls at our place.

The sight of them makes me feel sad.

It is not that I ever spent much time playing with them — I have always been more interested in coloring-in and snakes and ladders. The depressing thing is the way a doll gradually loses her looks and popularity and then becomes neglected.

Take the doll called Christmas.

When she arrived three and a half years ago she was a beautiful creature with hand-made underwear and a blond nylon wig.

My younger daughter could not bear to be separated from her. She would ask: "Has anybody seen a doll called Christmas?" and the house had to be searched at once.

But Christmas is not dolled up any more. Her underwear, once so much admired, is now missing altogether. Her dress is faded and the colors have run; she was washed too often in her prime. Worst of all, she is partly bald.

DOOMED DOLLS

A similar fate has overtaken Bridie.

Any bride, however radiant, who remained permanently in her wedding dress would look shabby in course of time, and that is what has happened to Bridie.

More than once in the past I have urged manufacturers to produce going-away clothes for bride dolls, but with no effect.



Poor Bridie has only one leg. The other one was held in place by rubber bands and I fixed it a few times. But delving around with a hairpin after the rubber bands that hold a doll's legs on is a tricky and tiresome business. I had to give it up.

Since Bridie lost her leg she has been displaced in favor by a koala named Kwala. A humiliating destiny, but that's the way it goes.

Kwala's head came loose lately and I took him to a dolls' hospital.

It was a sombre place, full of dismembered heads and legs, and seriously overcrowded, as so many hospitals are nowadays.

They said it would take at least a fortnight to fix Kwala.

When I told his owner she was upset. "Can't I go and see him?" she asked.

I was sure the dolls' hospital did not allow visitors, but I called to see if the job could be speeded up.

"Let me see, you were the gentleman with the koala, weren't you?" said the matron. "I'm sorry, but we're short-staffed and we are working on a lot of urgent cases — bride dolls with head fractures, crushed kewpies and so on. We can't upgrade the priority of your koala."

When he went home at last, Kwala got a big welcome.

But I am afraid his time will come, too. He had better live it up while he is still a living doll.

TIME TO KILL

A romantic short story

By E. H. CLEMENTS

MR. AND MRS. MARSDEN had never travelled on the Blue Train before and had no idea how much it is affected, on its journey homewards, by the sight of Paris. Having carried its occupants uneventfully all the way from the Mediterranean, fed them with delicious food, rhythmically lulled them to sleep, the train goes haywire when it reaches the Gare de Lyons.

Passengers who knew a thing or two emerged at this point from their sleepers, leaving their belongings behind, and discreetly left the train. The Marsdens, however, merely hung out the window and wondered at the delay. Mr. Marsden, who had been cross ever since they left the Riviera, vowing for various reasons that he would never come abroad again, became crosser still and got out the itinerary to see what was wrong.

Mrs. Marsden, wistful now that the holiday was nearly over and very much aware of the atmosphere of unromantic gloom that pervaded her husband, gazed at the Rome express that was arriving at another platform, and her eyes grew misty at the thought of all the places on the continent of Europe that she had not yet seen and at the thought of all the people in the world she might have married instead of Mr. Marsden.

These trains spelt Adventure to Mrs. Marsden, coming from one foreign land to another, travelling all night under strange, dark skies, crossing frontiers, skirting mountains and long, winding rivers. Now their own train, what was left of it, was going to be hitched on to the other, and, like a sort of United Nations on wheels, they were continuing their way together.

"Right round Paris to the Gare du Nord!" said Mrs. Marsden enthusiastically. She glanced at her husband, who had resumed his seat. Studying the itinerary had made him feel gloomier than ever. Three hours to wait before they left for Calais. Good heavens!

Mrs. Marsden could not forget the time she had visited Paris with her school. It was a long time ago, but that bare fortnight frequently entered her conversations with her husband and her friends. Mr. Marsden, through long familiarity with his wife, knew when these allusions were likely to occur and could successfully fend them off, but he realised, by a quick glance out of the window, that he was unlikely to be able to do so now.

The Blue Train, now perfectly at home in a setting which contrasted so drably with the cypresses, bougainvilleas, and Mediterranean shores with which their journey had begun, was beginning to wander intimately in and out of back streets, peering into bedroom windows, and getting glimpses of bistros and food-markets, with here and there an unexpected view of the Sacre Coeur Church.

Mrs. Marsden took a deep breath and then sighed. Paris! The most charming and romantic incident of her life had taken place there and she had never been back. She sat watching the grey skyline and brooded.

By now they had reached the Gare du Nord. Mrs. Marsden looked at her watch. "Robert!" she cried. "We've still got over two hours. We must!"

"We must what?" Mr. Marsden had enjoyed the journey until after breakfast, but by now foreign countries were getting on his nerves. If only Henrietta would fly. He fully saw the

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After pulling Henrietta out of the river he chivalrously dried her with his handkerchief.



Illustrated by

M. Jackson

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Refreshing



Each of the **FIVE** full-sized
sticks gives you a nice little lift



Frank's wife, Eileen, was a
woman who knew how to
get what she wanted.

He had stolen for the
wife he loved . . . A
dramatic short story
**BY EDITH
PARGETER**

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

She was going to give evidence for the prosecution. Oh, she knew she wasn't forced to by law, but she owed it to herself. Frank must take the consequences of his own actions, he wasn't going to shuffle them off on to her. As for briefing a lawyer, where did I think she was going to get the money? She was left to provide for herself now; not that he ever had been very good at providing for a wife. And besides, there was the principle of the thing!

I was glad to get out of there. The room was as much of a revelation, in its way, as Mrs. Willard herself. It was most expensively decorated, and full of possessions.

There was a cabinet full of very good china, the carpet was Persian, and the piano a magnificent grand. Jade and cut glass ornamented the shelf over the fireplace. No need to ask where the money had gone. I remembered, too, now that I had the clue, a coat which I'd taken for granted as a mere imitation of the fur it seemed to be. With tastes like that, she obviously hadn't any funds to spare for her husband's defence.

It was I who got him a solicitor. He had wanted to plead guilty, but I'd dyce tried to persuade him to change his plea. He was still inclined to go where he was pushed, past caring where our efforts landed him, since his world had already fallen to pieces; but when he understood that his wife was going to take the stand and give evidence if the case had to be heard in full, he made his mind irrevocably on a plea of insanity.

He was entirely ignorant of all legal proceedings and exemptions of law, and thought he was sparing her a terrible ordeal, and we let him think it. There wasn't much else we could do for him.

The police had opposed bail, purely because they were afraid of what he might do to himself if they let him out of their care. I went to see him shortly before the Assizes. He was still a very sick man, he was going to be that for a long time ahead, but in a stunned fashion he could talk coherently and reason sensibly by then. He talked about her; he always did.

"You know, I never really believed in my luck. Someone as beautiful and gay and bright as Eileen—what could she find in a man like me? She could have married whom she pleased; they were round her thick as bees, fellows with plenty of self-confidence, fellows with good prospects. And she took me and my ten pounds a week, and no hope of ever getting any further! I tried, but it wasn't in me. I got to feeling how badly I was letting her down."

"She was meant to have beautiful things, they're her proper setting, and she loves them so. Oh, you mustn't think she complained! She admired things just like a child, wondering why she couldn't have them, when she wanted them so much. She didn't realise how costly nice things are. Money was something she didn't understand about. She just fell in love with things she saw. It got so I couldn't bear it. It was like letting a child starve in front of your eyes."

Through his laboring voice I could hear hers, that clear, constant, injured voice lamenting that other wives should have things which were out of her reach, reminding him eternally, in oblique ways, that she might have married So-and-So and been well-off, that she'd condescended to his hopeless, helpless love, and he owed it to her to maintain her properly.

It wasn't much, but it was enough.

He'd been slightly careless, it seemed, over the last transaction, and the amount was bigger, too. Almost all of it was still in the house; he showed them where, moving like a sleepwalker. So far as he had any mind left he did his best to co-operate. I could understand that. Thirty-two years old, hard-working, a mirror of unassuming respectability, kindly, scrupulous, patient, precise, his natural place was on the side of the law.

There wasn't much I could do for him at that stage, either as probation officer or as a friend. His police-court appearance had to be deferred for three weeks or more, not because the police were in any difficulties about their case, but because he wasn't fit to be put in the dock. For two or three days he continued half-dead, and then the numbness wore off and he was infinitely worse, alternating between collapse and hysteria.

He spent a week under sedatives, and then slowly emerged into a sort of calm, a sort of articulate life. As soon as he was fit to talk to a solicitor I went to see his wife, to urge her to get him into the hands of a good man as quickly as possible.

I'd never really noticed her before, either, or I should have understood. She received me in the sitting-room of their small, respectable house, in a dress which wouldn't have been out of place at an embassy cocktail party, and wearing a sapphire pendant on a platinum chain. Twenty-eight, very pretty, very chic, with a hard, bright finish. Gold hair, and a full, hungry mouth. She was very voluble indeed on the subject of her husband.

It had been a terrible shock to her, and she couldn't forgive it. He'd brought disgrace on her, drawn down a barrage of gossip and calumny upon her innocent person. For innocent she certainly felt herself to be, and deeply injured. It was no part of her duty to associate herself with a criminal, and she didn't intend to. He could get legal aid, couldn't he? She had her own position to think of. If she left the public in any doubt of where she stood she would be doing herself an injustice.

IF I hadn't known Frank Willard for four years without ever really knowing the first thing about him, I might not have felt so deeply involved.

I'd played in the same cricket club with him for two seasons, and lifted my hat to him and his wife after church almost every Sunday morning since I'd come into the district; and yet when they fetched me to the police station that evening, it was as though I saw him for the first time.

He was sitting on an upright chair, with his hands slack between his knees, staring straight ahead of him with blank blue eyes in a stunned face, as though memory and mind had left him altogether. When I walked into his line of vision he looked through me. His well-polished black shoes and rather worn grey suit were as neat as ever, but the man inside them had stopped functioning. The doctor said he was in a state of shock.

Queer the way the human mind works. Nothing whatever had happened to him physically, nothing new had come to his knowledge; the thing that shocked him had been there within his consciousness for over a year, the only new development was that it had just been taken from behind his eyes, and set, as it were, in front of them. Exactly half an hour ago the police had arrested him for falsifying the books of his firm on a dozen separate occasions, and misappropriating to his own use something like five hundred pounds.

I had to touch him before he realised I was there. I sat down in front of him and took his hands, and my grip seemed to penetrate his consciousness. But when I said: "Hullo, Frank, what's been happening to you?" he only stared at me helplessly, and said: "I don't know!" like a child who's had a fright.

He'd been like that from the first moment, they said. He'd listened to the caution and the charge, and then simply let go of everything. It was too much for him now that it was out in full view. He couldn't grasp it. All he'd said to the charge was: "Yes." And some minutes later, as though he wanted to explain: "She was used to nice things. She didn't understand about money."

In image of grace

heard the endless, inescapable implication of his miserable betrayal of her, and her broken condition, until everything, even his name, which meant more to him than to any other men nowadays, became expendable in the cause of her happiness.

What he had done was horrible to him, in the same circumstances he would have done it again. In his own eyes he was damned, in any case, and he embraced his damnation as it could give her a few gleams of pleasure. "I asked her not to come and see me," he said. "I couldn't bear that. Not to write, until the trial's over and everything's settled."

Thanked heaven for that, at any rate, since it saved him from wondering and grieving in the knowledge she didn't come; for in any case, if she came, she wouldn't have dreamed of coming to him.

Always, before I left him, he asked me ruthlessly as though the words burst out of his heart and tore their way to his throat about any will of his: "Have you seen her? Is she looking?"

I told him she was bearing up admirably, but else could I have done? I couldn't tell him she'd already persuaded the landlord to alter the tenancy of the house to her, and I'd been seen out with him in the town on several evenings lately.

He was reputed to be about to take a part-time job in the box-office of the most popular cinema, the manager of which had a somewhat mottled reputation where women were concerned, though to do him justice he had never pestered any who were unwilling.

"The first time," said Willard, thinking laboriously over the year of his downfall, "was the fur coat that did it. I was afraid I might guess how I got the money, but never did." She took good care not to, I thought but didn't say.

And then she was pining for a good time, he went on. "She plays well, you know, it was terrible for her, having to be content with a second-rate instrument. I had to get the money somehow. I had to get things for her. You didn't know her — you can't understand."

I understood too well, but the words that came out of him were also something I could comprehend and pity.

"The last time —" His blue eyes, still blue as lapis lazuli in a face petrified in a wilder suffering, stared through me. "It was because of the Hall being sold, and all the beautiful things coming under the hammer. We went there one Sunday when the place was on show last summer and she'd forgotten. There was a set of Meissen plates, white and gold filigree, the prettiest you ever saw — she talked about it for weeks after. And a little inlaid ivory cabinet and a full-length Venetian mirror in a glass frame —"

When she knew they were all going to be sold," he continued, "she almost fell ill with longing for them. What could I do? I was going to buy them for her. I meant it the last time — but you always do that. Mr. Benson wrote to me — did you know? Such a kind letter, you wouldn't believe I'd been robbing him for over a year. I can't write back. Not yet. I'd like to, but I can't do it. Will you give him my thanks and say — how sorry —"

I always left when he began to cry. Not because the sight embarrassed me, I was long used to that, but because about then he seemed to forget I was there, and to lapse into his usual condition again. Pure exhaustion, I think, talking, thinking, remembering, even eating was physically tiring to him.

Because of his plea of guilty, and his complete submission, and because for once it seemed no lawyer to urge that here was a broken man, he got eighteen months. The governor of the prison where he was sent had a long talk with me about him, and the

medical officer, who regarded the term as one of sanctuary rather than penance, was furious about the sentence.

"What in the world do they think we can do with him in only eighteen months?" he wanted to know. "From what I've seen so far, he'll spend the first six months more in hospital than out of it, and after that he's going to need psychiatric treatment for a lot longer than the seven or eight months we shall have left. Just when he's within hopeful distance of normality again we shall have to turn him loose, and unless he's exceptionally lucky or tougher than I think he is, he'll end up in a mental hospital within a year after that."

I felt much the same way about it, but we had to make the best of it. And he responded better than had been expected. He was a model prisoner, co-operative, gentle, anxious as ever to give the minimum trouble and the maximum satisfaction. Something he'd never noticed about himself, and didn't notice now, took over his life in prison and helped him to benefit by it: people easily grew fond of him.

His wife wrote him one letter, sharp and cold as ice, condemning his crime, dissociating herself from it, and stating the measures she was taking for her own maintenance now that he had failed her. It never reached him.

The governor sent it back to her with the request that she would avoid using such a tone in the future and confine herself to innocuous subjects if she wanted to help her husband. He might have spared his trouble, for she had written merely to break off relations and had no intention of ever writing again. So he was spared her whips and scorpions and he made good progress.

Only, of course, we all dreaded the time when he would have completed his sentence and would be thrown back upon the problem from which only prison was protecting him. I felt so strongly about it that I even went to see her again, prepared to beg for her sympathy and help if necessary. I might have spared my trouble, too.

She overwhelmed me with her righteousness. She'd inquired about divorce and was amazed and disgusted to be told that she had no grounds, that the imprisonment of one partner didn't absolve the other from her marriage vows.

But at least she was absolutely determined that she would never receive or live with him again. The tenancy of the house was now hers, and if Frank came forcing himself on her here she'd slam the door in his face, the dirty crook! She was brazenly beautiful, discreetly jewelled, expensively dressed, and looked somehow both more splendid and more vulgar than when I'd last seen her.

The sitting-room had new and lavish curtains and in the china cabinet there was a new tea service — new, that is, to me. White-and-gold filigree, incredibly delicate and thin. I recognised the Meissen from the Hall by its description. If Frank hadn't managed to give it to her, someone else had. No doubt the ivory cabinet was somewhere about the house, too, I thought. She was a woman who knew how to get what she wanted.

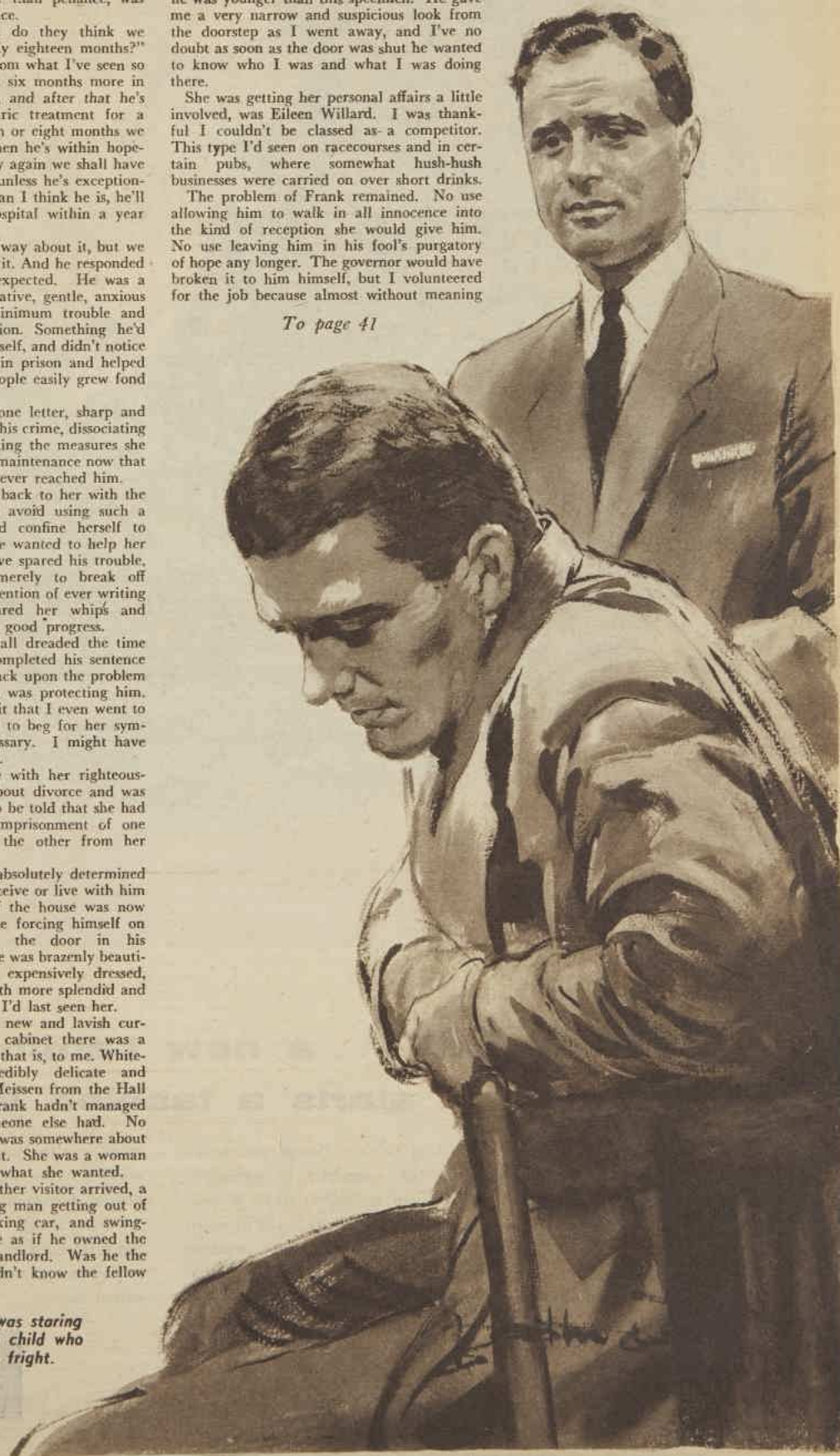
As I was leaving, another visitor arrived, a large, prosperous-looking man getting out of a large, prosperous-looking car, and swinging in through the gate as if he owned the place. He wasn't the landlord. Was he the cinema manager? I didn't know the fellow

very well, but as far as my recollection went he was younger than this specimen. He gave me a very narrow and suspicious look from the doorstep as I went away, and I've no doubt as soon as the door was shut he wanted to know who I was and what I was doing there.

She was getting her personal affairs a little involved, was Eileen Willard. I was thankful I couldn't be classed as a competitor. This type I'd seen on racecourses and in certain pubs, where somewhat hush-hush businesses were carried on over short drinks.

The problem of Frank remained. No use allowing him to walk in all innocence into the kind of reception she would give him. No use leaving him in his fool's purgatory of hope any longer. The governor would have broken it to him himself, but I volunteered for the job because almost without meaning

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When I saw him he was staring ahead, looking like a child who has had a terrible fright.



HARLEM . . . a new Laminex pattern starts a fashion in casual living

Harlem is another new, exciting Laminex design on its way to popularity. Designed to look wonderful in sunrooms, playrooms and verandahs, Harlem is EBONY BLACK and, as you see in the picture, looks simply terrific used as sharp contrast to bright curtains, cushions and light, modern furniture. Other fashionable Laminex designs for casual living are Red Weave, Yellow Batik and Grey Patio — all

made with the famous Laminex process and resistant to heat, abrasions, the wear and tear of busy modern life. When buying furniture, when shopping for a reliable surfacing material, always ask for GENUINE LAMINEX. You'll find the difference in the test of time. Ask your furniture store or Laminex dealer to show you these fashionable designs for casual living.



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A short story complete on this page by DERRY LEMAIRE

EVEN when he was only twelve Tony enjoyed the company of girls and they his. I first met him when I was ten years old and holidaying at that delightful Belgian seaside resort Le Zoute. Tony spent a fortnight of every summer's holiday with his grandparents, who each year took him to Knocke, which is really the original seaside town but no longer fashionable.

Tony's grandparents must have been extremely patient. They would have liked to have seen a lot of their only grandson, would have liked to have sat on the beach with him all morning; then, perhaps, in the afternoon take a tram to Siska, where you could eat "gauffres," waffles tasting so different to any other. Ever since they had first taken him to Knocke they had done this, and Tony had loved the swings and roundabouts at Siska—but now, though he still loved his grandparents, he was frankly a little bored.

He wanted to meet some of the pretty girls he saw going to play tennis in a gay, riotous band—to Tony had obtained permission from his parents to take lessons. He learnt quickly and his grandparents gave him a children's membership at the Zoute Tennis Club—and they never saw him from breakfast time till dinner time.

Even after dinner he would sometimes escape them to meet Jacqueline. Jacqueline was thirteen, a coquette, and extremely attractive—there was no doubt that she already enjoyed collecting boy-friends, but Tony managed to get himself into the position. Of course, there was parental control on both sides—all the same they managed to meet occasionally.

On these occasions they would meet along the Digue and choose a lake—a different one each time—where there was music or a show of some kind. They had ample money, some two miles of entertainment for the price of an ice-cream, and they would sit together laughing at adolescent jokes and at the feeling of grown-upness these clandestine meetings gave them.

Do not imagine for a moment that they misbehaved in any way—they were too innocent yet. He was fascinated by girls like Jacqueline and she gave him the taste for all that followed.

Tony was still going to Knocke when he was eighteen, and each year there was a new Jacqueline, except that she was Therese or Anne or Betty or Odile. Each time he made his pick and chose the most feminine, the most coquettish, the most difficult to get, and each time he became their No. 1. Tony by now knew he could charm the girls—yet, strangely enough, it did not spoil him—his charm was genuine and that was perhaps the reason, together with his good looks, that he had such a success.

When he was twenty-two Tony's father died and left a considerable sum divided equally between his mother and himself. He was also well placed in his father's firm, and as he was intelligent there was no doubt that he would quickly learn the business and be given the executive position for which he was being groomed.

Tony was, as you can see, a very eligible bachelor and he was enjoying the position. He was living in London, so was I, and I saw him occasionally when we were invited to the same parties. I never saw him with the same girl more than twice—I don't think he was fickle, as such, but each time he met another attractive lass who was a little different he would simply forget his last love and go to the conquest of the new.

It couldn't go on. Sooner or later Tony would be caught and then I wondered what would happen. Would he settle down to a quiet, uneventful marriage? There is a theory that those who have sowed oats become the tamest. Tony didn't fit into this theory. He was caught and sooner than expected. He was only twenty-three. His wife was thirty-two. She had been married before to an older man and had been divorced. I don't think he was able to keep up with her. She was a blonde, with a very attractive figure. Tony, in spite of his experience, found himself completely under her spell.

She was clever—for a time—and allowed him to be the big man. I saw them in their sports car—Tony driving faster than he usually did—his wife beside him, her hair flying in the wind, egging him on to overtake the next car.

Anyway, Tony was very happy with her until he got tired of being the little boy who was tactfully being

made to be the big boy. Tony was growing up, and whatever else may be said, he learnt a lot from his first wife. The marriage lasted two years before they were divorced.

He was married again a year later. This time I was sure the marriage wouldn't last. I must admit though that the girl was a beauty. She was six feet tall—Tony was also, so that did not really matter.

We chatted at a cocktail party once, before Tony married her. It was thinking back to our conversation which made me realise that the marriage couldn't possibly last. I have never met anyone quite so dumb.

I saw them next at the Cafe de Paris some six months after they had been married. They had a table the other side of the dance floor and I have never seen Tony look so bored.

Tony found out what she was thinking soon afterwards—she was not as dumb as I thought, and it cost Tony a pretty penny to get rid of her. It's an extraordinary thing—that woman is now one of the wealthiest I know—she hasn't a pinhead of a brain, yet she is a genius at using her beauty to acquire money.

Tony came through this in a daze and didn't look at a girl for at least two months. But they were looking at him and it was not long before the merry round had started all over again. His first two marriages had not discouraged him in the least. In fact, in a fit of confidence one evening he told me he was going to try again.

His third wife, he told me, would be younger than he and would also be well off. From the bevy of beauties that Tony always seemed to gather round him, he found the lass that fitted his ideal without difficulty and very quickly. This time he had also shied from the blondes. She was petite, lithe, a nymph. I have never seen anyone so graceful as she. Her hair was jet black and her hands were a poetry of light, continual movement. She was a ballerina. I must admit I admired Tony's choice—she was an exquisite creature. What is more, she was intelligent and delighted in discussing almost any subject, and if you happened to hit on one of which she knew little, she had the sense to make a good listener.

I felt happy for Tony—third time lucky, surely. Well, the marriage did last longer than the others. Four

Everyone wondered if Tony would be happy with his fifth wife.

years actually, in which they had a son, a sweet little boy who combined the grace of his mother with the strength of his father.

Tony blamed the break-up of this marriage on concrete music. He said that he was quite prepared to accept concrete music in moderation, but Pamela played eerie records of it night and day. She had been completely taken by it—had become so enthusiastic that she felt sure that a new type of choreography must develop to be in accord with this new musical technique—and she was going to find it.

To help her she had acquired what Tony called a "crack-pot" who had filled the flat with tape recorders, filters, electronic complications and whatnots to such an extent that he couldn't even turn round without tripping over some wire or some expensive radio gadget.

The real reason, of course, for the inevitable divorce was not the concrete music but the so-called crack-pot. Pamela was seeing far too much of him and Tony was furious.

Pamela left him and she also left his son, and Tony, of course, had only one course open to him—to marry again—because he could not look after his son properly by himself, and anyway Tony had always been an optimist.

He advertised for a housekeeper and offered extremely good conditions and wages to ensure a prompt answer. Typical of Tony, he overdid it. His offer was so good that he got over a hundred and twenty applicants. It was only natural that he engaged the prettiest of the lot—she had good references, too, mind you. A year later they were divorced.

It was quite simple this time. They came from different walks of life and her ways were not his and his not hers.

But with no rules to guide them in the intimacy of marriage they became different in each other's eyes. She lost respect for him, and he found her a common little piece of little interest. When they parted

each revived the respect they had had for each other before their marriage.

Tony's friends were now secretly laughing at him—they had no sympathy for the man who was able to woo or win any girl or woman but who could keep none. I was one of the few who did not laugh at him, but I had known him so much longer. I didn't think that he had changed very much basically from the eighteen-year-old boy I had met in Zoute, in spite of all his affairs and marriages.

It created quite a sensation when Tony announced he was going to marry for the fifth time. I can give you no better description of the girl than that of a friend of his I overheard: "The only thing that can be said for her is that she has a twinkle in her eyes and quite a nice smile."

You can imagine the effect on Tony's friends. Why, whatever faults his other wives might have had they were all extremely beautiful; each in her own way represented the height of loveliness and attraction. Tony was slipping, they said—where his other wives had only lasted a year or two this one would not last the honeymoon.

But they were wrong. They have been married for twelve years now and are still in a seventh heaven of happiness. Tony's son by his third marriage grew up with them and accepted her as if she were his own mother by birth. All three are often seen out together, and Tony is always holding his wife's hand or looking at her with deep content.

Tony's friends have long since admitted that he really did know what he was after and that at last he had found it. All the same, they were curious to know what had happened—how it was that Tony, who all his life had only had eyes for attractive, beautiful women, could have found his happiness with such a plain little woman.

I told them. I was the only one of his wives who really loved him!

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From Paris for you . . .



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Pearl Mist

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Face Powder

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The Mark of the Hand

IT was one of those moments in which nobody moved, nobody spoke; the whole house seemed to hold its breath.

Everything's ready and waiting for Sylvia, thought Betty Follett. There is nothing more to be done. Sylvia Walsh's arrival is inevitable.

Betty gazed wistfully out the living-room window, trying not to let Mrs. Kilburn see the pain that flickered in her soft brown eyes. She let a distracted hand push at her pretty brown hair and hoped she would be able to hide her feelings from Mrs. Kilburn. She turned slowly to little Tessa, in her pink frock with the bow, in her new patent-leather shoes, and was aware that Tessa, too, sensed the importance of the moment. At three and a half, Tessa could not realise the significance of the role a stepmother would play in her life. But her innate sensitivity told her that her beloved Betty was disturbed.

Mrs. Kilburn sighed. "Now," she said, "we must simply stay as ready as we are. Tessa, get your Peter Rabbit book from the sun porch, and Grandmother will read to you." Mrs. Kilburn's slight, tense frame stiffened a little more in her specially cushioned chair. She said to Betty, "Sylvia must be nervous, poor girl. Coming three thousand miles to a house she has never seen, and a child, and a mother-in-law-to-be. Is that the car?"

Betty's hand went to her mouth as she turned again to the bay window. She knew that Mrs. Kilburn had seen the pain in her eyes. She knew now that Mrs. Kilburn understood everything and would, in her kindness, do everything she could to spare Betty the knowledge that she had seen an emotion Betty had no right to feel.

"It's only the man next door," Betty managed to say. "Mr. Mowry's car, going out." Her heart winced before she asked the question she knew she must. After all, Douglas Kilburn was going to marry Sylvia Walsh. It wasn't exactly a surprise, and it was necessary now to put it into words. "Is it all right to—should I congratulate them on their engagement?"

"No, no. Not until they announce it. I wouldn't, dear," said Mrs. Kilburn. "The house looks nice, I think. Don't you? You know, Douglas has never brought a girl here, not since Molly died. Ah, well, it's time. In fact, the timing is rather good. Because you will be going back to college in the fall, won't you?"

"Yes," said Betty. Tessa was coming back, sliding her slippery new soles on the carpet, and Betty's heart ached as she watched the small, fair head poised on the slender neck. She said to herself severely, "Nobody asked you to fall in love with any of them—the house, the child, the lady, or the man who pays your wages." She moved towards the couch and made her eyes meet Mrs. Kilburn's bravely. "It was always just a temporary job," she said. "I've loved being here and taking care of Tessa and you."

"I know," said Mrs. Kilburn fondly, "and you are a good girl, Betty, and what we'd have done without you I can't imagine. A three-year-old is much too much for my arthritic bones. Did Mrs. Monohan get out Mama's cups?"

"She did," said Betty, pleased that she could sound her cheerful self. "You've got her so scared," she chided affectionately, "about those precious heirlooms. It took her half an hour to wash three."

"They are irreplaceable," said Mrs. Kilburn. "I suppose it's showing off a bit to use them." Her brows went up over the top of her glasses; she was amused at herself.

"Are Silvera and Daddy coming?" the little girl asked Betty.

"Pretty soon, Syl-vi-a, darling."

"Sil-ver-a," said Tessa. She leaned against her grandmother's chair.

"She is a pretty lady Daddy met in Washington," said Mrs. Kilburn, "and Daddy likes her very much, and he wanted her to come to our house and meet all of us."

"I know," said Tessa scornfully, sliding the shoes.

Mrs. Kilburn took the Peter Rabbit book. She said over Tessa's head, to Betty, "It had something to do with this house. Douglas bought it, four years ago, from a Mrs. Calverne, who lives in Washington, D.C. There was a slight legal mix-up about the ownership and when Douglas went to

Washington for that convention he straightened it out. Apparently Sylvia Walsh deputised for the former owner in some way. That's the way they met."

"It's a nice house," said Betty forlornly.

"Yes, yes, it is. Tessa, Grandmother's going to read to you. At least, it will keep her clean, Betty. Why don't you stand by the window and watch for them?"

Betty went back to the window, to turn her face, to beat down her woe. The car would come in minutes now. Sylvia Walsh would be in it.

Betty projected herself outside. A quiet street, with green lawns spread between the hedges of medium-large, comfortable houses. Would a stranger, pulling up before this one, seeing for the first time its red-brick walls, the green trim, and the vines along the walls, see it with the eyes of love? Of course she would; she was Sylvia, and Douglas had chosen her. Face it. Know it. Accept it.

Actually, it was high time for Betty Follett to get back on the track of her own life, as she had planned it. When she left the Middle West and came to Southern California she had been after an education.

She was the last of a parade of children. She had been the one to stand by until her mother and father had sold their big family home to move into a small apartment. Then it had been Betty's turn to launch out for herself. All her brothers and sisters had agreed. Betty had taken care of her nieces and nephews too many times, and her good nature had been imposed on long enough.

A naturally attractive and winning girl, Betty must overcome her shyness. She deserved to be young and free, and she should finish college in collegiate style. (She'd had two years of college, living at home.) Her brothers and sisters had offered to help her. But Betty had said that if she were going off to be on her own, then that's what she would do. She would get a job and earn her tuition.

Just after her twenty-first birthday, Betty had left the tribe, the loving proximity of her own people, and had come all this way. But getting a job had turned out to be difficult. She had never been trained to work in an office.

She had found a solution when she had seen an ad. for a companion-nurse. She had not expected, then, to find warmth and love in this house and joy in taking care of a motherless little girl and, on occasion, of the little girl's afflicted grandmother. The job had seemed ideal to Betty. Board and room supplied. Every penny to be stowed away.

But eight months had gone by, and Betty hadn't been able to make herself stir, even to register at the university for the fall. How could she leave Tessa, her darling? Or Mrs. Kilburn, who needed her and whom she enjoyed? How could she drop out of what seemed to her to be life and exchange that for a classroom?

Douglas Kilburn was a research chemist who worked long and hard at the company laboratories. He was a quiet young man, with the shadow of loneliness on his face, kind and easy, absorbed in his work and his daughter, in the steady rhythm of his days.

He rarely referred to his late wife, Molly, and Mrs. Kilburn had made only a few passing references to her. From the pictures Betty had seen and from the characteristics Tessa exhibited, Betty was sure she would have liked Molly. She must have been gay and warm and loving, and Douglas must have missed her terribly.

Douglas' concern and anxiety for the child had lessened steadily after Betty had come. He was devoted to his daughter, and now he could afford to be relaxed about her, knowing that Betty, to the best of her ability, gave her what a mother would.

But Betty was there as Tessa's companion, not as someone to be noticed as a female. Douglas' absorption in his work must in some measure have compensated for his loss, and until now no woman had caught his eye. Betty knew she had entered his life on the wrong basis. She looked younger than she was, and Douglas thought of her as a schoolgirl.

She was not really a beauty, either. And her shyness made her believe she had never learned the art of catching eyes. She couldn't be coy; she could only be grateful when

she caught in Douglas' eyes a glint of compassion and gratitude for what she meant to Tessa.

She was sure Douglas had never seen her as anything but a girl who was wonderful with his child. She was a godsend (temporarily), and Douglas had failed to notice that she was a woman and talented for being a woman, a mother, a wife. Especially a wife to Douglas Kilburn. By now she knew she loved him with all her heart.

"Notice me," Betty's heart had cried, while somebody named Sylvia Walsh, from Washington, had come along to take everything Betty wanted. It wasn't unjust; it had happened, and Betty must face the fact that Sylvia would live here, raise Tessa, and take care of Douglas' house.

As for Betty Follett, she could take her bank account and go to college. She must try to feel moderately resigned to it. It was too late now to tell Douglas to love her. She had not known how to in the beginning; she had never known how to.

Tyres skidded on gravel and Betty saw the car stop. She watched Douglas get out at the far side, come around the hood, open the door. Then she saw a pretty ankle, a nice leg. Sylvia was slim and rather tall. Her hair, under the smart little hat, was a warm blond.

Betty said, almost without inflection, "They're here."

"Ah," Mrs. Kilburn closed the cover of the Peter Rabbit book. "Go let them in, Betty."

Knowing that something had ended, her life had turned, Betty went as cheerfully as she could to let Sylvia in.

Carrying Sylvia's suitcase, walking behind her slender figure, Douglas Kilburn was not without apprehension. How would this California house look to Sylvia's Eastern eyes? How would his mother, who had been so fond of Molly, react to the girl he had chosen to take her place? He wasn't really worried about his mother. She was not a problem mother, but she was keenly observant, and he couldn't escape a faint, unidentifiable feeling that she wouldn't see Sylvia in quite the same way he did. But it was Tessa who really mattered. And Sylvia.

The first time he had taken Sylvia to dinner in Washington he had overcome his reluctance to talk about the past and had told her about Molly. He couldn't, without bringing back too much of the pain, tell her about Molly's vivacity, her joy of life, and her excitement when she knew she was to have a baby. He told her the facts bluntly and quickly. He and Molly had been married three years when she had become pregnant. The baby had been born, and two months later a deadly virus pneumonia had struck. Quickly and inexplicably, Molly had died.

Sylvia had seemed to understand; she was a widow, as he was a widower. She had made him feel her compassion. It was not necessary to speak any more of the past. Together they had turned forward in time to where Tessa mattered. Sylvia had no children. And Sylvia loved children.

Douglas had not expected to fall in love. When he had met Sylvia first, to discuss the small legal difficulty about the house, he had found her

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At that moment when little Tessa was blamed for the broken cup, Betty realised this woman, Sylvia, would bring tragedy into the Kilburn household.

Beginning our two-part suspense serial

BY CHARLOTTE ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE



THERE'S A MAN FOR — if she really wants him

- What are your chances of finding a mate?
- Where and how should you look?
- Having met him, how can you attract him?
- How can you make yourself indispensable to him?
- Is he worth the effort?

● *You will find the answers to these questions in this and following articles by a well-known American sociologist. Provided a woman knows herself well enough to understand what a man needs in a wife, and wisely adjusts her personality to fill those needs, somewhere there is a man for her.*

SOMEWHERE, at this very minute, there is a strong, clean-cut, intelligent man who could belong to you.

He needs the help, the understanding, the tenderness, the admiration, and the physical stimulation—in sum, the love—that you could give him.

He's there all right.

But whether you will ever find each other and whether you will fall in love depend not so much on fate, or where you live, or how glamorous and sophisticated you are, or how many groups you belong to, or even your face, your figure, or your occupation. These things can only help.

Whether that man ever belongs to you depends primarily on the whole collection of inner feelings, attitudes, and ways of behaving that make you the person you are.

Actually, many people have suspected the controlling importance of personality in marriage or non-marriage for a long time, but have mostly gone on behaving as though they didn't believe it.

They still think that the best way to help a single woman friend get a man is (1) to coach her in tricks or techniques; (2) to doll her up and to invite her over for a carefully staged dinner to which a single male is also invited; (3) to insist that she join a church or hobby group; or else (4) to urge her to pack up and move to some faraway community, where, it is said, there are more eligible men.

But these methods often end in failure and disappointment. In thinking about it afterwards, many a matchmaking hostess has been bothered by a curious paradox. While there are some warm, eagerly meetable young women who can attract men even when there are no

men visible for miles and then date them on their own terms, there are others, often more beautiful, who can never get a date.

Why can some people easily find one mate or several while others never do?

Not long ago, I spent a couple of distraught but interesting academic years isolating personality and opportunity differences between a group of single women, aged 30-39, and a matched group of married women. This was research to find the significant differences between the groups which could give evidence as to the causes why some women marry and some don't.

Later, for four years, I taught and counselled young university women, and during that time quietly observed who was popular and who wasn't, who got the dates and who didn't.

Recently, I have been counselling with older, more mature women who would like to be married.

All my investigations have pointed to the same general conclusion: a woman with a warm, friendly, adaptable, and interesting personality, who is interested in men as men and as human beings, who has self-assurance without being aggressive about it, and, most important of all, who is able to forget her own personality needs long enough to help her prospective mate find fulfilment for his, is the woman who will get the date and, ultimately, get her man.

In itself, this is no earth-shaking discovery. But—and this is the big point—any clear demonstration of the predominance of personality factors over both "opportunity" and glamor in the normal modern social situation carries with it the promise of dream fulfilment for every woman wherever she lives or however beautiful she may be.

For, unlike natural physical appearance and opportunity, which may depend on uncontrollable circumstances, the characteristics of

personality, such as the ability to interest men, have been learned by those who have them. Most of these characteristics can be learned by anyone who will work at it.

Your marriageability quotient can be remarkably increased in time by study, practice, self-evaluation, and, in some cases, friendly counselling with another human being. Sometimes it isn't easy, especially if deep-seated habit patterns or emotional blocks are involved, but often even a little quiet thought and a few insights can start you off almost at once.

The unvariable beginning is, of course, the question, why haven't you had love and marriage experience that others of your age have had?

It is possible that there is some simple, straightforward answer. It is possible that some circumstance wholly beyond your control has absolutely prevented you from accepting the romantic reward you deserve and have earned.

It is possible that you can point with absolute certainty to the sole and only cause of your not having love or marriage.

Usually, though, finding the answer to that "why haven't you" question is not quite so elementary. Almost always the unmarried person, tired of being asked why not, has adopted some ready explanation

Personality gets the dates

that could be true, and repeated it so often that she now really believes it herself. Some say they have too many "obligations."

There are undoubtedly a number of women who really have such unalterable obligations to care for parents or relatives that they couldn't possibly consider marriage.

One of the most frequently overlooked social changes in the last century has been the change in the status of the older unmarried daughter from dependant to a supporter of dependants.

But some of the women who talk about their obligations don't bother to add (even to themselves) that they emotionally needed to stay home close to father and mother even before their parents became dependent.

One of the most often heard "reasons" for not marrying is "I never had enough opportunity to meet men."

In the comparative study of single and married women that I made, it appeared that the married women actually had had much more opportunity to meet and date than the single women. Did this possibly mean that opportunity is the whole answer to finding the right husband?

Not at all.

In the first place, there were many indications in the study that from the beginning the greater opportunity was an effect—not a cause—of popularity.

Moreover, during four years of observations of the younger university women who all had the same opportunity—on the day they arrived at least—it became apparent that opportunity was not the controlling factor.

Some girls had many dates and several marriage proposals; others few or none.

This wasn't chance or accident. There was an easily traceable pattern. The popular girls were the ones who genuinely wanted to know their fellow human beings, male and female.

They were the ones who could easily change their ways if they weren't doing well. They were the ones who had learned how to be fascinating when the boys were around.

Now, after much more counselling with older single women in a far different cultural environment, this conclusion seems inescapable:

Of far more importance to you than "raw opportunity" are characteristics of your personality that have nothing to do with the statistical availability of men.

Romance and marriage opportunities will come to you in direct proportion to (1) the quantity and quality of your desire to have dates and be married; (2) the flexibility of your personality in allowing you

to change your ways of behaving; and (3) the extent to which you did, or will, learn how to interest men.

It seems clear that almost all of those women who do not marry can very properly be placed in one of three groups:

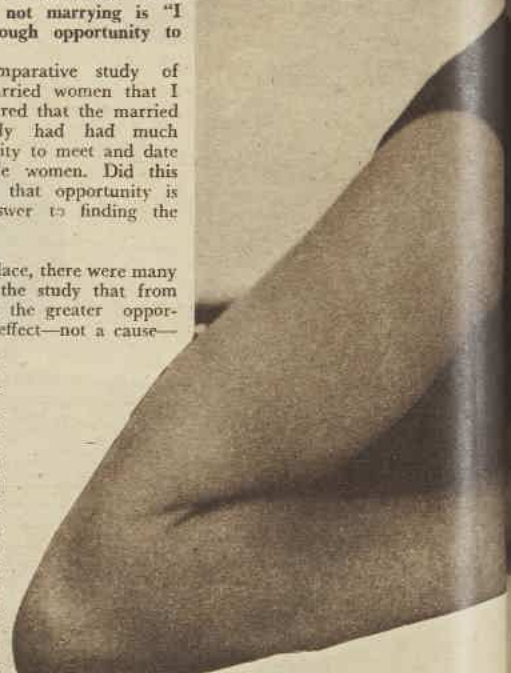
● Those who, whether they know it or not, don't really want to be married.

● Those who want to enough now but who are not (or were not) adaptable enough to change in order to become a man-attracting person.

● Those who have a genuine desire and willingness to change but who don't quite seem to have the know-how to capture and maintain a man's interest.

The size of the first group is frustratingly large. It includes all those women who deliberately resist, or are emotionally compelled to resist, constant social and biological pressures towards marriage.

Many people make the mistake of assuming that all these deliberate unmarriers are the unattractive women, the stereotyped version of the "old maid," who probably never had been asked to marry. But far from it.



EVERY WOMAN . . .

● Beginning an exclusive feature from the book by DR. RICHARD H. KLEMER, leading American psychologist, who has done comprehensive research into the problem of why some women marry and others don't. His findings, combined with his own human understanding, provide a realistic, practical guide for the single woman who wants to get married, and make her marriage a success. Married women, too, will benefit from his common sense.

seemed superior to an exciting future of sharing life's impulses and risks with a man in a marriage. come what may.

In Jenny's case there was one big answer to all these questions. She had never learned to love. Her childhood experiences deprived her of the motivation.

But, for her, as well as for every other woman who lacks the desire to love and to be married now, there is always a possibility that time will bring a change of heart or, better, of emotions.

Certainly, though, buying one new dress, going to one more cosy dinner, or even meeting one more man isn't the answer for this kind of woman. Her hope probably lies in self-study, careful evaluation of what really is important in living, and in counselling with qualified people.

Perhaps from some hidden spark, some fleeting feeling of tenderness or regret, or even from these articles, some previously unmotivated single woman will generate a determination to give romance a real try. Perhaps you will.

If so, you should know right from the beginning that the key to your ultimate success will be your ability to maintain and enlarge your initial small desire.

It isn't easy. In the first place, if you are a more mature single woman, you may have to work very hard to bring your motivation to marry up to the level that other women had in their late teens or early twenties.

But more. Because most men over 30, by preference or by deterioration, have less motivation to marry, you may have to have even more motivation than younger women if you are to be successful.

Fortunately, however, if you have even a reasonable amount of motivation to start with, it often gets easier as you go along, because, ordinarily, the intensity of your desire will increase as you become more meaningful in the lives of other people.

You won't want for motivation to continue once you become fully aware of the deep emotional responses you can awaken in the men you meet.

But what if you are one of the other large group of single women—those who have always had some real motivation and desire to be married?

Then for you it is a matter of learning how and what to do. You need to increase your flexibility or your ability to interest men, or both. Perhaps you know now that in the past you may have been a little over-cautious, over-remote, or over-critical and bungled some of the

chances you might have had. But what can be done about it?

First of all, there is the matter of being able to change your attitudes and behaviour to be more in keeping with the realities of the situation in which you find yourself.

A man who was the social director at a resort hotel told me of his sad experience. He would arrange parties for the hotel's single guests—who were mostly women—and then scour the countryside to try to get enough men to go around.

The women knew that this party was arranged for the purpose of their making friends under protected, quite proper circumstances.

Yet, said the social director, when the evening was over, ordinarily very little had been accomplished, because, usually, the women reverted to the same coy, cute, over-reserved or over-dramatic patterns of behaving that had failed them before.

Some people have tremendous difficulty in being flexible. It is hard for them to make any change in their attitudes or behaviours.

There are some women who heard back in high school that it looks ridiculous if you are seen with a man who is shorter than you are. Even today, they actually prefer to stay home rather than go out with a shorter man.

Then there are some women who just cannot allow themselves to talk sensibly with a strange man who has not been "properly" introduced.

Rigid and long-standing social customs die hard, especially in small communities where propriety and good reputation are still important.

"I know that customs are changing fast even where I live in a small city," 38-year-old Sally told me, "but I can't take up with a man just because he sits beside me on an aeroplane."

On the other hand, Ruth, an attractive 35-year-old schoolteacher, had lots of dates and many men friends, whom she readily conceded she met "informally" in restaurants or at the beach, although she had grown up in a traditional home.

"But I learned at canteens during the war," she said, "that in our cosmopolitan world today men are men and the ones who introduced themselves took no more liberties than the few to whom I was formally introduced."

There is no intent to cite Ruth as a model of proper behaviour for all women or to guarantee her philosophy in all cases. But clearly our customs concerning the meetings between men and women are changing.

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One-quarter of all the single women I interviewed were easily better looking than any of the married women. Although there were some who certainly wouldn't win any beauty contests, the group as a whole was above average.

All but about 20 per cent. had had one or more marriage proposals.

Other researchers who have interviewed single women have also found these things true.

Why, then, in the name of our most-marrying and remarrying society, are some women not interested in behaving like everybody else?

It usually isn't because they don't think they want to "some day." Almost all the single women with whom I have talked have proclaimed for the record that they would like to be married "eventually" if the "right" man were to ask.

However, even before the interview was over, some of them began to get insights into the fact that they had deep personal feelings that made them prefer their unmarried status.

As one woman put it: "I guess that although I say I want to be married, I really don't mean it, for I keep upping my 'standards' to the point where no normal men can qualify. I

just can't seem to help myself." And that was the real truth.

The real reasons why most of those unmotivated unmarriages behave the way they do are deeply buried within them. Some childhood "conditioning," of which they may be totally unaware, had given them unconscious fears, inhibitions, and compulsions which just won't let them love or be married.

There are a few women for whom the conditioning process against men and marriage was so complete that they can accurately be described as man-haters.

But most of the "don't want to" single women aren't strongly opposed to marriage. They aren't even opposed

at all. They are just indifferent to it. Tragically, sometimes they are indifferent only until it is too late.

Jenny is now a beautiful young woman of 28. She has all the attractiveness, warmth, capability, and good humor that make you want to admire her, like her, love her, or put her on her pretty little auburn head, depending on your age and sex.

The first time you met her you would think Jenny could have all the men and all the marriage op-

portunities she wanted. She could have. But she doesn't want any.

She never came to me for counselling but she used to talk to me as a friend.

"I like to have a good time," Jenny told me, "but after I go out with a man for several weeks I begin to see how many faults he has. And just about that time he begins to get serious."

"Besides, I have a good, well-paying job as a commercial artist and a car, and my life is convenient and well planned. You wouldn't want to marry somebody just for the sake of being married, would you?"

Some are "too fussy"

No, of course not.

But I did want to know what made men's shortcomings so glaringly apparent and conclusive to Jenny. And I did want to know why the car and the other material things that her good salary bought were more important to her than the tender devotion of a young man who wanted only to love her.

And why the routine convenience seemed so much better to her than the recurring ecstasy of being held so closely that two breathe as one. And why the well-planned life

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● New social freedoms are allowing woman much more scope in finding her man than even 20 years ago.

FAILURE to accept them is as abnormal now for mature, intelligent women as telephoning an unmarried gentleman at his home might once have been. Some of the advice that etiquette writers give about adhering to the utmost formal propriety and playing hard-to-get may have been universally helpful in earlier days when there was a stable society, different customs, and many, many more men than women. It may still be helpful to the popular young girl who has many male admirers.

But in today's real world, after you reach 25 or 30, most of the single men in your own age group are going to be extremely sales-resistant bachelors. For the most part, the men who really liked the idea of being married are married already.

By and large, those who are left either are the super-sex-salesman type, the comfort-seeking type, or the shy, retiring type.

The super-salesman is smooth, sophisticated, self-sufficient, and spoiled. He can have almost any woman he wants for a brief period.

A woman must understand a man's real needs

And the he or she who is still trying to make an impression when the time has come to become emotionally indispensable is not going to make the grade, either.

In a way, the good first impression and the self-assurance are closely related.

It almost goes without saying that the first thing for a woman to do if she wants to be married is to take advantage of all the physical beauty aids.

Educational courses, like the correct speaking classes, the dancing lessons, the hobby groups, and the adult-education classes can sometimes help.

Frequently, though, joining groups can hinder you.

Too many club meetings in which there are only women or, at least, very few men can play havoc with your date-making potential.

In the long run, the easy self-assurance that will enable you to complete the good first impression won't come out of a bottle (any bottle) or from a club group.

It is, again, a matter of self-study, counselling, and practice, and there is no quick panacea. But unforged naturalness and genuinely relaxed attitudes, even with strangers, can be your reward for patient effort.

Being attractive is certainly not a matter of being forward or push-

ing to take a lot of relearning, extending over a considerable period.

Yet there is evidence that just by reading, analysing, and observing you begin to help yourself almost immediately.

I have found that once you begin to think carefully—and honestly—about the question, "Why is Jane attractive to certain people while I am not?" and to apply several principles of very practical psychology to your analysis, your ability to forge a deep emotional tie with another person will improve markedly.

Essentially, the process of examining your situation is not difficult. It can be started right here and now.

Let's take, for example, what happened to Julie, with whom I counselled. Julie was an attractive young woman in her late twenties, who, out of kindness, "stood in" as a date with an adolescent high-school boy because his regular girl-friend got the mumps on the night of the big dance.

Julie wound up at the end of the evening with the young boy totally enraptured with her.

But the next night, when she went out with a man of her own age, she had a miserable time and the man never called her again.

Why?

In the answer to this question are the solutions to almost every "interestability" problem — yours and everyone else's — and the clues to

all-consuming need for some sort of response from his beloved.

Now then, the excited feelings of joy, tenderness, and stimulation that sum up to love result when one human being in a tender, understanding, sex-appropriate relationship fulfils the emotional needs of another — becomes emotionally indispensable to him.

The one whose needs are fulfilled usually gives his love in return. Usually, mind you, not always. For there are some unmotivated men just as there are such women.

When Julie went out with the young boy, her initial set of attitudes made possible complete social self-sacrifice. She had a relaxed, casual security with the lad, for she had planned in advance to get her enjoyment that evening from seeing that the boy had a good time.

She did just that. She encouraged him to talk. She looked for cues to stimulate his interest. She unstintingly praised his every accomplishment. She made him feel secure in a social situation which was so new to him. She made every effort to make the evening an enjoyable new experience for him.

At the same time she asked nothing in return. If he chose to flatter her, she accepted it demurely and returned the conversation to him.

But how differently this same young woman acted on a date with the man from her own age group. The difference, of course, was primarily one of attitude. She expected — and "expected" is the key word — that since the man had asked her for a date, he was vitally interested in her and her enjoyment.

She felt, half consciously, but nonetheless strongly, that her needs for recognition, response, security, and new experience should be met as a result of this date.

Naturally, since Julie was intelligent as well as attractive, she had long since learned that the male of the species requires a certain amount of flattering attention. So she went through the perfunctory motions of "buttering him up."

But the genuine feelings she had with the youngster were not evident, and the man quickly picked up the insincerity.

For this time she had no real intention of completely subordinating her own personality needs to those of the man she was out with. After all, didn't he ask her for a date? Was she expected to subserve herself completely in the manner of a Japanese housewife? No, indeed, Julie rationalised. What he wanted

matter of becoming indispensable to the other person through a selfless devotion to his interest.

Real love develops from a casual acquaintance as a result of an unusual ability on your part to sense and to fulfil his psychological needs.

Pretty dresses, expensive hairdos, and delicate perfumes are absolutely impotent when compared with the addicting power of your being understanding, reassuring, responsive, and alert to what he is really trying to say.

Awareness of other people's emotional needs is greatly increased with practice. The practice can begin with a room-mate of the same sex as well as in daily business contacts with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker.

In the best love and marriage tradition, Julie's story has a happy ending. In counselling, she came to understand the personal needs that were impeding her relationships with men.

She worked hard to improve her "interestability." She became a good listener and a warm, understanding person.

When she met Bryan, she discovered that giving him recognition, response, and security was more important to her than anything else. Julie was in love.

So was Bryan. For, as often happens, Bryan became so addicted that he is spending his time these days trying to figure out ways to fulfil better his bride's emotional needs.

Millions of words have been written in various attempts to describe love. But you could summarise almost all of them by saying that you are in love when meeting his needs becomes an ultimate emotional necessity to you.

When you perceive that he has basic human needs — some to a fault — but you feel you want to help him find satisfaction for those needs more than anything else in the world, then you are in love.

It should be emphasised that the moral of Julie's story is not that the man should always have his needs met and the woman should do without.

It works both ways. A fascinating and lovable man, and one who will really enjoy living, is the one who gets his satisfaction from meeting your needs.

Of course, not everybody has the motivation and flexibility Julie had. Not everybody has the willingness to re-examine and change herself to the extent that she puts aside her own needs and finds satisfaction in meeting someone else's needs.

Not everyone, every time she tries, finds a man who is capable of loving. Moreover, Julie's story is, naturally, far more complicated than it has been made to appear. Deep emotional relationships are complex.

However intricate or difficult the problem you have, you can best solve it by learning all you can about why other people behave the way they do, about the culture in which you live, about the particular man on whom you have your sights set, and, most important of all, about yourself and your own emotional needs.

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NEXT WEEK
What is YOUR
opportunity?

THERE'S A MAN FOR EVERY WOMAN

The comfort-seeking type is in a rut. He looks upon marriage as a disturber of his already peaceful and rather pleasant existence.

The shy, retiring type, probably most numerous of all, is bashful, afraid of people, socially inept, and sticks so close to his work that you rarely see him.

Citing these "types" is, of course, a vast oversimplification. No one ever really fits a type pattern completely. But the fact remains that in order to meet and interest any reasonable number of men, you are going to have to improve your flexibility.

At the same time, you must improve your perception of why a man behaves the way he does.

And when you are flexible, what then?

There are three important "interestability" accomplishments that every young woman must effect before she is likely to receive marriage proposals.

1. She must know how to make a good impression at first sight and have the self-assurance that will allow her to exploit her opportunities for meeting men.

2. She must acquire the knowledge about men and their needs that will help her to become a "sex-appropriate" friend to a man, i.e., become a woman friend to him, which is not like a man friend.

3. She must make herself emotionally indispensable to the man she has interested.

These three steps have to be taken in order. Taking them out of order can lead to romance disaster. The man or woman who tries to become emotionally indispensable on the first date is probably writing his or her own walking papers.

ing; it is more a result of obtaining balance between needed self-confidence and pleasant humility.

But even those young women who have learned to make new acquaintances easily or who have achieved that neat balance between being aggressive and withdrawn sometimes have trouble nursing a little flame of interest into the glow of warm friendship and the fire of real love.

Often part of the problem, at least as far as friendship is concerned, is that some women don't know how to be the subtly exciting kind of woman friend that stimulates a man to think of love and marriage every time he looks at her.

Somehow or other, their acquaintanceships with men either just dwindle out or turn into a less desirable good pal brother-sister kind.

If this is your trouble, you can, and should, do something about it.

Unless you had drastic emotional conditioning that won't let you use it properly, you already have all the equipment necessary to demonstrate conclusively (and in a socially acceptable manner) that you are an appropriate romantic object for any man.

But building the love fire is something else again. Getting someone to love you isn't easy, as it involves the most difficult sacrifice a human being is ever called upon to make.

It requires the temporary suppression of the ever-burning desire for the satisfaction of your own emotional needs while you give your total attention to the satisfaction of someone else's needs.

For many who have been brought up in modern one-child homes where they have been the sole recipient of the attention of two adoring parents while giving little or nothing in return, this is likely

some of the make-you-popular personality changes that can be learned.

Simply stated, the key to understanding the different experiences Julie had in the two different situations is the fact that every human being has basic emotional needs — or, if you prefer, wishes. These compel him to behave the way he does.

In recent times different psychologists have developed long lists of these "components of motivation" and have pointed to this need or that one as the more important.

As far back as 1923, though, a social psychologist named W. I. Thomas presented a simple list of four general classes of human wishes. Because of the simplicity of his list, let's start there.

Dr. Thomas found that human beings in our civilisation have com-

Love needs sacrifice

pelling wishes for recognition, response, security, and new experience.

Think a minute. Don't you? Don't all your friends?

The existence of emotional needs or wishes as motivating factors in human behaviour has been apparent since Adam and Eve. Many sales and advertising campaigns are deliberately pitched to play upon human desires for recognition, response, security, or new experience. This is called "motivational" selling.

A good supervisor in an office of an industrial plant, knows the importance of recognition and gives credit when it is due.

A good hostess knows the importance of security in a social situation and makes her guests feel at home.

Every lover can testify to the

was an entertaining glamor girl who was sophisticated and impressive.

But did he? No. Do other men? Generally not; although it should immediately be added that men are very different one from the other.

There are possibly some men whose personality needs for recognition or new experience could be fulfilled by escorting some coldly impersonal but exquisitely beautiful woman, just as there are some other men who need to be dominated in order to feel secure.

Most men, however, have the less complex type of personality needs which are better satisfied by genuine recognition and response.

Almost always it is a serious mistake to believe that cosmetics or glamor can do more than attract the second glance. The first impression is important, but the building of true love relationships is a

SOME FLOWERING TREES

● Australia has an abundance of colorful spring and summer flowering trees. There are varieties for every situation — from small, shrub-like trees to large, spreading giants. Some of the most beautiful are pictured on these pages. Others suitable for planting now are aesculus (horse chestnut), flowering peaches, bauhinia, and flowering eucalypts.

● *Brachychiton acerifolia* (Illawarra Flame Tree) and the jacaranda make fine summer-flowering companions in a garden or a garden footpath.

● *Calodendron capense* (Cape Chestnut Tree) spreads widely and produces masses of flesh-colored flowers in spring. This tree was photographed at Greenwich, New South Wales.

● *Pyrus malus arnoldii* is one of the best flowering crab-apples. This tree is at the home of Mrs. A. McCloy, Wahroonga, New South Wales.

● *Poinciana regia* (Flamboyant), a native of tropical Asia, needs a hot and humid climate to bloom. It grows to about 50 ft.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 5, 1959

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



FASHIONS . . .

*. . . chic,
young,
and casual
. . . pages 8, 9*

Supplement - Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Fun without boys

GIRLS can have just as much fun without boys. Mind you, boys are tremendous fun and good to have around at the right time. Recently my girl-friend attended a "girls only" camp, and after this camp she declared she had never had so much fun. While at this camp, hikes, sing-songs by the camp-fire, and the usual dormitory muck-up provided fabulous fun for the girls, and I think that this goes to show that boys are not always essential. — Joan Beach (14 years), 59 Bridge Ave., Oak Flats, N.S.W.

Hep-cat dog

IN contrast to "Doggone's" pet (T.W. 8/7/59) our dog absolutely loves rock-'n'-roll. When Elvis starts to sing, the dog refuses to move from his position where he can hear the music. Our budgerigar is the same, but he refuses to keep quiet. He hops back and forth on his perch nodding his head and whistling as loud as possible. It seems that animals and birds have their "hep-cats" and "squares," too. — "Elvis Fan," Lidcombe, N.S.W.



G. SNOOK
... not bad influence.

Great show

WHY don't adults lay off Johnny O'Keefe? He hasn't done anything to them. They say his TV show is a bad influence on teenagers. I think it's a great show. — G. Snook, 30 Edward St., Barrack Pt., N.S.W.

Greener grass

MANY parents think their sons and daughters should not have a particular interest in the opposite sex until their schooling is finished. Do they ever think about the effect that enforcing this rule can have upon their now almost (physically if not perhaps mentally) fully grown offspring? It is hardly an incentive for the third-year student to carry his education further and be cut off from what is now to him a novel, con-

There are no holds barred in this teenage forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used.

OUR COVER GIRLS are in a hurry—but don't rush to conclusions about casuals before you turn to pages 8 and 9.

...AND PIN-UP... Frankie Avalon—teenage trumpet prodigy who turned to singing. And on page 6 he tells you of his life and his views on girls.

suming interest in girls, while his schoolmates leave school and enter the social whirl. Even if the student's ambition for security in the future proves stronger than his mating instinct, he feels he is missing something and wonders if it is worth it. Trying to keep young males' minds on schoolwork and off females merely has the opposite effect, as the grass on the other side of the fence is always greener. Adults should let their offspring see for themselves that females are only human and not goddesses. — Ross Flanagan, 26 Light Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Debs out of date

YOUNG girls and their parents still spend terrific amounts on clothes and photographs on debutante balls, and are in debt for months to come. These affairs had a meaning once, but now a girl goes to dances for months before her "coming out." Debutante balls are now just a way for a young girl to get into debt. They should be abolished, as the dowry has been. — Lynette Murray, High St., Lismore, N.S.W.

Bats can't walk

AT the school I attend girls are called such ridiculous names as "bags," "bats," "sheilas," etc. I don't know how we can EVER be compared with bats and bags! For one thing, bats fly around, and it's certain we don't see girls flying around! Also, why do boys regard girls as being silly if they are crazy over a certain male film star? What boy doesn't like Jayne Mansfield or Brigitte Bardot? It's only natural for us to go through this stage, too. Please, boys, give us a LITTLE respect! — "Hoping," Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

He shot through

I AM 15, and only last week I asked a very nice girl of my age if she would like to come to the movies with me. She said yes, and I was very pleased.

Seeing I couldn't go and pick her up, as she lived five miles out of town, she came in with her parents, and I was to meet her at the hall, but when I saw her I shot through and went home. She was all dressed up in a tight skirt and high-heel shoes. So, please, young ladies of 14 or 15, try not to make yourselves look too grown-up before your turn. — "Trevor," Warren, N.S.W.

The unkind word

TEENAGERS are often criticised for carelessness and lack of manners, but in how many homes are relatives spoken of unkindly and unjustly, while in children's presence? In how many homes is courtesy reserved for display purposes only? Teenagers' parents should set an example of courtesy, loyalty, and tolerance. — "Teenager," Warrnambool, Vic.

Another Eliza

DID you know that I am the only person in the world (except Eliza Doolittle) who: (a) drops cups and plates with monotonous regularity; (b) leaves sheet-music scattered about; (c) trips over anything from a cornflake to a grand piano; (d) loses odd gloves; (e) drops change; (f) spills everything not solid; (g) talks and giggles loudly; (h) etc.? My mother (who made this list) thinks another Professor Higgins might be able to help me, but she sounds dubious. — Jennifer Croswell, 165 Villiers St., Grafton, N.S.W.

Yesterday's songs

I LIKE rock-'n'-roll, either dancing or listening to it—but I think that no one can beat the songs from a few years back. Today the tune is all right, but the lyrics don't mean anything. The songs of yesterday have a feeling and meaning. — Denise Hughes, 70 Mary St., Merrylands, N.S.W.



DENISE HUGHES
... meaningless lyrics.

Getting own way

I AGREE to a point when "Biggles" (T.W. 15/7/59) said that boys don't like to be bossed or managed. Of course they don't—neither do girls like to take orders from boys. But with a good word you can always make a boy do what you want him to do. For example, if you want to go somewhere, ask your boy nicely if he'd like to take you, or if you are organising something, talk to him about it, ask him for his advice, and you will find that he will be happy to know that he helped. That way you get your own way by being nice and not bossy at all. "Biggles" also said that a girl should go out with a lot of boys when she's young, before loving a boy. Believe me, changing a lot of boys is not a good idea if you want to get married one day. — J. Abela, 46 Chestwick Rd., Auburn, N.S.W.

Compliments

WHY must girls get so darned hurt and upset if their dates don't compliment them on their new dress or hairstyle. If boys really think this sort of thing looks nice they will say so without being provoked. And when girls are finally complimented, nine times out of 10



ROY, my six-month-old Collie.—Josephine Grant, Box Hill, Vic.

they will say, "Oh, it's not really so nice." Fair dinkum, what's a bloke to do? — "Floored," Middlecove, N.S.W.

Nowhere to go

THE police are always picking on us teenagers for hanging around milkbars. I think if they built gymnasiums the teenagers could form clubs. If we could go on picnics and barbecues and could all the time get together the teenagers would stay off the streets. — Dorothy Meredith, 10 Clarence Street, Lidcombe, N.S.W.

Boys — and their clothes

● BOB ROSE (T.W. 8/7/59) charged girls with being ruled by fads and fashions. "Teenager" (T.W. 1/7/59) said boys' clothes were dreadful. Here are some of the replies:

... nondescript

BOYS! Please stop criticising girls' clothes! It's only because female fashion changes so often that you dislike it. If girls wore Bermuda shorts or colored stockings regularly, as you wear your persistent suit, white shirt, and tie, they would begin to appear as nondescript as you yourselves do. From my experience, fashions this winter have caused more controversy in male corners than ever before, and simply because they are so sensible. If boys dare to face the winter's icy wind by baring themselves from the knees down, I'm sure girls would take up the challenge and discard thick socks and colored stockings. — "Frozen," Cronulla, N.S.W.

... no originality

ARE boys all SO individualistic? Admittedly there is not so much scope in men's fashions, but don't men wear single, one-button suits when in fashion, then change to two-button suits, or whatever is in vogue? Don't you think we girls get sick of the "battalion" of boys in their corduroys, ivy-league shirts, desert boots, and duflie coats? What about some originality among the boys as well? — Kerin Fraser, 23 Amery Street, Ashburton, Vic.

... no color sense

MOST of the boys have no idea of color combinations. One boy I know wears a purple (and it is purple!) sweater with dark green trousers. Then, to

really finish it, he wears lime-green luminous socks. Sometimes, for a change, he wears pink luminous ones. Many boys wear this type of ghastly outfit. I think it's O.K. for boys to wear colors, but, please, color that don't clash! — "Another Teenager," Mullumbimby, N.S.W.

... conservative

IF girls are ruled by fads, so are boys. Like their male friends, girls are influenced to varying degrees by public opinion and current fashions. However, most intelligent girls have the initiative to form their own opinions, likes, and dislikes without any "mob extremum." All girls have some spark of originality, but often it is smothered by their conservative boy-friends. — "Irate," South Melbourne, Vic.

... sure hate him

I CAN'T see anything wrong with a boy who calls to take a girl to a dance dressed in a pair of ivy-league trousers and an open-necked shirt. I'd sure hate him to call for me in a dinner suit. If a girl doesn't like the way her date dresses, why go out with him? — Sandra Drummond, 60 Narrabeen Park Parade, Warriewood, N.S.W.

● And since boys are becoming so fashion conscious, next week we publish three pages in full color of the latest fashionable clothes for boys.

The high cost of COURTING

Let the cost of living rise a ha'penny and housewives protest vigorously. But what about the rocketing cost of courting? Our young-man-about-town just murmurs gallantly, "I'm sorry I can't spend more on her."

• HOW MUCH does the Australian teenage boy spend on his girl-friend?

HE scratches his head to think. He doesn't really bother to count the cost.

He's sure that she's good value at all those dances, dinners, and coffees. And that's all that matters.

But what about the 19-year-old Sydney boy who spent a cool £300 on one old flame last year. How does he feel? Does he think it was all wasted?

He doesn't. He's too busy happily burning up money on his new flame.

Looking around the variety of backgrounds for modern courtship, it's easy to see how saying sweet nothings to a girl can cost so very sweet much.

A mere outing to the pictures—best seats because it's the first date—can cost about £1/10/-, whether you're a 17-year-old schoolboy or a 19-year-old budding advertising executive.

Fourteen shillings for the seats, 4/- for the chocolates, milk-shakes, cokes, and ice-cream at intervals, 5/- for the coffee after (even though there's a cover charge of 2/6 a head, a cappuccino's a must), and transport about 7/6. It soon adds up!

Schoolboys have to budget

How often it all adds up, of course, depends on your income.

Schoolboys like Tony Williams, Robert Saunders, and Michael Clift find their weekly £1 allowance doesn't stretch to an outing every week, especially since they're, as they say, "flitting from flower to flower."

As they're not going steady, every girl they're keen on gets the "big impression" treatment, sometimes as big as a 30/- ticket to a live show or one of those jamborees at the Stadium.

A big date like this can only happen about once every three weeks on a £1-a-week income. It doesn't mean, though, that Tony, Michael, and Bob starve for the sight of their girl-friends for three weeks.

"It doesn't cost anything if we ask them home for dinner. And sometimes we're asked for a meal at their house," they said.

Out of the family fridge—and the housekeeping allowance—comes the food for picnics, and occasionally the steak for barbecues, so popular in the summer.

Summer is a much cheaper courting season than winter. A day at the beach costs virtually nothing.

The girls nearly always arrive in independent groups, but if they don't the boy probably must stand the cost of a wigwam at 1/6 if it's windy, and some snack or other, like a milk-shake or bottle of coke.

Winter courtship has one saving grace—television. Cold evenings can be spent comfortably and cheaply in either family circle with Westerns combined with the odd exchange of flirting.

Our cadet photographer Don Cameron, who's 19, says that he sees his girl-friend seven times a week, thanks to TV.

He spends an average of about £4 a week on her; they do go out, but only once or twice. Don's been going steady for two years, and is now starting to save seriously. That £4 represents a quarter of his income.

However, most 20-year-olds are in a much more costly pickle about dates. They spend about half to two-thirds of their income dating. They're out and about town just about every night, sometimes cheaply for fun, and other times formally to balls.

Young advertising-type Don Macdonald, of Sydney, turned a little limp when I touched on the expense of balls.

"Four next month, all staff ones," Don sighed.

"They should cost about £5 each, £3 for the tickets, 10/- for drinks. Then there's the hire-car, usually halved with another chap, so it works out at 16/- or so.

"And there's the expense of suit dry-cleaning, and I usually send flowers afterwards for a special 'Thank you for coming.'"

"It might seem a little extravagant, that," he added.

But Don Macdonald is typical of the thousands of young gallants who subscribe lavishly to the "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we work" theory.

He earns £11 a week and finds it's not enough. So he works weekends in his uncle's hotel and collects another £3.

He goes out mostly in a group in which the boys pool their funds. Where to go? There are usually fierce arguments, so the group compromises. They all go everywhere, worked up to a fun pitch by a preliminary cup of coffee.

In a group of a dozen or so they hit out for the nightspots of King's Cross and sometimes get a concession on their entrance fees.

"Once there was such a big group of us that a proprietor let us in for four bob a head instead of eight," he said.

"One night we ended up dancing in the waves at Googee. That was for free," he added. "You see, we have terrific fun—and we don't need drink to do it—spending very little money."

One of Don's friends, Ralph Bowmaker, backed him up.

"I'm saving for either a car or a flat of my own. In either case, my date can have the benefit of it. But at the moment I'm trying to spend about 30/- a week."

Ralph finds he can see girls quite a lot on this 30/- scale—watching the mad bohemians costs only a couple of cups of coffee; the dancing in the waves, the price of a gallon of petrol. One of the boys in the group usually has a car.

Join a club

to cut costs

Then there are the parties given by groups of girls, or boys. Hosts provide the frankfurter supper, and occasionally breakfast. The boys all bring their beer or cokes.

Most boys find that courting costs can be cut by concentrating on dancing for their entertainment. Join a teenage dancing club, and the costs are even slighter.

A department store executive

cadet, from Melbourne, Howard Bennett, who is just 17, belongs to six of these clubs.

They run Saturday night dances at a 5/- entrance fee per pair of feet. Membership outlay for a year is up to 10/-, but some have no membership fee.

Drinks during the evening usually cost Howard 2/- and copper 10/- for two. £1/2/- for a Saturday night's spree isn't bad!

Not when you compare it with the more sophisticated, mature courtship of a Melbourne medical student, Peter X (he didn't want his name used).

Peter sometimes spends about £3/5/- on his Saturday evening out with his steady girl—and that doesn't include dinner ("We always eat with one or other of our families first").

The £3/5/- is for a live show with supper afterwards. "My girl is a hungry girl," he said. But she's a considerate one and sometimes worries about his generosity, so he gallantly knocks off a few shillings when he tells her the price of things.

Gold-diggers

don't get far

What about gold-diggers? Do the boys usually feel that their beautiful blonde is taking their pay packet for a ride?

Sometimes, yes. After a few months' courting experience, our young-man-about-town can usually pick a money-grubber, the girl who picks the most expensive item on the menu and then leaves half of it.

Variety is the best ground for provoking romance—variety of the type that 19-year-old David Fullagar, of Sydney, indulges in.

He goes out about twice a week, spends about £4 a week from his salary of £11. He doesn't play a steady date line and has terrific fun mixing in-expensive TV outings with office balls, parties, dances, and movies.

He likes drive-in movie-going, which comes into the splurge category, because, though the seats are cheaper than city ones, there's usually a 16/- dinner bill to pay, and there's the 10/- he gives his father for use of the car.

Makes you think, doesn't it?



TONY WILLIAMS
... £1 a week allowance



DON MACDONALD
... sends flowers, too.



RALPH BOWMAKER
... saving for a car.



HOWARD BENNETT
... teenage dancing clubs.



DAVID FULLAGAR
... likes drive-ins.

PARTY ICEBREAKER RESULTS

SHE'S THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

● First Prize winner in our £600 Party Icebreaker competition is a tall, blue-eyed country girl, Jennie Cooper, 18 years old, from Quirindi, New South Wales.



JENNIE COOPER

JENNIE'S bright party-icebreaker suggestion won her a 159-guinea stereophonic radiogram that's sure to add to the gaiety at her next party.

When Jennie received a trunk-line call with the news of her win, all she could say was, "Yes, yes, yes," in a deceptively calm voice.

"I got quite a shock," she admitted later.

Jennie loves music and belongs to a record club, so she

receives the latest releases. Now she will begin to build up her library of the new stereo discs. And she likes giving parties, too.

As yet, Jennie has not decided on a career.

"For a while I thought of being a Tresillian nurse, but I've changed my mind again, and don't really know what I'll take up," she said.

Meanwhile, she helps at home, and has a full social life.

She loves going to picnic races, polo carnivals, playing tennis, and swimming (when it's warm enough) in the Quirindi baths.

Jennie had never entered a contest until she submitted an entry for ours—and won.

"I've tried my 'icebreaker' out lots of times," she said, "and it really works."

Here is Jennie's icebreaker: "As each of my friends enter the room I hand them a slip of paper.

"When they've all arrived I ask them to unfold their papers and read what's written there.

"Then everyone's told that they are in a foreign country, but they can't speak the language.

"The thing that is written on their paper is something they particularly want to buy, and they have to act or mime until one of us is able to guess what the article is—for example, a pair of long woollen underpants or a beach towel.

"It's amazing how soon everyone gets into the party mood this way."

We received thousands of Icebreaker entries and, incidentally, there was a surprising number of entries from people with the same ideas.

By far the most popular icebreaker was the "famous pairs" one, when guests are given names like "Adam and Eve," "Romeo and Juliet," and then sent off to find their partners.

"Snowball" dances were popular, too. (That's when one couple begins dancing, breaks up, and each chooses a new partner, and those couples break up, etc.)

A lot of entrants like "Magic Handshakes," when every fifth or sixth guest is given a chocolate to give to the first person who shakes hands.

Another favorite was autograph hunting, when you have to rush round collecting autographs in the shortest possible time.

Four all-transistor portable radios

● These four entries won portable radios:

FROM Phillipa Gillespie (16), 37 Froggatt Street, Turner, Canberra:

"Divide your guests into teams, each team made up of pairs.

"Ask the boys to undo their ties, and give their ties to their partners. Then give the boys six bobby-pins each.

"The idea is that the first pair in each team starts off the game: the girls re-knotting the boys' ties and the boys making three pin-curls in the girls' hair.

"As each pair finishes, the next couple start, and so on down the teams till the fastest team wins.

"This game is tremendous fun."

FROM Barbara Lawrence, 60 Raglan Street, Tamworth, N.S.W.:

"I think 'Lotto Mixer' is a good game to help guests get to know one another.

"Prepare beforehand a sheet of paper for each guest. Mark the paper with 25 squares, five squares in each row. The squares should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in size.

"Give each guest one of the sheets of paper as they arrive, and ask them to introduce themselves to 25 people. They have to write the names of each of the 25 in one of the squares on their paper.

"When everyone has the 25 squares filled, call all the guests together.

"Ask each one in turn to read one name from their sheet.

"As a name is read, each guest checks the square on their sheet in which that name appears.

"The first person to have five checks in a row calls out 'Lotto!' and wins the prize."

FROM Helen Hudson (18), 51 Radio Avenue, Balgowlah Heights, N.S.W.:

"This has been the most popular icebreaker in our family for three generations—it's called 'Sewing Animals'."

"Everyone is given, as they arrive: A piece of plain material about 6-8 in. square, a needle and a few pieces of embroidery cotton, the name of an animal written on a folded piece of paper.

"Each guest has to sew, in any stitch they like, the outline and features of their animal—no pencils allowed!

"And the results, especially from the boys, are quite hilarious.

"The judging is done by everyone.

"Attach the animals to their sewer's back with the needles, and then give everyone two pins.

"They have to stick the pins into the 'animals' they like the best, and the winner is the one with the most pins in his (or her) sewing."

FROM Geoffrey Watt (17), 1 Collins Street, Belmont, Victoria:

"Divide the guests into groups—preferably three—according to the size of the party.

"Supply each group with: A balloon, a small container of paste, a pair of scissors, a magazine.

"At a given signal, the balloons have to be blown up and tied. Then the guests have to construct a funny face by cutting colored pieces from the magazine and sticking the pieces on to the balloons.

"And, afterwards, the balloons can be hung round the room to give a good party atmosphere."

THE WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE: A Philips Model 215 9-Valve True 2-Unit Stereophonic Radiogram valued at 159 guineas.

● Jennie Cooper (18), 8 Dalley Street, Quirindi, N.S.W.

FOUR Philips Model 198 push-button all-transistor portable radios, valued at 42 guineas each:

- Phillipa Gillespie (16), 37 Froggatt St., Turner, Canberra.
- Barbara Lawrence, 60 Raglan St., Tamworth, N.S.W.
- Helen Hudson (18), 51 Radio Ave., Balgowlah, N.S.W.
- Geoffrey Watt (17), 1 Collins St., Belmont, Victoria.

FOUR 25-guinea courses at The Arthur Murray School of Dancing (each course of 26 private and group lessons, to be taken at the Sydney or Parramatta Studios):

- Barbara Sampson (16), 57 Chapel St., Rockdale, N.S.W.
- Carol Hunt, 41 Hill St., Gosford, N.S.W.
- Janice Hvass, 5 Carrington Ave., Mortdale, N.S.W.
- D. Fergusson, 26 Ocean St., via Fairymeadow, N.S.W.

ONE grooming and deportment course at the June Dally-Watkins School, valued at 20 guineas:

- Rosemary Wilcher, 4 Brabyn St., Windsor, N.S.W.

FOUR Agfa Opticus 100 Slide-o-matic color-slide projectors valued at £19 each:

- Peter McRuvie (12), Artarmon Rd., Willoughby, N.S.W.
- Marian Crawford, 4 Bannister Gardens, Canberra.
- Beverley Dolbel, c/o Post Office, Billimari, N.S.W.
- Loretta Baker (15), 22 Doyle Avenue, Wagga, N.S.W.

SIX prizes of two vouchers each for 12-inch LP stereophonic Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings, valued at three guineas each:

- Linda Scott, 66 Newington Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.
- Judy Naughton (18), 64 Balmain Rd., Leichhardt, N.S.W.
- Ruth Pickering, 60 High St., Harris Park, N.S.W.
- Christine Shaw (15), 86 Woorarra Ave., Narrabeen, N.S.W.
- Judy McHarg, Box 14, Beechworth, Victoria.
- Richard Atkin, 730 Pacific Highway, Gordon, N.S.W.

Deportment school course

● This entry—all about make-up—has won the June Dally-Watkins grooming course for Rosemary Wilcher, of Windsor, N.S.W.

"As each guest arrives, you give him or her a card.

"Later on you ask each boy to find the girl with the corresponding card (the cards have the names of famous people on them like Antony and Cleopatra and Romeo and Juliet).

"Then each boy is asked to sit and roll his trouser legs up over his knees.

"Tie a ribbon above and below each kneecap.

"Provide eyebrow pencil, eye shadow, and lipstick, and invite each girl in turn to draw a face on each of her partner's knees.

"A prize can be given to the best and most original artist."

These will learn dancing

● These four people who know how to break the party ice may become good dancers after courses of Arthur Murray lessons.

FROM Barbara Sampson (16), 57 Chapel Street, Rockdale, N.S.W.:

"This game is called 'Lunatic Exchange'."

"An exciting way of opening a party is to ask each of the guests to bring — daintily wrapped as if it were a gift — one thing in his or her possession that's no use at all. It could be anything from something you bought that was a mistake to an inherited 'white elephant'."

"Write the names of your guests on small pieces of paper, one name on each piece. Fold up the pieces and shuffle them round in a hat. When all the guests have arrived, draw two names at a time from the hat. Those two people come forward — and exchange gifts. Then two more names are called and packages are exchanged again. When all the names have been called, give the signal to open the packages. After that, anything can happen when your guests discover what atrocious objects have been palmed on to them."

FROM Carol Hunt, 41 Hill Street, Gosford, N.S.W.:

"I have a large table ready with plenty of brown and white bread — thinly sliced and buttered — and dishes of different sandwich fillings. As each guest arrives, I set

him or her making sandwiches, with a prize for the most appetising.

"And how those sandwiches are enjoyed at supper! So this game solves some of your catering worries, too."

FROM Janice Hvass, 5 Carrington Avenue, Mortdale, N.S.W.:

"Sit all the players, except one, round a tablecloth which they hold tightly. On the cloth a small feather is placed. At the word 'go,' everyone sitting blows at the feather and the lone standing player tries to lean over and grab it. As he (or she) tries, everybody else blows to get it away in another direction. The whole thing is so ludicrous that all the roars of laughter break the 'ice'."

FROM D. Fergusson, 26 Ocean Street, via Fairymeadow, N.S.W.:

"Choose two teams and provide the leader of each team with a dish, and each team member with a straw. Have ready, dotted about in the various rooms of the house, lots of small scraps of paper. On the word 'go' the teams go on a paper chase. The idea is for the papers to be sucked up on the end of the straw and dropped into the team's dish without touching either paper or dish by hand. And the winner is the team with the most pieces of paper."



PRETTY girls, well-dressed boys — it should be a good party, but nobody knows how to break the ice and get things going. They need one of our prize-winning icebreakers.

STEREOPHONIC LPs

Two vouchers for Philips, Polydor, or D.G.G. recordings have been awarded to each of these six entries:

FROM Linda Scott, 66 Newington Road, Marrickville, N.S.W.:

"Throw a Sock Hop: Ask all the guests (girls, too) to wear an old pair of Dad's socks and to decorate them. Have a prize for the craziest pair of socks. With the guests parading in front of the judges, the party is 'off' with a swing."

FROM Judy Naughton (18), 64 Balmain Road, Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"A sure icebreaker is called the 'Obstacle Barn Dance.' This begins like the 'Progressive Barn Dance.' As the dance goes on, the girls have to take off their earrings, a piece of jewellery, or a bobby-pin, and belts, etc. — and give them to the boys, who have to wear them. The boys forfeit their coats, ties, cufflinks, etc. They have to give them to the girls. It's all very confusing and great fun."

FROM Ruth Pickering, 60 High Street, Harris Park, N.S.W.:

"Give all the guests a pencil and a card. On the top of the card write a number and an instruction which the guests have to follow. Here are some suggestions for the instructions: Find out all the people whose fathers are going bald. Get the names of the people whose neighbors keep fowls. The funnier your instructions are the quicker the ice is broken."

FROM Christine Shaw (15), 86 Woorarra Avenue, Narrabeen North, N.S.W.:

"Each guest chooses some trade or profession for 'Latest News.' One player is given a newspaper and he or she reads aloud some item of news."

"Whenever the reader pauses and looks at one of the players, that person must at once supply a remark in keeping with his chosen job. The annual sale of — and the reader looks at the 'butcher,' who says 'pork chops' — was held in the — 'dark room,' says the 'photographer' — . . . and so the game goes on."

FROM Judy McHarg, Box 14, Beechworth, Vic.:

"When the guests arrive I ask them to help me tear a newspaper into roughly shaped pieces. I give each person one piece of the paper. Then I play a record (music, no words) or a tune on the piano, which is better, and each guest has to sing the words on his piece of paper to the tune."

FROM Richard Atkin, 730 Pacific Highway, Gordon, N.S.W.:

"Before the guests arrive the host or hostess makes a list of about 15 popular songs. When the guests have arrived they are divided into two teams, and each team is given a writing-pad and pencil. The host whispers the first tune's name to one member of each team, and they run back to their teams and try to draw the title. And the members of the team have to guess what the tune is. No words can be written. The person who guesses the tune rushes to the hostess for the next title, and so on."

FROM Peter McRuvie (12), 43 Artarmon Road, Willoughby, N.S.W.:

"This is my favorite party icebreaker. You line the boys up on one side of the room and the girls on the other side. Give each boy a paragraph of about 16 lines from a daily paper. At the word 'go' each boy has to dictate to the girl opposite what is on the paper. She tries to write it down. This makes such a din that the boys have to shout."

FROM Marian Crawford, 4 Bannister Gardens, Canberrra:

"When sending out your invitations, ask the guests to come wearing something ODD — different colored fingernails, odd

socks, odd shoes, stockings, earrings, etc.

"But this odd thing must not be hidden. You must be able to see it. Give everyone a pencil and some paper. Then all the guests have to mix round to find out people's names and what they have on that is odd."

FROM Beverley Dolbel, c/o Post Office, Billmari, via Cowra, N.S.W.:

"This icebreaker is a success at my parties — it mixes my guests in a couple of minutes. As the guests arrive you give them one of those round, softish, oval-shaped biscuits each. Only one biscuit per person. Then you tell them to bite out a map of Australia."

"The couples stand together, with the left arm of one round the other, who puts his right arm round the first one. This leaves one left and one right arm between them. The object of this game is to wrap and tie the box up securely into a parcel."

"The first one with the best map wins the prize, and by this time all have exchanged their names and the party can get into full swing."

FROM Lorett Baker (15), 22 Doyle Avenue, Wagga, N.S.W.:

"All you need for this icebreaker is about four or five couples and a length of string, a box (about 6in. x 8in.), and a sheet of paper for each couple."

"The couples stand together, with the left arm of one round the other, who puts his right arm round the first one. This leaves one left and one right arm between them. The object of this game is to wrap and tie the box up securely into a parcel."

AGFA COLOR SLIDE PROJECTORS

● We hope these winners are camera enthusiasts, but if they aren't they soon will be. They've won the Agfa color slide projectors.

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YOUNG MAN WITH A TRUMPET-AND A VOICE



● In this interview between singing star Frankie Avalon and New York disc jockey Al ("Jazzbo") Collins (at left), Frankie tells the story of his 18 years.

FRANKIE, suppose we start out with your background. Where you were born, where you went to school, and stuff like that.

Well, I was born in Philadelphia in 1940 and went to high school in South Philadelphia. I concentrated on music—trumpet, ear training, harmony, and theory. You see, I started playing trumpet when I was ten, and I knew real fast that I wanted to stay with music.

Was your family musical at all?

Not really; not professionally. Of course, we're of an Italian background, and it seems a lot of Italians do turn to music—Como, Sinatra, Damone, Dino Martin. But my father just kids around with music, plays the piano some, and the guitar. My mother? She can't even keep time.

If you started playing the trumpet so young, were you sort of a child prodigy? Did you have a happy childhood?

Oh, a very happy childhood! I liked to play music and my family worked hard so I could study with a fine musician. He was with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

At home we all really get

along. That's why when I'm away I miss home so very much.

How do you feel about all this success you are having with your records?

Feel? I think it's just great. I mean, it seems so funny; it seems to have happened so fast.

But actually it hasn't been so fast. I've been making music for the past eight years. But in the singing field it's only been two.

With Dorsey

Eight years! Want to give us a playback of some of those years?

Well, after I'd studied trumpet for a while—I forget just how long—I played with Ray Anthony and Tommy Dorsey. Tommy was very nice, very encouraging. That was five years ago. Of course, I only played when the bands came to Philadelphia.

And then I made one record as a trumpet player. It was a song called "Trumpet Sorrento"; did fairly well, too, number 42 on the list put out by the trade magazine of records.

Forty-two is pretty high on the list when you think of all the recordings that are made each week. Tell me, Frankie, how do you rate yourself as a trumpeter?

Now? I think I could have been a really good trumpet-player if that was all I was doing, if I studied as I used to, four and five hours a day. But there just isn't the time any more. And I do miss it. But now I like singing, too.

Frankie, how did you switch from trumpet to singing?

I sort of slid into it. First, there was this teenage nightclub I had in Philadelphia when I was 15. It was a regular nightclub, except it was only open on Fridays and Saturdays. We opened up about 7.30, the band (my band, it was) went on around 8 p.m., and we closed about 11.30. Of course, we only served soft drinks.

"My dad, my uncle, and Bob Marcucci, who's one of my managers now, were partners in the club. They were always there. And we had a one-hour floor show with local talent. We had

regular auditions, too, to get that talent.

That club was great. Big stars used to drop in when they were in Philadelphia. Tony Bennett came, and Lou Monte, Jody Sands, and other recording people.

But the club burned down and we couldn't find another good location we could afford.

I got a job with a band—Rocco and the Saints. Of course, I had to lie about my age to get in to play at clubs. I would work four nights and go to school. I graduated from high school last year.

But you weren't singing then, were you?

Not really. Rocco used to have me sing two or three songs a night, but I'd always argue with him, "You're paying me as a trumpet-player."

Did you get a good hand when you sang?

Oh, they went over, but I just didn't like it much, you know. I didn't feel anything; it was just part of the job. I wanted to play trumpet.

Then one night Bob Marcucci, the one who had been in our nightclub venture, said he was starting a record company and he came over to where Rocco was playing. They had me sing, and Bob said they'd like to send me to school for a while then record me singing.

I studied with Dorothy DiScala, a voice coach, and she told me I had a voice with a very low range—unusually low for a pop-singer. It's a bass-baritone.

And she said I had a good voice, but it needed time and work to develop it. Now I'm studying with Carlo Menotti.

I'll never forget making that first record, "Cupid." It was so odd, standing up there without a trumpet in my hand. "Cupid" bombed out completely.

Likes classics

Now let's find out a bit about the part of your life that isn't singing. Do you like classical music?

Of course. When I studied with Seymour Rosenfeld, of the Philadelphia Orchestra, I used



FRANKIE AVALON . . . A musician, but I want to be mo

to get tickets to the symphony and go every week. I played first trumpet in the city's All Junior High Orchestra, which was very good.

And I went to Southern High because it had a fine music-teacher, Mr. Speck. He offered me a scholarship to the Eastman School of Music after I graduated, but, by this time, Marcucci and the record thing came along.

What classical music do you like, if you can think of any right now?

I like Puccini very much. I like Ravel and Debussy. I guess you'd say I like the classical modernists. And, of course, I love symphonies. Anyone does who listens to them enough, and I listened enough.

Are you studying now?

Yes. As I said, with Carlo Menotti, but I also want to take dramatic and dancing les-

sons, just as soon as I stay in one place long enough.

If I build now, learning really how to sing and act and dance, I'll have a future. So I'll make the time.

No 'steady'

Now, let's get down to the girl department. Want to talk about some of your dates—the girls you've taken out?

Most of the girls I've taken out were back in high school, and I never went steady for more than a couple of weeks. What do I do on a date? There isn't so much a teenager can do on a date that's different. We go to the movies, get something to eat. That's it, you know.

Now that you're a personality, do you find this changes your relationship to the girls you

● To page 7



Page 6 — Teenagers' Weekly

Surf boys are steady on rock

• The surf rolls on to the rocks of Bronte Beach with a mighty beat. Four surf boys in the clubhouse cock an ear. They're ready. They're steady. They're real gone. They start singing "A Teenager In Love"—with a mighty beat.

SOMETIMES the roll of waves on the beach gets out of time and the boys find it hard to keep steady on the rock.

But mostly they succeed — that's maybe why they win their place in the Battle of the Sea.

For, of course, the surf boys are "The Delltones," just back in Sydney after touring with Lee Gordon's Big Show.

We're down at the surf club on a chilly winter's morning.

FRANKIE AVALON

• From page 6

meet? Do they look at you differently?

Yes. I'd say they get a little more... oh, you know what I mean. And it strikes me as funny. A little uncomfortable for me, too—like when a girl gets near you and hollers, "Can I touch you?" You know.

I mean, just a few years ago when I walked down the halls in school, who cared?

What qualities do you like in a girl?

Everybody asks me that and it's not a fair question. But I'll try to answer it. I like a nice, quiet girl who doesn't just go on talking and talking. Oh, I want to talk with her, but not just rattle. I want her to be full of fun.

How about how she dresses?

Say, I'm not a fashion man, you know, Al. But I know what I don't like. I don't like a great blooming kind of skirt. And I don't like a lot of make-up. I mean, a girl should wear some because it makes her look more like a girl—lipstick and eye stuff, but not too much. And I like long page-boys and those Italian haircuts with little spittles around the forehead.

What about this business of being steady?

For me? For me, I wouldn't be steady, even if I weren't a singer. When you're in your teens, boys and girls should go out with different people and get to know people.

What about drinking?

Yes, and this is the whole half truth. I don't drink at all. Drinking, to me, is just out. Girl or boy, it doesn't matter. Drinking makes you lose all taste and class. It isn't for anyone to do much of. For kids, it's not at all. Amen!

By Carol Tattersfield

There's a real cool westerly blowing, so the boys put the chill on my bright idea to get a picture of them singing in the surf.

Instead, they drape themselves over the surf reel. And because there are no kids about they just sing baaa... and not "Teenager in Love."

Why "The Delltones" I ask. Well, "dell" means "the" in Spanish, they say, and it goes well with tone, says Noel Widerberg, the lead singer. Sounds real musical, he says.

Then each Delltone breaks in to give me the pitch.

Tenor Warren Lucas says he's 20 and tells me that all are members of the Bronte Surf Club and they patrol the beach in summer.

In a low voice, Brian Perkins says he's 22 and that the group of four start to sing as a group only five months ago when there is no official entertainer to sing for the surf club dance.

Noel says he's 21 and that they're serious entertainers now. They come to the beach every day to practise singing for four hours. Then they all go for a swim, but not this morning, dear, we're-in-a-hurry-to-get-to-a-rehearsal-in-town.

Noel says the only one of the group who's really a competitive surfing man is Peewee Wilson, who sings bass.

The Mantis

Peewee, the tallest by far and the youngest (19), says he's just an R. and R. man (rescue and resuscitation), and one of the others says, "Go on, The Mantis! You're a star board-rider."

Who is The Mantis, I wonder, and Noel says they've all got nicknames. He's The Elf—because he's the smallest—and Peewee's The Mantis.

Sticking out his big chest, Warren says he's The Hogget.

The Penguin was obviously Brian, with his black hair and white shirt.

They are funny, these boys. They have a bright-n-breezy laconic approach which makes me laugh. When they're on stage they sing like "The Jordannaires" for background harmony to singers like Johnny Devlin and Col Joye, and like "The Diamonds" when they sing as a quartet.

Noel the Elf says they are on TV for the past few months and are going to try some cabaret work.

He swallows a pill and hands the bottle round to the others, saying it's for the voice, and that they've been rustling round like crazy lately.

Why? I ask, and this makes them laugh because "Why?" is the name of their first composition, which is on the flip-side of their hit-parade hit "Gee."

The parents are all very dubious when the boys say they are going to make music for a living, but the boys reckon they're making much more money now than they are when they aren't singers.

Only in May Peewee the Mantis is a glazier in a glass firm; Brian the Penguin is a signwriter; Warren the Hogget is a butcher; Noel the Elf is an insurance officer.

But the boys have-to-get-into-town-for-that-rehearsal.

So they go, and halfway up the path from the surf club Noel the Elf calls back: We're not married. Tell them we're eligible.



THE DELLTONES singing "baaa." From left: Peewee "The Mantis" Wilson, Noel "The Elf" Widerberg, Warren "The Hogget" Lucas, and Brian "The Penguin" Perkins.

LISTEN HERE — WITH BERNARD FLETCHER

POPS Adam, Napoleon, and Tom Dooley may sound like very ill-assorted disc mates, but they seem to get along famously on KS.322, a 45 r.p.m. standard called "Waterloo."

It's another example of the folksy, early-Americana trend in records.

The vocalist has the dubious name of Stonewall Jackson—unless, of course, he should happen to be a descendant of the original Confederate General, Thomas "Stonewall" Jackson, who fought in that war poor old Scarlett O'Hara got mixed up in, but it's hardly likely.

He's backed by a male vocal group with guitars. The tune is more catchy than the reverse side, "Smoke Along The Track," one of those homespun railroad ballads.

WHILE rocking rhythm has sky-rocketed the boys to fame, it has partly eclipsed many of our best-known girl singers. So many of the thrushes have been so long without a really solid hit that they have fled their home cages. By that I mean the companies to which they have been under exclusive contract for years.

That nice, always dependable

artist Rosemary Clooney is one lass who has taken to the wing and is freelancing, and for her new album, "Swing Around Rosie" (CL. 1633), she very wisely uses standard material. However, she is showcased to full advantage by the support of Buddy Cole's Trio, and the whole thing sounds as fresh as a daisy. There are twelve tracks, and it's only the very-hard-to-please type who won't get kicks out of Rosie's treatment of such great tunes as "Blue Moon," "This Can't Be Love," "Too Close For Comfort," "Deed I Do," and "You Took Advantage Of Me."

CLASSICS One of the most unpretentious-looking discs now on store shelves turns out to be one of the most rewarding little classical records in months. I refer to "Request Programme" (OBLP.1103), by that truly dedicated pianist, Dame Myra Hess. The pieces are all short, little gems, in fact—and it's a disc which any lover of serious music can acquire with confidence. There are nine bands: two Scarlatti miniature sonatas (one grave, one gay), a Beethoven Bagatelle and his "Für Elise," a Mendelssohn Song Without Words, a Brahms Waltz and an Intermezzo,

Bach's "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and Granados' "Lover and the Nightingale." As you can see, Dame Myra has chosen works of contrasting moods, and her playing can only be described as faultless.

OPERA In the past few months I've been enjoying the "Opera Without Words" series as performed by the Rome Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Domenico Savino. He has already given his highly enjoyable performances of the music of "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," and Giordano's French Revolution opera, "Andrea Chenier."

Savino now turns his attention to Puccini, the most popular operatic composer of all. He may have the better-known Puccini works up his sleeve for future recordings, but on HAA.2068 he gives his orchestral synthesis of the exotic music of "Turandot."

This is rich, heady stuff.

I'm glad the conductor resisted the temptation to overdo the plum tunes, "Weep Not, Liliu," "None Shall Sleep," and the death scene of Liu. He keeps them to their rightful proportion in the score.

THE CASUAL LOOK

... in tapered pants with shirts in, shirts out ... and a trio of gay little dresses

PRETTY PANTS are slim and tapered for a long, lean look. That's the way slacks should be. If you're doubtful about your ability to wear them, try on a pair in a store and gaze appraisingly at yourself in a mirror—from the back. It's a success? You look good: then look at the five belles pictured below.

DEMURE DRESSES are always feminine and flattering. You could argue that "I'm a girl, and I want to look like one." And that, from a masculine point of view, is a very satisfactory way to look. The trio of pretty girls here have the right idea ... and their dresses are right, too, according to Paris couturiers.

FLOWERED dress has big sleeves bellling out from wide shoulders: the Paris look.

CLASSIC man-tailored shirt is tops with sleek and tapered silk pants in a glowing color.

COLOR combination here is new. Note, too, the feminine shirt tied with a bow-tie.

FRILLY add a accent simple blouse: demun



Young fashions these days are haywire — that is, if you listen to the arbiters of yesteryear. It simply wasn't done to wear slacks to a party (a casual party, of course). But now: yes. If you look good in pants, wear them by all means. If you don't, DON'T. Choose a pretty dress instead.



EMBROIDERED linen (right) has wide shoulders; the sheath dress is a classic.



TAILORED shirt again, worn outside. Cufflinks are chic: make with buttons.

PRINTED over-blouse is brief and ideal for casual party wear, with its camisole style.

By
Louise
Hunter

Here's your answer

Carry on

"I AM a 17-year-old boy and go to dances quite often. The folks I work for ask me next day did I get a girl. I always say 'no,' because I do not have much time for girls, and they all always say I am silly. What do you think I should do? Get myself a girl and overcome this problem or carry on the way I am?"

E.E., W.A.

Carry on the way you are. When you want a steady girl you'll get one.

This man's father...

"I AM in love with a man of 43. I am 19. I am going out with his son, who is 20. The son is in love with me and wants to marry me when he is 21. My parents think I am in love with the son, and expect us to become engaged. The wife of the older man is dead, and he wants to marry me. I am sure that if I agree to either proposal I will cause a rift between the father and son. Please help me."

"Desperate," N.S.W.

Curse your fatal charm, what a mess. You're the only one who can make this decision, and I'm sure you know exactly what you're going to do. All I have to say is that 24 years is a big difference in age between a married couple.

Everyone's crabby

"I AM 15 and have a brother of 17 who has a lot of very nice friends. Some of them often ask me out, but I have to refuse with a 'No, thank you,' and let it go at that, as my parents say I am not old enough for dates. There is one boy in particular that I like a lot, and I have told my parents what I think of him. He has asked me out a few times, and I always tell my mother, and although she likes him a lot, too, she will not let me go out with him. Nearly all my friends, some of whom I am older than, go out with boys, and their parents don't mind. I feel lonely and left out of things. Every time I mention going out with boys to my parents it all ends up with everybody unhappy and crabby."

"Old Enough," N.S.W.

I don't think your parents are a bit hard on you. I think you are hard on yourself. At 15 you are far too young to be allowed to accept invitations to go out alone with boys. You have much wiser parents than your friends have.

And aren't you lucky? Most girls would envy you very much. A brother who has so many nice friends is wonderful to have in the family. And he'll still be there in a while when your parents say you may accept invitations, and still, no doubt, have just as many nice friends to introduce you to.

I'd stop being unhappy if I were you, and make the most of the situation.

No formula for love

"AM I in love? This question has been worrying me for about four months now. I have known the girl involved for approximately three years. When I first met her we became friends almost immediately. But at the time this friendship was a casual one. She went out with other boys and I went out with other girls. Then my parents shifted and for the next eighteen months I continued to correspond with her, although I could not take her out. I then got a job in the same city and once more started to take her out, still taking others out as well. However, just lately I have started to look at things differently. I don't like to think that anybody else goes out with her, but at the same time I sometimes have wanted to go out with someone else. Although I feel like this, at the same time I seem to ask myself, am I being fair to X? This always makes me irritable or, should I say, morose, as the question—am I in love?—keeps repeating itself in my mind. I don't want to mention this to X as I am still unsure of myself. I know that I have never felt this way over a girl before. Will you please let me know what you think about this? It will help me. I am nearly 20 and X is nearly 18."

"Quandary," Vic.

I could make millions in no time if I had a formula that I could apply and tell you for certain whether or not

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



MANNERS make girls, just as they make men, so be careful of the little courtesies that are sometimes so hard to keep track of.

Teenagers should always stand up when spoken to by an older person. Take this example: A girl was sitting near a sideline watching a football match when her music teacher approached the group and spoke to her. Should she stand up? Certainly she should. She must get up and speak to the music teacher, and, if the teacher stays for any length of time, introduce her to her friends.

When do teenagers call grown-ups by their Christian names? Never, until they're asked to. Formality is much more couth than familiarity.



"Oh, well, if you're going to count cousins, I've been in love with more men than either of you!"

you're in love. The thought of it fascinates me. I get quite carried away as I imagine interesting people from all over the world beating a path to my door trying to find out, as you are. The sad thing is that there is no formula. The best one I know is the old Yes, No with the petals of a daisy. Always choose a big double daisy so you can cheat without anyone noticing, even yourself, and get the answer you want.

You sound to me a classic case of love, but perhaps you are still a bit young and needing more experience of more girls to be certain.

Half-wanting to go out with someone else doesn't mean you're not in love. It only means you are very human and very honest. Most people won't admit to such a human feeling. I think you can want to go out with someone else even when you're madly in love. Often it makes you love the other person more.

But I don't recommend it as a course that makes the path of love easy. If you do it, you must expect the other member of the partnership to be free to do the same and be prepared to face the consequences.

People always tell you that being in love is wonderful. It isn't at all. It is only when you are certain and sure of your love that the worry and uncertainty that underlie what you think is love goes, and you are left with the true emotion that really is wonderful.

Go on the way you are going for a while and you'll know one day soon for certain.

Wants to dance

"I AM a rather attractive girl of 14. Over the past two years my mother has let me go to school dances with my girl-friends. I know I am too young to go to dances with boys. But do you think it is all right to go to a dancing class once or twice a month? I have asked my mother several times and she just says, 'No.' I am sure she thinks I am too young to go, but I love dancing and would like very much to learn more steps. Please tell me if you think it is all right for me to go sometimes."

V.J., N.S.W.

No, it would not be all right for you to go; your mother has said so. I am sure, though, she will let you go to dancing classes some day before very long, because every girl and boy should

be able to dance correctly. It is a necessary social accomplishment.

Your mother probably thinks you are trying to persuade her through the dancing classes to go dancing once a week. I'd leave it if I were you, but ask her may you take lessons later on about six months before she allows you to go to dances, so that she can be proud of you and you can dance well when you do.

He drifted away

"I AM 16 and am friendly with a boy who is 18. He took me out a few times, but then just seemed to drift away from me. I don't know why he doesn't show any interest in me, and I haven't said anything nasty to him or offended him in any way. I don't make it obvious that I still like him, as I don't want him to think I am chasing him. Could you please tell me how I can make him more interested in me?"

"Troubled," Qld.

You can't. You've just got to face it; he doesn't like you as much as he thought he would, and he has, very sensibly, moved out of your life.

Ah, woe is me!

"MY problem is that I have no problems (at the moment), and although I may seem very fortunate it is really rather an awkward situation. The main trouble is that I have temporarily stopped moaning, and my mother has the strange idea that I am after something (as I usually am when I stop moaning). I assure her that I am not after anything, it is just that I have run out of things to moan about, but she doesn't seem to believe me. Could you please help me out of this embarrassing situation, as I am becoming quite miserable?"

"Misery," Vic.

You're like the boy who cried wolf too often, aren't you? All I can suggest is that you stop moaning permanently and make a habit of a more pleasant approach to life.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

SLEEP—AND WAKE UP TO BEAUTY

*... for those who
long for
young good
looks but feel
they haven't
enough time to
work at it.*

By CAROLYN EARLE

WHILE you may be too busy during the day to concentrate on yourself, don't forget that each week there are a good 56 hours of night-time going begging.

A wonderfully sound sleep is, of course, the natural improver of everybody's looks, but why not put all that sleeping time to further use and let it aid and abet your grooming routine while you rest?

Here are some simple treatments that can easily be done before bedtime; they take a little time but they're worth it.

Your skin

Here's a top-layer night treatment that can help spots and blemishes on the skin.

Having removed any make-up, set your alarm clock to go off in 10 minutes. Fill a basin with boiling water, add a teaspoonful of powdered flowers of sulphur, put on a bath-cap, cover head, basin, and all with a thick towel and steam your face.

When the alarm goes, wipe the face dry and smooth on a medicated cream. The face should not be steamed more than once a week, but the cream may be continued until the skin is blemish-free.

Your nails

Fingernails grow healthy with special overnight care that increases their strength. Use cream or lotion at night, working it into the cuticles and paying special attention to rough spots between the fingers.

Sufferers from split or broken nails should not put on any varnish for at least five or six weeks while carrying out this treatment. Owners of normal nails can apply cream or lotion around

the cuticles without removing their nail varnish.

Every so often give the nails an oil bath, remembering to remove the varnish first.

Your lashes

Long, upcurling eyelashes don't grow overnight, but there is a cream which, it is claimed, adds an eighth of an inch to your lashes as well as making them thicker and glossier.

This preparation can be smoothed on the lids at night, but it should be applied only at intervals and strictly according to the instructions given.

Fans of do-it-yourself methods may prefer to use olive oil on their lashes. Given plenty of time, this treatment does seem to encourage a flashier look.

Your eyes

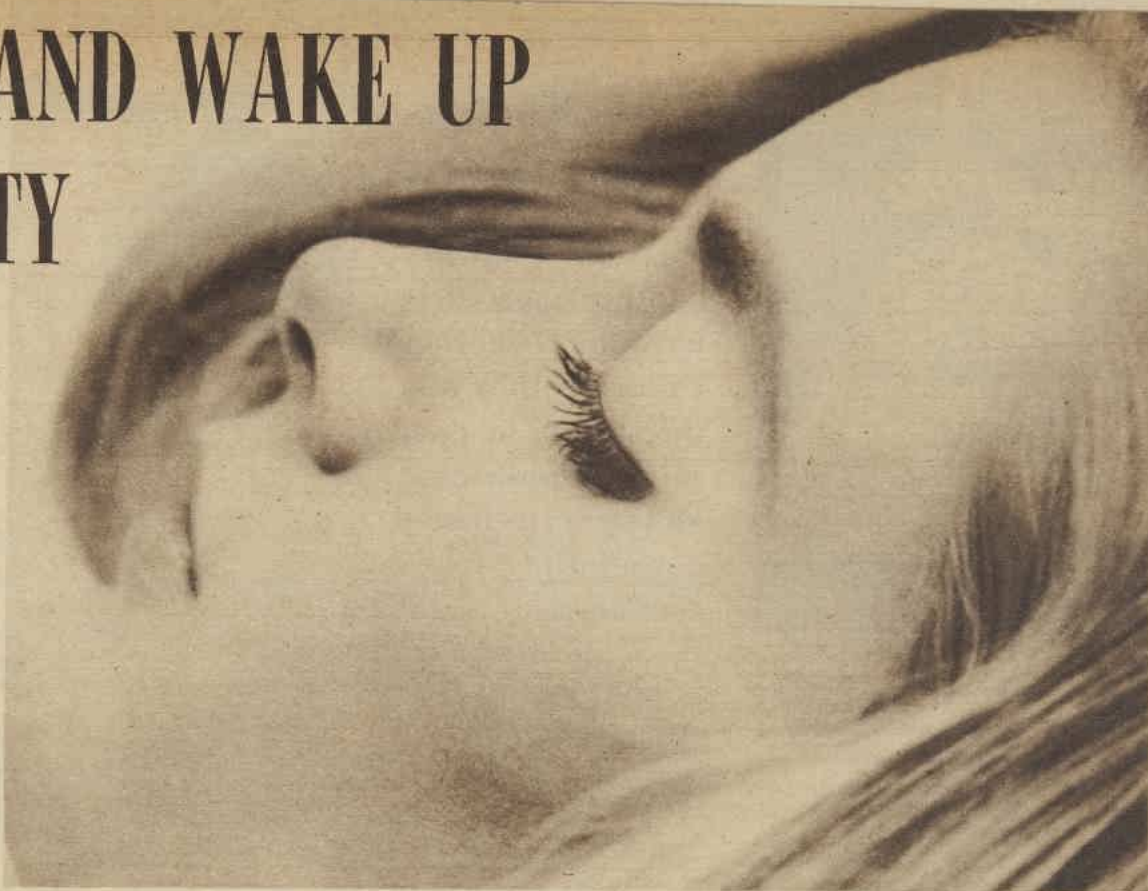
Bright eyes that greet the morning without looking into a glass darkly are usually kept that way with proper rest and enough attention. Give your eyes a wash-out two or three times a week.

Have the chemist make a boracic acid solution or recommend a suitable eye lotion and keep a separate eye-bath for each eye, marked left and right.

A good reviver for tired eyes is to give them a "blackout" before going to sleep. Cup the palms of your hands over closed eyes until you see colored stars and comets, then open your eyes and start again. For real restfulness you must "see" a pitch-black void.

And now—make sure you do get a good sleep by having a warm bath in water that is oatmeal-softened and lightly scented.

Climb into fresh sheets and lay your head on pillows that have been delicately perfumed. A small perfume sachet, tucked between pillow and pillow-case will do the trick.



POINTS OF ETIQUETTE

● The old rule that says you may never apply make-up in public is now considered rather old-hat—since the Queen produced a compact and lipstick at a lunch.

HOWEVER, this doesn't mean you can happily spill powder all over the tablecloth or flourish a lipstick brush and proceed to draw on a new shape to your lips.

Pat on powder and a little lipstick very unobtrusively, just enough to last until you can get out to the girls' room and repair your make-up thoroughly, as well as adjust your shoulder-straps, girdle, or what have you.

Never, NEVER comb your hair in public, especially at the table. This applies to the boys, too—no matter what Kookie does.

At a dance most of the girls excuse themselves after supper and head for the cloakroom for five or ten minutes. After you've freshened your make-up and perfume, don't hang around gossiping; go back to your poor abandoned partner.

No matter where you're going, even if it's only for a walk in the park, put on your make-up and forget about it.

Boys hate girls who fuss, fuss, fuss about what they look like and worry because the wind will muss their hair. You'll soon find you're not asked outside the door—into the wind or anywhere else.

If you must smoke at meals, don't

light your cigarette until your escort or the others at the table have finished eating.

It's far better to wait and enjoy a cigarette with your coffee.

And please don't flip your ash on the floor or try to make do with your saucer; if there's no ashtray, ask for one.



"These are all the beauty aids my sister needs and she's only twenty-one. Sort of frightens you, doesn't it?"

New-style Nightingales



By **PATRICIA O'CONNELL**

● At one stage or another most girls have the "Nightingale Dream"—they see themselves in crisp starched uniforms, gliding soft-footed down hushed hospital corridors.

THOSE who actually become nurses soon realise there's much more to nursing than looking decorative; there's a lot of hard work as well. And enough satisfaction to make it all worth while.

Pretty 19-year-old Pam Kerr, a third-year student nurse at Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, first thought of being a nurse when she was in her third year at high school.

"I imagined it would be very glamorous," she laughed. "Now I know it isn't, but I can't imagine doing anything else."

Pam arrived at the hospital — one of the world's largest hospitals for children — to start an eight weeks' preliminary training course with 30 other young girls.

There are five of these preliminary schools at the Royal Alexandra Hospital each year, with 30 to 35 in each group.

During the course Pam attended lectures on physiology and anatomy and watched demonstrations of how to bath babies, take temperatures, and all the other basic things the most junior nurse must know.

Stripe on cap

The course ended after a week of exams, and Pam went into the wards with one stripe on her cap.

The cap is provided by the hospital, along with 10 blue-and-white-striped cotton uniforms; they're worn with brown stockings (nylons, if you wish) and lace-up shoes.

The 300 student nurses at the hospital work one of three shifts: 6 a.m. to 1.45 p.m., 1.30 to 10 p.m., or 10 p.m. to 6.30 a.m.

On the early-morning shift Pam's day begins at five, when the alarm clock starts ringing in her compact little room in the nurses' home.

"First of all I help supervise the junior nurses sponging the children and getting them ready for breakfast. We feed the little ones, then clean them up and go to our own breakfast.

OFF DUTY, Pam (left) sets out for a game of squash with fellow trainee nurse Julie Anschau.

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"Three-quarters of an hour later we're back in the wards.

"The juniors do some dusting and take temperatures while the seniors feed the babies.

"Later in the morning we give out mixtures and get the children ready for lunch.

"Afterwards we tidy them up again and get them ready for their visitors.

"And at quarter to two I go to lunch, and I'm off duty for the rest of the day."

Night duty means a completely different routine for Pam.

"At first it was very hard trying to sleep during the day, but all the night nurses sleep in a special wing and after a while you get used to it," she said.

"And being alone in the ward at night was quite scary for a while. I used to sit up in the dark, hanging on to my torch, listening to the windows rattling in the wind.



TRAINEE NURSE Pam Kerr with one of her favorite patients, 20-month-old Brenda, who has been in the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children for more than a year. Brenda is being treated for tuberculosis.

"But after a few weeks I didn't worry at all. I quite enjoyed it.

"Of course, all the nurses have their favorite patients. We try to mother them and get them used to the hospital routine.

Other mothers

"When children first arrive at the hospital and their mothers leave them, the nurses have to try to take their place.

"They soon learn to call out, 'Nursie, I want my Nursie.' And nobody but their own favorite nurse will do.

"Then, when the children go home, letters and cards keep arriving for their special nurses — they never forget them."

Most of Pam's friends are the ones who went through the preliminary course with her, and once they're off duty they gather in one another's rooms and talk and talk and talk.

"Our great craze at the moment is playing squash. We try to play a couple of times a week," Pam said.

"In the evenings, if there are no lectures or exams coming up that must be studied for, we listen to the radio, or watch television, or go into town for a cup of coffee."

"We get two days off every week, and if we're lucky they will coincide with weekends twice a month," Pam told me.

"At first I did nothing but sleep on

my days off, but now I make the most of them. I do some dressmaking and go horse-riding and generally have a good time.

"Of course, being a nurse does cut into your social life a lot—you just can't go out every night of the week.

"But if you're asked out somewhere really special you apply for a late pass till 1.30 a.m., and Matron usually tries to fit it in with your day off."

HOW TO BE A NURSE

NEW SOUTH WALES

Qualifications: Intermediate Certificate or Nurses' Entrance Exam. Training: Beginning at 17, for four years. Wages: 1st year trainee, £8/10/4; 2nd year, £9/4/6; 3rd year, £9/18/7; 4th year, £10/12/6. First-year trained staff nurse, £14/8/6. Deductions are made for food and lodging.

VICTORIA

Qualifications: Intermediate Certificate or Nurses' Entrance Exam. Training: Beginning at 18, for three years. Wages: 1st year trainee, £6/7/4; 2nd year, £6/14/6; 3rd year, £7/7/6. First-year trained staff nurse, £13/13/6. Deductions are made for food and lodging.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 5, 1959



ELINOR DONAHUE
... goes blonde.

GIRLS' TOWN

● Singing sensation 17-year-old Paul Anka makes his debut as a serious dramatic actor in the M.G.M. film "Girls' Town." Paul wrote five new songs for the picture and sings three.



PAUL ANKA
... goes dramatic.

TELEVISION fans will feel there's something familiar about Elinor Donahue, who plays Mamie Van Doren's sister in "Girls' Town," but they probably won't recognise this mixed-up teenager with the long blond tresses as sweet brunette Betty Anderson (above) in TV's "Father Knows Best" (Tuesdays at 8, on Channel 9, Sydney, and Channel 7, Melbourne).

Musical personalities "playing it straight" in this story of teenagers who suffer from either too little or too much parental attention are Mel Torme, Ray Anthony, and Dick Contino. Guest appearances are made by Jim Mitchum, Charles Chaplin, jun., Harold Lloyd, jun., Cathy Crosby and The Platters.



WATCHED by the gang, Mamie and Contino (centre) are confronted by their leader, Torme, when a boy is found killed.

FILM COMEBACK for TV star Elinor casts her as Mamie's young sister—seen here with Mel Torme. Elinor went blonde in the film to look like Mamie.



WAYWARD Mamie, who has violated probation, sneers at the institutional clothes that are worn by Jody Fair and Phyllis Douglas.



GIRLS' TOWN Mother Superior, Maggie Hayes, calls on Mamie and Paul to help straighten out one of her most troublesome charges.

Love Story



Sweet Sallies from U.S.A.

By Barbara Lawson

● Four American Salvation Army girls visiting Australia believe that 20 to 21 is the ideal age for a girl to marry.

THE pretty quartet, who describe themselves as "just average American teenagers," are Violet Witmond, 19, of La Habra, Los Angeles, her 15-year-old sister, Sharlene, and two of their Los Angeles friends, Cathy Muir, 15, and Darlene Cook, 17.

"When I marry, I will look for a husband in the Salvation Army," said 15-year-old Cathy Muir. Violet, Darlene, and Sharlene agreed.

"But there must be a long engagement — two years at least," broke in Sharlene. "One year to be just engaged. The other year to plan for the wedding."

"I don't want to rush into marriage!"

And their opinion of Australian men?

"They're real dolls!" (translation—"They're wonderful!")

The girls play the timbrel—or tambourine—every Sunday at open-air meetings in Los Angeles, and at Salvation Army festivals throughout the United States.

Smiling, wide-eyed Violet, the spokesman for the group, said: "Australia is the mecca of timbrel players. No country in the world can compare with it."

So Violet, Sharlene, Cathy, and Darlene, and their chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilde, of Los Angeles, have come all the way across the Pacific to attend the Salvation Army Timbrel Festival in Sydney.

Fits of giggles

"Playing the timbrel is our expression of praise to God," the girls explained. "The timbrel dates back to biblical times — Aaron's sister Miriam played one."

"There's quite an art in it," Darlene said.

"At home we were taught always to smile when we play, even if we make mistakes," she said.

"Here in Australia the Salvation Army plays different choruses from the ones we usually have. We often go into fits of giggles when we get muddled."

Sharlene, whose great ambition is to be a journalist, has two more years at the La Habra High School before graduating to the Fullerton Junior College, where elder sister Violet received her Association of Arts Degree just before coming to Australia.

When I met the girls they were wearing tartan skirts they'd just bought, decorated with outsize safety-pins.

Sharlene said:

"We like to follow the fashion, so long as we genuinely like it and it suits us."

They wear their Salvation Army uniforms only when they are working or at a meeting, and are all strongly in favor of it.

Violet, who wears her long, silky brown hair in a chignon, likes the bonnet especially because it's so feminine.

"And, of course, our hats represent so much to the public," she explained.

"We receive the most wonderful respect in our uniform. Whatever country we are in we are taken care of and never have the slightest fear of being harmed."

Another strict rule of the Salvation Army is that the girls use very little make-up. But these teenagers aren't a bit worried.

"It's too bad if people don't



THE SWEET SALLIES (from left), Sharlene, Cathy, Violet, and Darlene.

like us without make-up," Sharlene said. She wore only a light brushing of pink lipstick and looked as pretty as a picture.

"The men don't seem to care, anyway," she added with a smile.

Violet agreed: "Make-up's not important — it's the heart that counts."

During the summer vacation the girls usually work at the Mountain Crag's Salvation

Army Camp in the Malibu Mountains, not far from Los Angeles, where co-ed camps are held for under-privileged children.

Violet and Darlene have both been counsellors at the camp — in charge of dormitories, supervising devotions, and in general acting like mothers to the youngsters.

Sharlene worked as a waitress at the camp last summer, and

Cathy Muir was nurse's helper. Cathy intends to be a nurse when she leaves high school.

The girls blamed bad home influences for most of today's teenage problems and spoke earnestly about the close family life they enjoy in their own homes.

Their parents all belong to the Salvation Army.

The girls will leave on August 4 to tour New Zealand before returning to the United States.

A GUY has his say on HER CROWNING GLORY

● Girls' hair is getting in my hair. To the average fellow hair is simply something that hangs around until Old Father Time drops in and the hair drops out!

BUT the hair of the fair — that's really a shaggy-dog story!

Some of the hairstyles, for instance, leave a bloke scratching HIS head. Presumably, the idea of tizzying up a girl's hair is to make her more GIRLish.

But what sort of styles does she wear? . . . A pony-tail that makes her look like a HORSE, a poodle-cut that really puts on DOG, and a new shape called "The Cat" (probably to give her That Old FELINE).

I think that's carrying animal magnetism a bit too far. What's wrong with a hairdo that makes a girl look like a girl — and a man look?

Another baffling hair mystery to a male is color. It never ceases to amaze boys that some girls aren't happy with their natural hair colors.

The really dyed-in-the-wool brunette who suddenly goes blonde is a case in point. The other girls might be green. But her boy, he's red-faced.

Gentlemen might prefer blondes—but not those who are "not fair today and fawn tomorrow"! How would a girl like it if her boy-friend changed his appearance overnight?

The attitude of these dye-hards when a boy raises the question of their chameleon melons is curious, too.

"Dye" is a dirtier word to them than dandruff. They only "rinse" or "tint" it, if you please.

Some girls' shampooing washes this young man right out of their hair, too. They can't be content with ordinary washes. No, they've got to use an egg shampoo. And that's no yoke. Now, I'll accept the fact (although I always take eggs with a grain of salt) that an egg shampoo might be very good.

But the thought of a girl dragging a double-yolker through her tresses makes me uneasy.

I'm haunted by the fear that one hot night I'll run my fingers through an egghead of hair and end up cuddling a coddled egg!

Girls' appreciation of their hairdos is a curly one for the male mind, too. This is what I mean . . .

The other Saturday my girl-friend (just that week's, you understand) and I dropped into the home of two sisters who were going to a ball that night. Both girls had had their hair done.

Now, normally they're both as pretty as pin-up pictures. But when we walked in one sister was wearing so many curlers her head looked like a pineapple.

However, my girl cooed, "Oh, Joan—how beautiful!"

Then the other sister turned up with her hair looking—to me—beautiful. You know, soft, and that sort of stuff. No pineapple this time, but a peach.

"Oh, you poor, poor thing!" wailed my girl. "You ought to sue the beast who did that!" And the girl agreed.

"What's wrong with her hair?" I stammered.

"What's wrong?" snorted my girl. "Why, he only cut off all the ends, that's all!" The swine! Well, I'm still trying to figure what else he could have cut off!

If I can find out I'm going into the hairdressing business and make a fortune.

I've even thought of a name for my special style—the Oklahoma Cut.

You know: Furry with the Singe on Top!

—Robin Adair



**FRANKIE
AVALON**

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Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly—August 3, 1958



• *Cercis siliquastrum* (Judas tree) is deciduous, and flowers along the branches but not towards the ends.

• *Prunus pollardii* (flowering almond) is a hybrid between almond and peach, with large pink flowers.



new super-soft LUSTRE-MIST hair-control spray

Loved by Hollywood stars



JANET LEIGH
co-starring with
Tony Curtis in
'The Perfect Furlough'
Universal International
production in
colour and
cinemascope.



keeps hair
fragrantly perfumed
and softly set
between shampoos

When you set your hair after shampooing, Lustre-Mist makes your curls and waves more natural, springy and alive. It actually makes your hair appear thicker, more luxuriant. Its lanolin gives your hair new highlights and sheen. Even in wet or humid weather, you'll find Lustre-Mist keeps your hair perfectly styled.

13/11

NON-DRYING — CONTAINS NO LACQUER
AT ALL — CONDITIONS WITH LANOLIN

See how
simple it is!



Spray damp hair
after shampoo



Comb through,
set it in curls



Lovely
natural-looking
curls that last!

End discomfort of DISTURBED NIGHTS

Are you a prey to disturbed nights? Does gnawing backache keep you from enjoying peaceful sleep? These uncomfortable symptoms are frequently a sign of inactive kidneys, which can also cause leg pains, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains, etc. Try Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for prompt relief. They remove waste matter from the blood and promote healthy kidney action. Sufferers all over the world have gained blessed relief from Doan's. Get DOAN'S today!

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point of flying; he was the man for whom air travel was invented. He did not want slowly to absorb the sights and smells of other lands, but rather to get on with the job and be there.

This slow transition gave you time to think and to notice things. What he noticed he frequently disliked. He did not think Paris looked attractive, seen as they were seeing it now in undress, from back streets, with sly glimpses. Like his wife he had visited Paris once before long ago, but he didn't let the fact bother him. He often tried to forget it.

The engine had now pushed the sleeping-cars firmly up against the buffers, and left them there. Quiet had descended upon the Blue Train. The attendant, when roused, appeared to be in the middle of shaving, holding up his brown trousers precariously with one hand.

"Depart for Calais twelve-thirty-four yes, yes!"

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Marsden. Any "joie de vivre" that had been apparent in his demeanor during the Riviera holiday, and there had not been much, was now entirely dissipated. The holiday was over already for Mr. Marsden. Mrs. Marsden stole a sad and impatient look at him.

"Come on, Robert!"

"Come where?" he asked coldly.

"Paris! We've two hours."

"Two hours' wait, I know." He unfolded yesterday's newspaper. The sleeper smelt stale, but the open window merely let in a worse smell of train oil and cheap cigarettes.

"Aren't you coming? We can take a taxi—"

"We can't leave the train!" Mr. Marsden stared. Their belongings were spread all round them, expensive luggage now looking vaguely squalid.

"Why can't we leave the train?" Mrs. Marsden was nearly in tears. This opportunity might never present itself again. It was an unexpected holiday within a holiday, something sudden and precious. They would take a taxi and go straight to that hallowed spot. She knew she would be able to find it. She could remember the names of the bridges, the exact stones of the quay.

"We've only got two hours—"

But as Mr. Marsden spoke he remembered the long dreariness of those hours when he had contemplated them a moment ago. Now, at his wife's suggestion, they grew perilously short. Two hours! Two hours to plunge into the metropolitan horrors of Paris: traffic blocks, gendarmes who waved you to destruction with gestures of contempt, shops that tempted wives to buy scent, cafes that lured you to drink things like Pernod. He knew Paris; he could remember it after all these years. There was something embarrassing about it, something frightening.

"Oh, come along," said Henrietta.

They were outside the station now. Robert was sulkily surveying a row of taxis. All seemed to contain drivers who looked like creatures from the underworld, gloomy, unshaven. Agitators probably, thought Robert. There was some remark about General de Gaulle scrawled across a wall nearby. The tricolor festooning the station was something to do with a commemoration of liberation in the last war.

You never knew what to expect in Paris. "Demonstrations." Robert had a horror of demonstrations, a horror of any exuberant, naked display of the emotions. Paris had shocked him years ago when he had stayed there as a schoolboy. It had been a relief to get away from it, to escape. That incident. He had tried to forget. He didn't even remember where it was.

Continuing . . . TIME TO KILL

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tured. It was all coming back as she had known it would.

Mademoiselle and Miss Baker had never known that one of their charges had escaped for a brief half hour, each imagining that she was with the other. Henrietta had experienced a phase of heroine worship from her fellow-schoolgirls after that escapade. She had been so reticent, telling them so little that they were awed. A walk by herself, unescorted, from one bridge to another along the quay, and half an hour with a strange boy.

"What did he say? What did he do?" They had bombarded her with questions, hardly noticing that her clothes were wet through. They saw that her eyes were starry, her French accent just a shade more French.

But he hadn't said anything! Perhaps the French boy was as shy as she was. An English boy in similar circumstances would have spoilt the idyll with jocular words or blurted out some banality. He had obviously been struck dumb with her beauty as she had been struck dumb with his. Her own faltering French had died away. He looked so graceful sitting casually on the stone slabs at the edge of the quay,

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



traffic made her take her husband's arm. Linked thus, they walked towards the river, but their two minds were far apart, pursuing their own memories.

What was it about Paris, thought Robert. People always came back. Men he knew, not merely the pleasure-seeking ones with a sly wink, but the others. He had always told them the truth, that he had known it when he was a boy, when his father had taken the whole family there on a business trip, but he had never gone back.

He had been very green on that occasion. With a sudden cold feeling he saw himself losing his way in that narrow street with the tall houses. And the woman who had come up to him. Her words and her laughter. He had fled blindly, her laughter ringing in his ears and he had gone—where had he gone?

"We've got at least half an hour," said Henrietta. Her cheeks were flushed, and without knowing it she still clutched her husband's arm. At least Robert was good at crossing roads, knowing just when to dart and when to draw back. "This way."

"Where are you going?" said Robert. "We can't go far, you know. Heavens, not down there!"

His wife was making for one of the lower quays. Here there was a tree overhanging the water. Henrietta gazed enrapt-

idly sweeping a long willow wand across the water. The stones were very hot, so hot that they had sat on his coat.

When Henrietta, leaning forward to reach into the water for a second twig that she might pretend also that she was fishing, had toppled over, he had courageously pulled her out. And dried her with his handkerchief. And, looking suddenly into her eyes, kissed her. That was all.

For years Henrietta had said she could never marry anyone except a Frenchman. The memory of the dark boy with the willow wand persisted for years, right up to the time when she met Robert. Robert was dark, but he was the very antithesis of a Frenchman, poles apart from the youth on the quay. Why, she wondered, had she married him?

Robert was looking at his watch. He had turned away from the river and the willow tree that hung over the quayside. What on earth made her come here, he thought.

"Come along," he said. "We're cutting it pretty fine."

The Blue Train was still in the station waiting for them. It woke up at half past twelve and the bell for luncheon tinkled down the narrow carpeted corridors. They staggered along to the restaurant car.

Their short excursion had made them hungry. Henrietta was still bemused by the past

but she felt invigorated. Robert had ordered a choice wine from the list. He began to feel curiously at peace, travelled and cosmopolitan, sitting there with his wife at the small table for two.

It had been a good idea of Henrietta's, that little dash into the heart of Paris. There was a lot to be said for a wife, especially when you were abroad.

That other time, long ago, when he was a moaning adolescent, Paris had frightened him. He could look on the incident with detachment now. He could see himself running from the narrow street until he came out into the sunlight of the river.

There had been a girl there, a pretty fair French girl. She had said very little. He hadn't spoken a word. But he would never forget her. She had been a breath of fresh air, reviving him after the choking embarrassment of what had gone before.

"I always thought," said Henrietta, happily sipping her wine, her mind still in the past, "that the quays were wider. They seem so narrow now, no room to sit."

"The tide was up today," said Robert authoritatively. He looked out of the window, not seeing the northern French countryside but only that spot on the quay to which his wife had so strangely led him. "I remember once sitting for hours pretending to fish with a bit of willow tree."

Henrietta stared at him, spilling some of her wine.

"Yes, Robert?"

"The stones were very hot. So hot we had to sit on my coat, both of us—"

It was the wine that was loosening his tongue like this, the wine and that glimpse of the willow tree.

"Both of us, Robert?"

Robert looked shamefacedly into his glass. "There was a little French girl—she fell into the river."

Henrietta replaced her glass on the table.

"Did she speak French?"

"Of course." He looked surprised. "I couldn't speak a word of French, though. Although my father kept at there two months, I was always bad at languages."

"So was I," said Henrietta breathlessly. "Only a fortnight. You know that. I was always too scared to utter a word. Just—'Thank you'—"

She stopped and looked her husband over carefully, at his dark hair, his dark eyes behind reading glasses in good tortoiseshell frames. Once he must have looked quite like a French boy.

"She said 'Thank you,'" said Robert very seriously. "In French, of course."

"What happened then, Robert?"

Robert poured himself some more wine.

"I don't remember. I couldn't speak French, you see."

"But you managed all right."

He looked at her. "Managed all right?"

Henrietta leaned forward, her elbows on the table.

"You pulled her out and dried her with two handkerchiefs, Robert. One in each pocket. So clean and thoughtful. Your own willow wand had sailed away down the river but you didn't mind. Or if you did you were too polite to say anything. She looked at her watch and indicated that she must go and then—"

Robert was staring wide-eyed. "And then I kissed you!" he said. A wide smile broke over his face. Comprehending, they gazed into each other's eyes.

"Vive la France!" said Robert, and ordered another bottle of wine.

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Drop teaspoonfuls of mixture on to boiling Beef Vegetable Soup. Cover with well-fitting lid, reduce heat. Cook gently 15 minutes.

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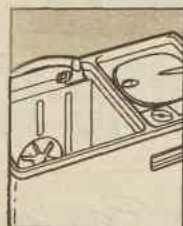
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FINE APPLIANCES—AROUND THE HOUSE, AROUND THE WORLD

to I seemed to have drawn nearer to Willard than anyone else.

I told him exactly how it was. That it was over, that it was no use hoping to make her change her mind. I told him she was no good, never had been, never would be, and that he was well rid of her, though I had no hope at all of convincing him of that. I told him there was only one thing to do, cut her clean out of his life and start afresh.

He didn't protest, he wasn't angry: when I finished, he didn't say a word. Until I saw that dead, blank look of shock in his eyes again I couldn't even be sure whether he'd heard me, or understood what he heard. It was the first disaster over again, only a thousand times worse. As he'd known all along that he was a thief, and yet been shattered when the fact was dragged into the daylight, so he'd known all along that she was no good, and yet having her unworthiness laid before him in so many words had stunned him.

He sat looking at me for a long moment in the silence of despair, and then the numbness faded out of his face before the absolute, awful conviction of his loneliness and desolation. His hands began to grope in front of him in panic. I gripped and held them, and went on talking to him, not about her now, about him, about his future, about his ability to remake his life. He struggled for a moment, and then he collapsed.

The medical officer gave him an injection, and he slept for twelve hours. He was under drugs for several days. Gradually, rather more readily than they'd expected, he came back to what was now normality for him, a dumb, patient resignation.

He was quite calm and he

never talked about her. No one could tell what was going on in his mind, but certain queer developments showed in his behaviour to worry the medical officer. People often turn to spiritualism or occultism when bereaved, and I suppose no one was ever more bereaved than he was; yet there was a nasty feeling of the abnormal about his new preoccupation with signs and portents.

I think he was still hoping for a sign from heaven that Eileen would return to him.

He asked for library books on the occult, and talked with a kind of willing faith about visitations and dreams and their meanings, about transmissions of thought, which are motions of sympathy, and those apparitions which are ghosts of the living and portents of death.

Only once did he mention his wife. He said he'd met her on the yard, during exercise. She was wearing her mink coat, and she came towards him as though he didn't exist, and just as she began to melt into his flesh she vanished.

But that tendency apart, he was decidedly better than he had been since his trial, and for all the medical officer's misgivings, clinically unquestionably sane. He went about the daily routine with more will and quickening interest, still dully but intelligently. I hoped that he was improving.

I'd planned to meet him myself when he was released, but a very awkward case blew up that morning, and I had to send a car to fetch him. The driver had orders to bring him straight to my house, where I

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meant to keep him until I saw how he was shaping.

My housekeeper had guaranteed to take care of him until I came home. But I was away all day, and when I got back at six o'clock in the evening she was waiting for me and there was no Willard to be seen.

"He gave the driver the slip," she told me. "Asked him to stop while he bought some stamps, and then walked out of the post office by the other door. There was nothing for the poor man to do but come back and report. He couldn't possibly find him. I thought about ringing the police to look for him, but we can't force him to accept help, and he hasn't done anything wrong. Only it does make one anxious."

I was more than anxious by that time, but there was nothing I could do about it. She'd even gone down unobtrusively and walked past Mrs. Willard's house, to make sure there was no one hanging about there, and no sign of any disturbance.

I told her everything was sure to be all right, and we were being silly, and sent her home; but I sat over the telephone all the evening, hesitating whether to notify the police or not. It was impossible, of course, when it came to the point.

He was adult, sane, and as far as I knew without either criminal or irresponsible intentions of any kind. I couldn't send out a hunt for him as though for an escaped lunatic.

Towards nine o'clock I took the car and drove slowly through the town, keeping my eyes open, but there was no

sign of him anywhere. All the same, I didn't go to bed; I wouldn't have slept if I had.

It was just after midnight when something came fumbling at the door, like a blind man feeling about its surface for a latch. A tiny, shuffling, hair-raising sound one wouldn't have heard at all in the day.

I opened the door, scared for my life of what I was going to find; and there he was groping stiffly with one hand, and dangling a gun from the other. The light made stony, pale pebbles of his staring eyes, and his jaw hung open and rigid. I brought him in on my arm, and he stumbled up the steps and moved like an automaton across the room, wherever I led him.

He let me put him into a chair, and lay there still with that fixed, horrified face. I tried to get some brandy into him, but he choked on it.

THEN I tried to take the gun from him, but he held on to it with sudden resolution, and said: "No, don't touch it! Not you! Only me!" And he began to weep.

"What's happened?" I asked him, shaking him by the shoulders. "Where have you been? What have you done?"

"I've killed her," he said. The voice that came out of him was small, still, dazed, but quiet. "I shot her. I'm sorry about your driver, but you see, I had to go and get the gun. And I didn't want you to be involved. I had to get away from you. I was going to kill her and then myself. And I've done the one, but there's no need to do the other. I'm going to die. I've had a sign."

I wasn't interested in signs, only in facts. I shook him roughly, shouting at him to tell me exactly what had happened, and how he'd got the gun in the first place.

He said it belonged to an old lag he'd made friends with in prison. He'd let out that he possessed one, and Willard had asked if he could borrow it when he went out, and the old man had given him a note for his wife, so that she would let him have it. Then he'd gone to earth in a cinema until night and gone to Eileen's house under cover of darkness.

"The door wasn't locked," he said, in the same soft hopeless voice. "She was expecting somebody. Not me. One of them! The hall was in darkness and the stairs, too, but upstairs her bedroom door was half open and her light was on, it cast a very faint light down the well of the stairs. I didn't need any light. I knew every knot in the floorboards, every worn place in the carpet."

"I began to climb the stairs; and when I was coming up to the midway landing I met myself coming down. I'm not mad! I looked up suddenly as I stepped on to the landing and I was there — face to face with myself — coming down. I'm not mistaken! I know what I saw. I know this face, I know the clothes I'm wearing. And the gun! He — I — had the gun, too. So I knew I'd already done it, and she was dead. And I'm going to die, too. When you meet an apparition of yourself, you know you're going to die."

It made no sense, it couldn't have happened, and yet I was afraid. I bullied and shook him, trying to get straight answers out of him. "You turned back on the stairs? You didn't go on to her room?"

"What need was there?" he said, beginning to shake all

over with horror and the reflection of my fear. "He'd already been."

"But you didn't... did you? When you met him... yourself... you were frightened, you ran out of the house..."

"Yes, I ran out of the house..."

"You didn't go on? You remember that?"

"I don't know! No... I killed her! She's dead!"

"What time was it? Did you come straight here to me when you ran away?"

I was only confusing and frightening him even more. The awful sobs came, shattering him, tearing out of him with such violence I was afraid he might die under my hands. I imagined him feeling his way up the stairs in the half-darkness, trembling with despair, and love, and hate.

How could he know what he was saying or doing? It would have to wait until he was rested and fed and calm, and by then we should know well enough that Eileen Willard was alive and venomous as ever, and all he'd suffered was a crazy hallucination.

I filled him up with sedative tablets and got him into my own bed, and after some time the tablets worked and he passed out.

He still had the gun clutched in his hand, determined that no print should ever connect me with it. Now that he was fast asleep I got it away from him gradually, working his fingers loose gently one by one; and just as I was going downstairs to examine it somewhere well away from him the telephone rang.

It was the police. They wanted to know if Frank Willard was safely with me. I said he was, and asleep in

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Continuing . . . AN IMAGE OF GRACE

bed. My heart was pumping so, I thought the inspector couldn't help but hear, but my voice sounded all right and I was encouraged to ask: "Why? What's it all about?" Only checking up, I thought. Knowing the state he's been in.

"Just wanted to make sure he was safe in your hands," said the inspector. "Lucky for him! Constable on the beat by his wife's place spotted the side door was ajar, about half an hour ago, couldn't rouse anybody with the knocker, so he went in. Found the woman dead in her bedroom — murdered. Glad your man's well out of it. What time did he turn up?"

How fast can you sort out all the pitfalls and present an impregnable lie? Without even knowing you're going to do it? I did it in half a second flat. They'd easily find out he'd given us the slip this morning, they might find out about the gun, but that could be disposed of, he could have repented and thrown it in the river; then, my housekeeper knew he was still missing when she went home at something after six. Had he been seen by anyone during the past hour or so before he came to me? There was no way of knowing.

I could only make a guess. How much time could I give back to him without risking a host of witnesses against us? What time had she been killed? Late. Lovers steal in by unlocked side doors only after dark and after the crowds have gone home from the cinemas. "About ten o'clock," I said. "Not in very good condition. He's up against a tremendous readjustment and it's all rather too much for him. I've given him a sedative and he's dead in the world. Anything I can do?"

"This won't exactly help the poor devil," said the inspector sympathetically.

"You're right, it won't. Maybe I can keep him from hearing about it for a day or two. Try not to ring me here in case he's around. Any idea who did it?"

"No statement yet," he said, and rang off.

When I put down the telephone I was shaking like a leaf; and the gun had gone clean out of my mind and lay forgotten in the desk drawer all night. I felt sick. I couldn't believe it was myself I'd heard, lying, calculating, obstructing the police, aiding and abetting a possible murderer.

That's how these things begin, as smoothly as that, out of pity and rage, out of a sense of an injustice which was certainly not the fault of the law. From whom had Frank Willard received solid help and sympathy, if not from the police and the prison authorities? And yet what I'd done I couldn't for my life have helped doing.

She was dead. She had been murdered. No use hoping now for a nice, bright, normal morning and Eileen Willard alive and well.

One point in his story was confirmed already, now what was I to do for him and for my miserable self? I'd begun something that had to be finished somehow.

I couldn't rest. I prowled about the house until the first light, and then I left Willard still heavily sleeping and went down into the town. I had to find out more about times and details in order to know what to say when the inevitable further questions began. Until I knew more I could neither come out with the truth nor go on lying.

The inspector didn't seem surprised to see me. I suppose some uneasiness on my part was only too natural, seeing I had the husband in my care.

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"What are you worrying about," he asked, with a smile that disquieted me horribly, "if your protegee was tucked up in bed soon after ten?"

"All very well for you," I said. "I've got to break the news to him sooner or later, and I know how precariously balanced he is. I want to be able to answer all his questions and get the miserable business over with. How do you suppose he's going to react if a couple of uniformed policemen suddenly turn up to interview him?"

"That won't be necessary," he said placidly. "We won't even ask him to identify the body. She's got a brother who can do that."

With cold sweat crawling down my back I fished doggedly on: "Thank heaven for that, anyhow! I'd hate him to have to view the wreckage. She can't be so pretty now . . . like that, in her blood . . ."

"Who said anything about blood?" he asked mildly, hoisting an eyebrow. "But you're right about her not being pretty. Strangled women aren't."

"Strangled?" I felt my knees give under me and leaned hard on the edge of his desk to keep myself upright.

"There was a small amount of blood smeared around, but it wasn't hers. She put up quite a struggle. The man who did it left most of the skin of his wrists and forearms under her finger-nails. An all-too-usual end for a woman of her type. She's been running at least three men on strings since her husband went to gaol; she was bound to get herself bumped off sooner or later."

I COULDN'T speak for a moment. I felt so lightheaded and sick with relief. I'd had Frank Willard's lean wrists in my hands only a few hours ago, while I coaxed the gun out of his fingers. I knew he hadn't a scratch on him. The police didn't want him, weren't even interested in him.

Who was it he'd seen creeping down the stairs, then? A real man, after all, not an hallucination? Had he been right in feeling that she was already dead? Had he run headlong into her murderer? Someone who looked like enough to himself to drive him out of the house in superstitious terror? If so, he might be able to help the police and the truth would have to come out. Well, I was the only one who'd lied about it, not he, no one could hold that against him.

With difficulty I asked my question casually: "What time was she killed?"

"Not twenty minutes before the constable found her, most probably . . . certainly not before one o'clock."

She'd been alive, then, when Frank entered the house, alive and waiting in her room for whichever of her admirers was due that night. And but for the grace of God and the apparition on the stairs Frank would have surely walked in upon her and shot her dead, and himself after her.

"As late as that? Then the fellow who did it couldn't possibly have got far," I said, hardly knowing what I was talking about. I was so demoralised with relief.

"He didn't," said the inspector simply, and jerked his head towards the door behind him. "Between you and me, he's in there now, safe and sound, and I hope by this time he's talking. Not that it'll make much difference whether he does or not, his hands and wrists are just about clawed to pieces."

"They won't have much trouble matching up the debris from under her nails with his injuries. Fellow by the name of Clandon, a bookie. Not the sort of man I'd try double-crossing if I were a woman, but she was no judge of men. An inquisitive neighbor saw his car drive away. We put out a call for it less than an hour after we found her, and picked him up at Shelworth."

He added kindly: "You know, you don't look too well, George. Missed your sleep over that lame dog of yours?"

I'll never know how much he knew. But even if Willard had left traces of his presence in the house, they weren't interested. They had the man they wanted.

Maybe I wasn't looking well, but I felt wonderful. I felt relieved. For myself and for Willard, too. I went home and sat by his bed, and told him every word that had passed, except for the lie, and the comments on Eileen.

He thawed into sensibility and intelligence as I talked; in those few minutes he came a long way back from wherever it was he'd been heading—disintegration, mental collapse, the abdication of humanity. He kept saying, "I didn't kill her! I didn't kill her!" in a voice of stupefied delight; and at the end he said, but quite gently now, "Then if it wasn't an apparition I met on the stairs—what was it?"

"An image of grace," I said, "to turn you back in your tracks, and head you in the direction of life."

He looked back at me without a smile, but with the grave wonder of somebody waking from sleep, and said, "Yes. That's what it must have been."

But it was only three or four weeks later, when the inquest and the police-court hearing were already over, that we found out the exact mechanics of mercy. He was her heir, of course, since she'd never made a will, and when he had to go to the house and look over all the stuff there to see what he wanted to keep and what was to be sold he asked me to go with him.

It wasn't fear or superstition, he was clear of both by then, it was only a natural human reluctance to go alone into a place that had so many painful memories for him.

It was evening when we went in, and heavily overcast, and the hall was in half darkness because the bulb had blown. I was first going up the stairs, and when I stepped on to the midway landing I came face to face with myself, all in an instant, as the faint light from the first-floor corridor window fell upon me after the comparative darkness below.

Even at that hour of day the effect was devastating. I recoiled upon Willard as he followed me up, and then I saw him spring out of the obscurity at my shoulder, and everything crystallised into mere glass and the trickery of the restricted light.

I ought to have known. She was a woman who knew how to get what she wanted. Everything she wanted. Not only the Meissen china and the ivory cabinet, but also the full-length Venetian mirror, framed in black glass, that was too big to fit happily into any of her rooms, and had to be set up here on the dark wall at the turn of the stairs, where there'd never been a mirror before.

That's one thing for which I shall be grateful to Clandon as long as he lives, in gaol or out. It turned out he was the one who gave it to her.

(Copyright)

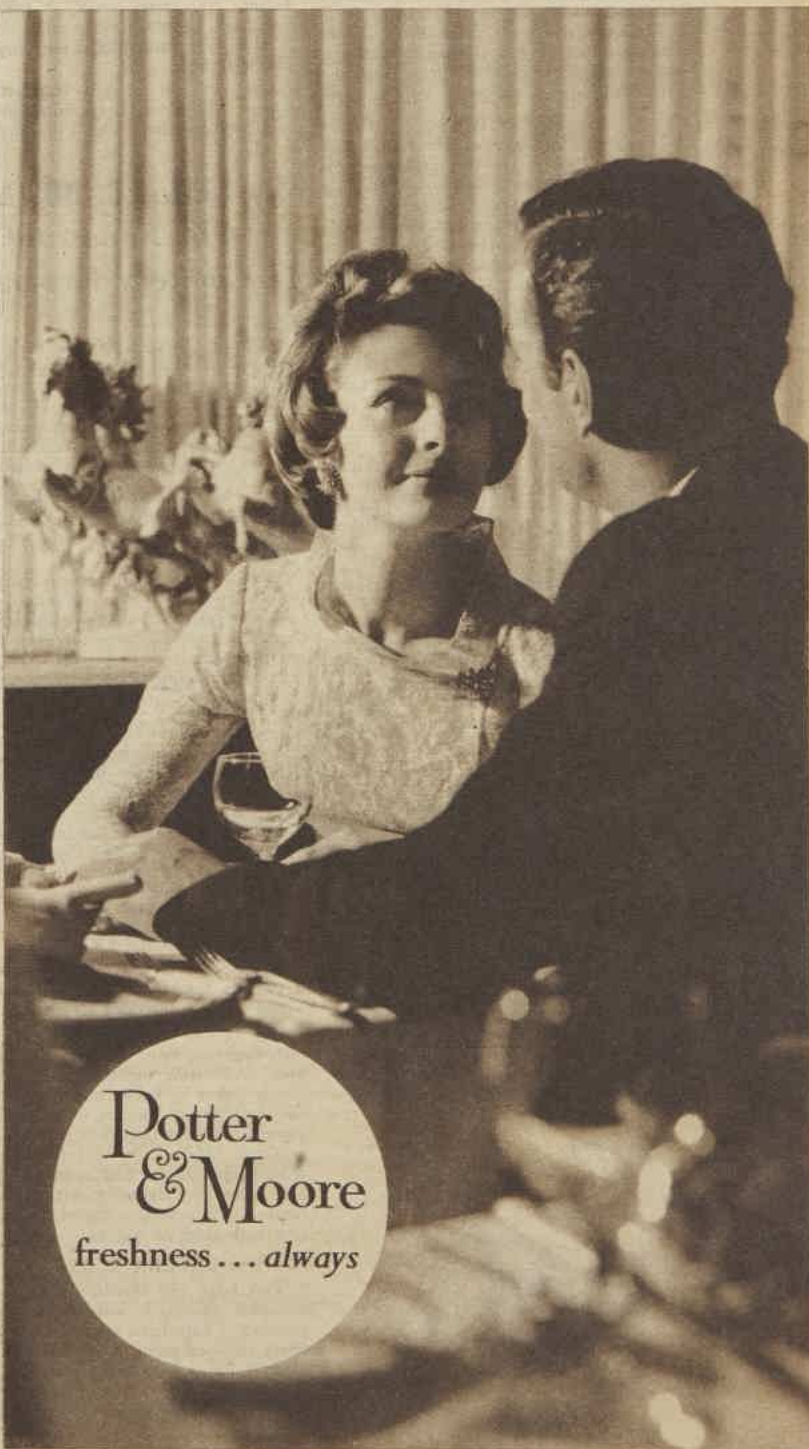
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FOOD FOR THE RUMIPUS ROOM

● Wherever young people gather there needs to be lots of food. Here are suggestions and recipes for hot and cold savory dishes which will help you to cater for almost any occasion.

THERE is a host of recipes for simply prepared snacks which young people enjoy so much.

When ordering bread or rolls try to persuade your baker to add some pure vegetable food coloring. It's a novel idea which lends glamor to a spread of food.

Ingredients for all these dishes should prove sufficient for 12 hearty servings. Spoon measurements are level and the standard eight-liquid-ounce cup is used.

HEP STICKS

Cocktail-stick savories are fun. The longer the party lasts the more you will need, because most people go on nibbling these tempting morsels indefinitely.

For decorative effect put the cocktail sticks in large grapefruit, halved pineapples, whole cabbages, yard-stick bread, or small pumpkins.

Here are some suggestions for food:

Miniature salmon rissoles flavored with lemon and chopped parsley.

Tiny red, green, or yellow cocktail onions wrapped in a piece of sliced ham.

Cream cheese rolled into balls and coated with finely chopped walnuts, parsley, or mint.

Tiny sweet corn croquettes flavored with grated onion and chopped cooked bacon.

Stoned prunes rolled in a piece of bacon, secured with a cocktail stick and baked on a greased tray in a moderate oven until bacon fat is clear. Serve hot.

Bit-size sausage-meat rissoles flavored with lots of chopped parsley and a little tomato puree.

Grated processed cheese worked with the fingers into small balls and rolled in finely chopped parsley. A hint of grated onion adds a delicious tang.

Stoned prunes or dates stuffed with softened cream cheese.

A square of cheese, a square of pineapple, and a cocktail onion, or a slice of gherkin speared on a cocktail stick.

Small balls of minced cooked chicken or rabbit bound together with mashed potato and beaten egg, coated with egg and breadcrumbs, deep-fried golden-brown.

A COOL COMBINATION

Four small loaves bread (colored if possible), butter, lettuce leaves, slices of luncheon meat and ham, white or pickled onions, cucumber, cheese, tomato and gherkin, salt, pepper, mayonnaise, strips of carrot, radish, celery, and shallots.

Split bread loaves through centre lengthwise, spread insides with butter. Arrange a medley of food slices on the lettuce

leaves as a filling, using salt, pepper, and mayonnaise as desired. Place each loaf in a basket and arrange around a centre-piece of strips of the various salad pieces.

JUKE-BOX PLATTERS

One loaf rye or other flavored bread, butter, 2lb. mince steak, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1 clove garlic, 3 onions, 1 tablespoon shortening, 2 tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cheese spread.

Cut rye loaf in half lengthwise and spread with butter. Break mince steak into small pieces and mix with flour and

fill into scooped-out bread rolls. Place on greased tray; cover with aluminium foil and bake in moderate oven 20 minutes.

ROCK-'N-ROLLS

Six round bread rolls, 6 sausages, 1 dessertspoon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ apple, 1 small onion, 1 dessertspoon sultanas, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock or water, 1 teaspoon sugar, 3 teaspoons flour.

Cut a slice from the top of each bread roll, scoop out most of the centre crumb. Place in oven to heat slowly. Prick sausages well, cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil; simmer 6 to 10 minutes. Drain, cool, and cut into thick slices; skin may be removed if liked. Cook diced apple and onion in hot fat for 2 or 3 minutes. Add sultanas, salt, pepper, lemon juice, curry-powder, stock, and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Thicken with blended flour, fold in sliced sausages. Fill into heated bread rolls, serve with extra curry in a separate bowl.

RED DEVILS

Rounds of fried bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped blanched almonds (not too fine), salad oil, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, few extra blanched almonds cut into spikes.

Fry almonds in salad oil until lightly browned; drain. Add to chutney and sauce, mix well. Pile on to rounds of bread. Decorate with almond spikes. Serve hot.

SUNSET BURGERS

Two cups cooked flaked fish, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mashed potato, 1 teaspoon minced shallot, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat.

Combine the fish with the potato, shallot, lemon rind and juice, mustard, salt and pepper. Mix all ingredients well together. Shape into flat cakes. Coat with egg-glazing, roll in breadcrumbs. Fry until golden-brown in very hot fat.

Sauce: Two tablespoons tomato puree, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 dessertspoon flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste.

Blend flour and curry powder with a little cold water. Place remainder of ingredients into saucepan; bring to boil. Remove from fire, pour on to blended dry ingredients. Return to fire and stir until mixture thickens. Serve hot.

CORN BALLS

Two 16oz. tins corn (drained free of liquid), 6 rashers chopped cooked bacon, 2lb. sausages, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 teaspoons finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, browned breadcrumbs for covering, fat for frying.

Cover sausages with warm water, bring slowly to the boil. Simmer 5 or 6 minutes. Remove skins, put through mincer. Mix with corn, chopped cooked bacon, breadcrumbs, onion, salt and pepper. Shape into balls, slightly smaller than a golf ball, using a little flour to smooth the outside surface. Dip in egg-glazing, coat with crumbs. Deep-fry golden-brown in fuming fat. Drain on kitchen paper. Reheat just before serving.

By LEILA C. HOWARD Our Food and Cookery Expert

seasonings. Fry crushed garlic and chopped onion in shortening for 1 minute. Add meat and cook, stirring well until browned all over; simmer 10 minutes. Pile on to rye slices and top with tomato slices and cheese spread. Place in moderate oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot.

CRAZEE ONION ROLLS

One dozen small bread rolls, 2oz. butter, 1 onion, 2 tablespoons chutney, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated tasty cheese.

Cut and scoop small recess in top of each roll. Fill with knob of butter, small quantity grated onion, and a little chutney. Sprinkle grated cheese over each and wrap in one large or several small sheets of aluminium foil. Place in moderate oven 15 minutes to heat through before serving.

DIZZY DISCS

Two long cucumbers, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns (shelled and chopped finely), 1 gherkin, 1 cup thick mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, cayenne pepper.

Wash cucumbers and cut into thin slices. Combine prawns, finely chopped gherkin, and mayonnaise; season well with lemon juice and cayenne. Pile on to cucumber slices and chill in the refrigerator.

CHA-CHA FRANKS

One Vienna loaf, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted butter, 2 packets frankfurts, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers, 1 cup coarsely shredded cheese.

Cut Vienna loaf almost through at 1-inch intervals, brush between slits and all over crust with melted butter. Insert 2-inch pieces of bacon into every second slit, sprinkle top liberally with cheese, and place in a moderate oven for 12 to 15 minutes. Meanwhile heat frankfurts by bringing just to the boil in water. Drain and halve by diagonally cutting through centre. Place wedge-shaped cut section into both sides of alternate slits in loaf.

TUNA SUBS

Two large tins shredded tuna, 2 cups shredded cheese, 1 cup cooked cubed potatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup thick mayonnaise, 1 dozen long bread rolls.

Combine tuna, cheese, potatoes, celery, onion, and mayonnaise. Divide evenly and



FABULOUS FRIES

Eight ounces plain flour, 4oz. butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cold water, squeeze lemon juice, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, cayenne, oysters.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, cayenne, and mustard. Rub in butter. Beat egg-yolks with water and lemon juice. Add to flour and mix to a rather dry dough. Turn on to floured board. Knead lightly, roll thinly, and stamp out with a 2-inch cutter. Beard the oysters, dip in lemon juice, season with cayenne. Place one in the centre of each piece of pastry. Glaze the edges and fold in halves. Press edges together and deep-fry until a golden-brown.

PINEY-PIGS

Four cups pork-sausage mince, 2 cups mashed potato, 2 dessertspoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, pinch herbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 egg-yolks, seasoned flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs, fat, pineapple slices, chutney, finely chopped red and green peppers.

Mix melted butter into mashed potato;





add onion and herbs. Mix thoroughly with sausage meat and parsley; add egg-yolks. Divide mixture into equal portions and shape into flat patties, using a little seasoned flour. Dip in egg-glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Brown on both sides in hot fat, reduce heat, and cook steadily 5 minutes on each side. Saute pineapple slices in a little butter or bacon fat, arrange a hot patty on each pineapple slice. Top with chutney, sprinkle with peppers.

SUPER STACKS

Six tomatoes (cut in halves), 24 slices luncheon-sausage (small size), 24 cubes pineapple, 24 bacon rolls, salt, pepper.

Fold slices of luncheon-sausage into four, thread one on to each of 12 long skewers. To each skewer add (in the following order) 1 cube pineapple, 1 bacon roll, 1 tomato half, 1 bacon roll, 1 cube pineapple, 1 folded slice of sausage. Pierce tomato half with skewer so that cut side of tomato faces upwards. Dust lightly with salt and pepper, place on grill. Grill until tomato is soft, bacon fat clear, and other ingredients well heated.

CRISP CHICKS

Diced flesh of 2 steamed or roasted fowls, diced pineapple, coarsely chopped olives, lettuce cups, mayonnaise, paprika, rolls of ham, tomato roses, potato salad.

Measure diced chicken flesh and for each 2 cups diced chicken allow 1 cup diced pineapple, 1 dozen chopped olives, 2 small tomato roses, 1 roll of ham (or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped boiled bacon), and 2 tablespoons potato salad. Combine chicken, pineapple, and olives. Moisten slightly with mayonnaise, toss lightly to mix. Fill into lettuce cups, dust lightly with paprika. Arrange on salad platter with tomato roses, potato salad, and rolls of ham.

SAUSAGE SIZZLERS

Two pounds baby sausages, 2 tablespoons good shortening, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon curry-powder (or less, according to taste), $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups meat or vegetable stock, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons chutney, lemon juice, salt, 2 apples.

Cover sausages with boiling water, simmer 10 to 15 minutes, according to size. Meanwhile, prepare curry sauce.

Melt shortening, add flour, cook 4 minutes, stir in curry-powder, then stock, milk, chutney, chopped apple, salt to taste. Stir until boiling, simmer 5 minutes. Drain sausages and fold into sauce, flavor with lemon juice. Turn into hot ramekin dishes.

REDSKINS WITH TABOO SAUCE

Twelve saveloys, 1 tablespoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cheese slices, 4 gherkins, 12 strips bacon, bread rolls.

Split saveloys lengthwise, cutting through to within $\frac{1}{4}$ inch of other side. Spread insides of each saveloy generously with mustard. Stuff each saveloy with a slice of cheese, a slice of gherkin, and a strip of bacon. Grill 10 to 15 minutes. Serve on bread rolls with following sauce:

Taboo Sauce: Half cup butter or margarine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water, 2 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 dessert-spoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each salt, paprika,

pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce, tabasco sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ onion (chopped finely), minced garlic.

Mix all ingredients together and simmer for 30 minutes. Spoon over saveloys.



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Ideal design for a slope

● This week's home plan is a split-level design which makes practical economical use of the natural slope of the land.

THE plan of this modern house, No. 681 in our series, can be bought for £9/9/- per full set from any of our Home Planning Centres. See panel on right.

The garage is built under the house, utilising the brickwork which would be necessary on a sloping site.

The roof of the garage becomes a terrace, high enough to get the view and the breeze.

Although the home has an overall area of only approximately 12 squares, it has a spacious separate dining-room.

Building costs vary in each State and depend on many factors, including the site itself, as well as building materials to be used, and the standard of finish required.

Design No. 681 would probably cost from £4500 to £5500 in brick, and approximately £4000 in timber or fibro.

For more accurate costing, please consult the Home Planning Centre in your capital city.

Special plans

Although there is a wide range of standard plans, many readers have definite ideas of their own and prefer a plan specially drawn for them. The fee for this special service is £1/1/- per square based on total area, with a minimum fee of £10/10/-. A deposit of £7 is requested on the order.

If you would like to see a design of your own drawn to scale before making your final decision, a ground-plan sketch

will cost only £2/2/-. This will show the overall area of the house, the positions and sizes of the rooms, kitchen, bathroom, and laundry layouts, doors, windows, terraces, etc. It would be adequate for preliminary cost discussion with a builder.

Many home-planners feel they need some assistance in planning a home to suit the block of land. We will arrange for one of our representatives to meet you on your land to discuss design for the fee of £5/5/- in the metropolitan area.

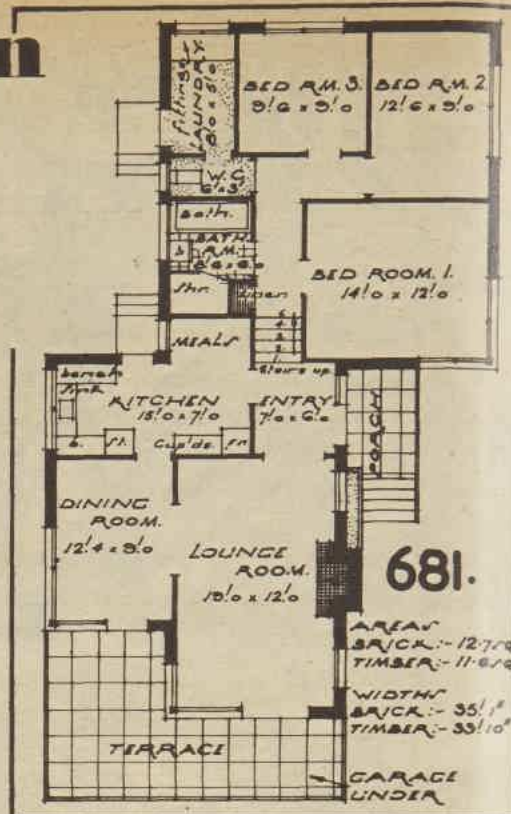
Inspection

If you do not meet our representative on the land we will make a site inspection for £2/2/- and the discussion can take place later at our Home Planning Centre. A full record of your block of land will be kept on our files for these future discussions.

Readers can use any of our designs as the basis for their own individually prepared plans. You can select features of several designs, add ideas of your own, and we will advise and prepare the new drawings for you.

Every plan is guaranteed to be acceptable to your local council.

Many of our home-plan designs have been republished in the leaflets, "21 Home Plans," "22 Home Plans," "Architects' Signature Plans" (all 2/6 each), and "Contemporary Homes" (3/-). They will be posted to you promptly from your nearest Home Planning Centre. Please add 4d. extra for postage.



FLOOR PLAN shows a spacious living and dining area. Bedrooms, bathroom, and laundry are on a higher level than the other part of the house. The kitchen has plenty of cupboards and a meals area.

OUR CENTRES

THE plan shown on this page can be bought for £9/9/- per full set, which includes five copies of the plan and three copies of the specification, from any of our Home Planning Centres.

The addresses of our Centres, which have been established in conjunction with leading stores, are:

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

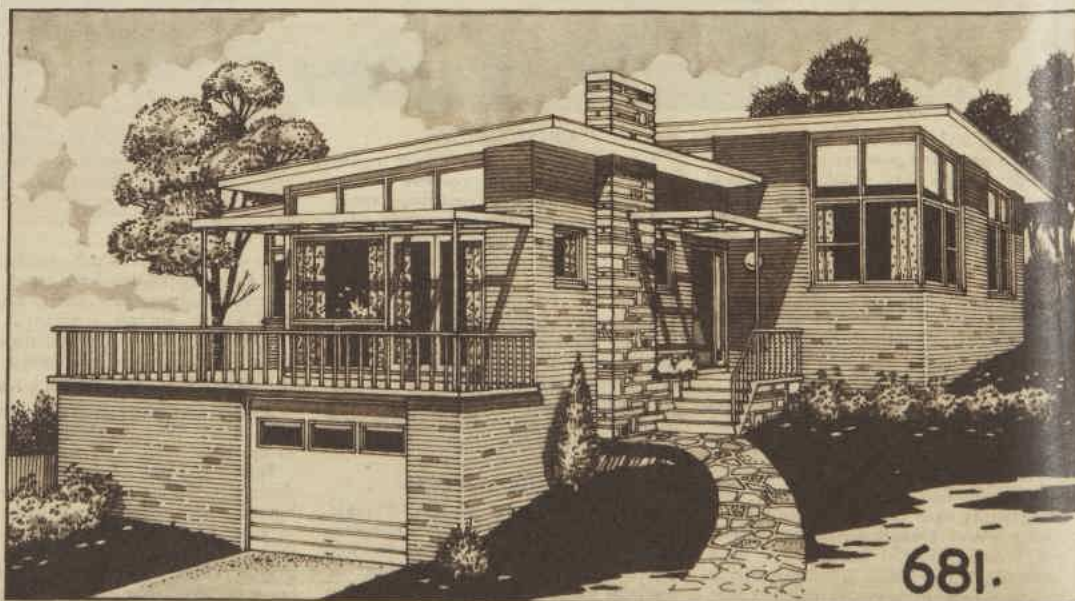
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

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HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and should state the building materials to be used. Please include fee.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of plan No. 681. Skillion roof and pergolas are planned on different levels to avoid an appearance of undue height. The living-room windows open on to a wide front terrace over the garage. Front entrance is approached by a small flight of steps and there is a pergola over it. The unusual brick chimney gives a pleasant and attractive touch to this modern, well-designed home.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1959

Bake a budget beater

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— fluffy potato pie with **KRAFT CHEDDAR** . . . best cheese for cooking



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A main meal for 1/3! a serve

Ingredients: One 8-oz. can Red Feather Fish Supreme; half an 8-oz. packet Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; 1 teaspoon grated onion; squeeze of lemon; salt and pepper; 2 tablespoons flour; 3 cups mashed potatoes; 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 tablespoon butter; 1/2 pint milk.

Method: Add onion, Worcestershire sauce and shredded Kraft Cheddar cheese to mashed potatoes; season with salt and pepper. Line a casserole dish with most of the potato. Melt butter and blend in flour. Add milk gradually and stir until boiling. Blend Red Feather Fish Supreme with the sauce, parsley and lemon juice. Pour into the potato shell and decorate with the remainder of the potato. Bake in a moderate oven—350°F., for 25 minutes. Garnish with additional chopped parsley. 4 Servings.



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Try it! Why not buy two packets—

ONE FOR THE LAUNDRY—AND ONE FOR THE KITCHEN, TOO!



Dainty glassware or greasy baking dishes! Whiter Surf gets your whole wash-up clean as can be—**close-up clean!**

(from page 50)

hold of Betty's skirt. Betty's heart ached.

She was paid to obey Douglas Kilburn's orders, and she had no choice about carrying them out. She would dutifully do the incident of the broken cup. She tried to hush Mrs. Monahan's exclamations and begged Tessa to eat her supper. Tessa seemed to forget the incident and she ate a little.

All the time Betty's heart was going down like lead. It had been heavy all day long, but this was different. It must be the truth that makes me so miserable, she thought. I am a servant here. It has been informal, but that was only kindness. I am a servant, and I am temporary, and soon must leave.

"Mrs. Kilburn didn't carry so much about the broken cup, did she?" said Mrs. Monahan chattily to Betty in the kitchen after dinner. With Tessa safe in bed Betty was helping clear away.

"She isn't the kind to fuss," said Betty loyally. "But it was my bad. I thought Tessa was sitting on the stairs."

"She was," Mrs. Monahan said. "When I went in to get the tea-tray, I was a little too soon. Mrs. Walsh was still sipping. Well, I apologised, and she was nice about it. She was standing up."

"Standing up? With the tea-tray?"

"Looking out the bay window. Looking around at the neighborhood, I guess."

"But where was Mr. Kilburn?" Betty couldn't visualise the scene.

"Oh, he was on the phone. Didn't you hear it ring? I guess you were upstairs. He rang it in the den."

"Oh?" Douglas Kilburn's den was at the far end of the living-room at the back of the house. The door to it, set

almost invisibly in the panelling near the fireplace, had a spring that softly and automatically closed it. The automatic door closing had been put in to prevent spoiling the view of the fireplace wall by an open door.

"The den door was closed?" asked Betty sharply.

"That door always closes. What's the matter?"

Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel you've done a permanent job.

— Marie Fraser

"I guess it's nothing," Betty said. She was slowly examining a thought that had jumped into her mind. She had assumed that Douglas had been there when the cup had been broken. But he hadn't been. Betty herself had unwittingly heard it crash and later had seen the accident's result. What had that sharp noise been? What had been those white spots she had glimpsed scattered on the carpet? While Tessa had still been sitting on the stairs.

Her mind pounced. Sylvia had said the cup had fallen from the table. But Betty had found two chips of it on the table. And how could that be possible?

Why, she lied! thought Betty. I heard it hit the table. Tessa didn't break the cup at all. Sylvia broke it. And then she lied about it. She blamed the baby to save herself! Tessa can't contradict or even argue with a grownup. She's too little. What must I do?

She felt furious. She wanted to go blazing into the living-room. And yet—

She tried to calm herself. Wait. I must be careful. I must not hate her. All right, I know I do resent her, but I have no right to resent her. So wait. Think.

After all, was it important? No, not to Tessa. Already Tessa had forgotten about it. She wasn't unhappy.

Was it understandable at all? Well, Sylvia must have been nervous facing an ordeal. Sylvia had certainly been thoroughly briefed while she was talking to Mrs. Kilburn on the fact that those cups were precious and irreplaceable. If Sylvia had dropped one, was it so surprising she could not bear to face confessing? Betty swallowed hard.

Was it even true? I can be wrong, thought Betty. I can't be absolutely sure. Or even if I feel sure I can't prove it. I cannot go to him and say that his fiancée is a liar. He loves her. He wouldn't believe me. And shouldn't. Because I have no proof. It would simply sound as if I resented her.

I can't possibly, Betty decided then, do anything about it.

She put away the dish towel and, keeping herself severely in hand, went up to her bedroom and tried to concentrate on the college catalogue.

AFTER a while she knew she could not completely ignore the small flame of hope that haunted her. If Sylvia were a liar, a coward, and a cheat, inevitably Douglas would find it out. And that would mean the end of their plans for marriage.

Betty checked herself sharply. This was a small, mean, and wicked hope for her to be harboring. She must remind herself that Sylvia had tried to be kind to the child, that she had been charming to Mrs. Kilburn, that she might not have broken the cup after all.

Betty pushed up her hair and held her head. "Oh," she said aloud, "this isn't easy."

It was a bit after one the next afternoon when Betty went downstairs, ready to go out. Sylvia was in the living-room alone.

"Friday's my day off, Mrs.

Walsh," Betty told her politely. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"No, thank you, Betty," Sylvia said graciously. "Is there anything I ought to do, perhaps?"

"The whole house is asleep," Betty said. "Mrs. Kilburn always rests for a couple of hours. Tessa is napping. Mrs. Monahan is in her room beyond the kitchen. It's siesta time." Betty smiled. She had to be herself. She did not feel like a servant. She would be friendly. "I'm afraid it's dull for you," she said sympathetically.

Sylvia was wearing a dark red dress, and the color was not becoming. Her face looked drawn, her body tense. She seemed older. "They are all resting at the far end of the house?" she asked. "I'm only wondering — would it disturb them if I played the piano very softly?" She had a tremulous little smile and it was appealing.

"I suppose not," Betty answered doubtfully, "if you didn't bang."

"No, I'd better not," Sylvia said quickly. "I'll just be quiet. I am tired myself." Betty warmed to her a little. Sylvia was being friendly. Then Sylvia said, rather wistfully, "I suppose Mr. Kilburn never gets home unexpectedly?"

"Not before dinnertime. At least, I've never known him to."

"Don't let me keep you," Sylvia murmured. It was a dismissal. Sylvia did look tired. She must feel strange and lonely left to her own devices in that sleeping house. And yet— Betty told herself she was only imagining that something evaded, something slipped away around a corner in those appealing "pity-me" eyes. Would Betty have even thought of such a thing if it hadn't been for the episode of the cup?

"I may be looking for something to suspect," Betty told her tempted heart. "And I mustn't. I don't know her. I

To page 52

Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"ERIN."—Attractively designed dress has a ruffle-edged neckline and a wide cummerbund tying in a bow at the back. The material is no-iron white-spotted cotton, with a color choice of pink, pale blue, navy, lilac, and red.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/6, 36 and 38in. bust 36/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 32/6, 36 and 38in. bust 36/3. Postage and registration 4/3 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 59. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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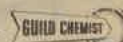
FACE POWDER

Fluff on this delicate Lournay face powder and see how it clings without caking or streaking. It does not smother the natural loveliness of your skin as heavy face powders do. See how Lournay hides every tiny imperfection and gives your skin a faultless finish that lasts hour after hour.

8 HEAVENLY SHADES

Frangipani • Dawn Pink • Peachbloom • Magnolia
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Lournay Cosmetics are recommended by Guild Chemists also leading Department Stores throughout Australia.



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in lighting for over 50 years
now brings you

a lamp
that gives

more light

at no extra cost!



The twin socket test proves it!

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NOW AVAILABLE WHEREVER LAMPS ARE SOLD

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Rx FOR **ASTHMA**

New Improved Laboratory-tested
MENDACO is certified to stop at-
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sitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheez-
ing, coughing — lets you breathe
easily and sleep like a baby. Get
MENDACO at chemists. Money-
back guarantee. Only 6/6.

Continuing... THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 51

can't judge her. For all I know it wasn't odd at all for her to think of playing the piano in a house where every-one is sleeping."

In the house after Betty had left the guest listened to the silence. She did not rest. In a little while she quietly crossed the living-room to the small, square sunporch that lay be- yond Douglas' den. There was a glass door from this room to the back terrace and the gar- den.

Sylvia went through that door and down three steps, past Tessa's little brown rub- bers standing at the bottom of the steps. There had been a fog during the night, and the sun had not come out in the morning. The grass was still slightly damp. She made her way through a bank of shrub- bery into the neighboring back- yard. She hurried to the back door of the brown house stand- ing there. She lifted her hand to knock. Her hand was shak- ing.

A man opened the door and froze in utter surprise.

"It is Dean Mowry," said Sylvia breathlessly. "May I come in?" She stepped into his house and closed his door behind her.

The man took a step back- wards. He moistened his mouth. "You—you sold that house, the one next door, to the Kilburns four years ago," he exploded. "I know. I checked before I came here."

"When I saw you through the window yesterday," she said, "I was terribly surprised. I was so surprised I dropped a cup and broke it."

"What are you doing there?" he said.

She braced herself. "Dean, I am engaged to marry Douglas Kilburn. I am going to live in the house next door."

"You are, are you?" Mowry's features tightened, and he said bitterly, "Mike Calverne's dead. He died in prison, a fact I sup- pose you've forgotten. He's good and dead and forgotten." He sat down heavily on a small, stiff chair. He looked ill.

Sylvia moved to a table at

the other side of the room and put her hands on its surface.

"It's been five years," she said softly. "It has to be forgotten some time. Please—can't you stop feeling bitter?"

"I ruined myself once. Isn't that enough?" he said dreadingly. "Why don't you let me alone? What do you want of me?"

● To clean pewter, mix a little whiting with some sweet oil and rub on with a soft, clean cloth. Polish with a soft cloth.

"I was so surprised. I didn't know you'd be here. Believe me, Dean—"

He interrupted her furiously. "You knew this house and the house next door belonged to Mike Calverne. You knew that you, as his widow, got only one house. Mike left this house to his mother and you knew she is my aunt. She is letting me live here. I'm going to live here—in peace. Let me alone."

Sylvia kept her voice patient and soft. "Do you know Doug- las Kilburn?"

The man's heavy jaws seemed to sag and permit the bones of his profile to sharpen. "Are you going to tell him?" she asked plaintively. "All the old story? Wouldn't it be better for both of us to let it go?"

"Now I know why you came to see me," Mowry said cyni- cally.

"Dean," Sylvia looked at Mowry appealingly. "I don't even call myself Mrs. Calverne now," she said. "I've taken my maiden name back. I'm Sylvia Walsh now. I have been ever since — well, ever since Mike died. It's because I'm not the same person any more. I've put it all behind me. I wanted to change, and I have changed, and life is to live. Can't I have the chance, Dean?"

"I see. Kilburn doesn't know, does he? He doesn't know that your husband shot your boy-friend and got life for it. And that he died locked up in gaol."

"Mike did it, Dean," she said sadly.

"Oh, yes, I know. The judge knew. The jury knew. And Mike Calverne knew. And the gun was one of his own guns. Poor Mike, a mighty hunter in his day. He did it. But your hand was on that gun, Sylvia, if real justice could be done."

"I wasn't even there. Please, Dean—"

"I ruined myself once," the man said, "trying to see real justice done. Trying to get Mike out of the mess you got him into. The alibi I made up didn't pan out. They said I perjured myself. And I—I was sick!" he shouted. "Sick about it. They had to put me away. He locked his hands together."

"You are better now?" she asked him gently. "What are you doing these days? Not the law any more?"

"Insurance," he said gruffly.

"You're all right? Your health, I mean?"

"I got over the breakdown."

"But—do people know?"

MOWRY

stared at her and began to laugh. "I see what you're getting at. Better for both of us, eh? My disbarment. Suspended sentence for perjury. Bout in the sani- tarium. Oh, yes, much better for me to put it all behind. Better for the poor guy next door never to know his bride was once mixed up in a very messy murder. Much better for you."

Sylvia widened her eyes. "But isn't it better?"

He got up in such agitation his chair fell over. "You are corrupt," he shouted. "You contaminate everything you touch. Mike Calverne was as good and straight a man as they come. My cousin. My oldest friend. We were closer than brothers. Then he mar-

ried you and a fog came over him. Everything was ruined and you started twisting him. You can't do anything straight, like other people. You travel in fog and secrets. You wind and you turn and you worm out of the consequences. So a good man died a murderer on account of you. And I lost my career, and nearly lost my reason."

Sylvia said, "I've come to ask you, Dean. Please. Let me tell Douglas in my own way."

"In your way?" His eyes bulged. "When it suits you? After you get what you want and it is too late for him to take it away? You know how I've always understood you, Sylvia?"

He leaned forward. "How I understood the way you could make Mike Calverne into a killer and clear yourself? Make yourself look innocent and mis- understood? It's because I am just like you. I go sideways too. Wouldn't it occur to some people to try a bit of perjury. It occurred to me, didn't it? Oh, yes, I tend to wind and twist and try to get out of things the crooked way."

Sylvia stood patiently still, as if she had heard all this before and it did not touch her. She waited it out. There was stubborn strength in her patience.

"I understand it all, Sylvia," he said. "If I tell Kilburn the story, then my record gets around and any new life of mine is handicapped. You'd see to that. Wouldn't you, Sylvia?"

"I had hoped," she said, "that that wouldn't happen." She spoke softly and she seemed humble. "What good could it do?" she mur- mured.

He was shaking. "You liter- ally make me sick. I can't stand— Go ahead. Just go. I can't stop you. Why should I wreck my life a second time? I don't owe Kilburn anything, anyway."

Sylvia looked at him with shining eyes. "Will you, Dean?"

To page 57

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.



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A PRODUCT OF RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous... perfectly safe to use anywhere... to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

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Floral
Fragrant

SANPIC

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant



how to find your own loveliness...

Potentially, every woman has more beauty than is obvious at face value. Remember the saying, "Beauty is more than skin deep?" But how do you reach that wonderful moment when you suddenly light up with glamour? The man who will help you to bring this transformation about is the man who has the greatest range of health and beauty aids... **YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST.** Not all beauty aids are cosmetics in the strictest sense. There is a tablet or a formula that will brighten your eyes or put a glow in your complexion, that will strengthen your fingernails or add to your general vitality. Whether it's an "ageing" look or a teenage acne problem — there's a formula the Family Chemist knows about, that can help. In "Straight Out" make-up, the family chemist can help, too. He knows which colour rinse will safely change your hair from mouse to gleaming, which cream will do double work as skin cover-up and nourishment, which drops will put a sparkle in your eyes... In powders and lipsticks he handles the widest range, all reliable brands, safe to use. And every other health and beauty aid is there, too, from sunlamps to pore astringent, nail files to nail polish. Re-evaluate your beauty possibilities. Ask the help of your Family Chemist.

ask your Family Chemist... he knows!

SHOPPING AT YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST COSTS NO MORE, EVEN WITH ALL THESE ADDED BENEFITS: Free Medicine, Hospital and Medical Benefits, Tax Deductible Medicines, Pensioners' and Repatriation Medical Scheme, and Sunday and Holiday Services.

YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST INVITES YOU TO ENJOY RESCUE 8 ON ATN7 EACH FRIDAY NIGHT AT 7.30 P.M.

An announcement of the Pharmaceutical Services Guild of Australia ON BEHALF OF THE CHEMISTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

YG.1



**Strong?
Yes...
and so
are**

**ACTIL
NURSERY SQUARES**
Now in two NEW packs!



WEAR LONGER

★ **EXTRA SOFT**

★ **SUPER
ABSORBENT**

★ **HYGIENICALLY
PACKED**



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AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

The Australian Women's Weekly

KNITTING BOOK 1959

• There are 35 designs for high-fashion knitteds for every member of the family in *The Australian Women's Weekly 1959 Knitting Book*, on sale for 2/- at all newsagents and bookstalls.

Illustrated with glowing color photographs, the Knitting Book gives easy-to-follow instructions for day, play, and evening wear.

Highlights are:

- Elegant between-season coat with rolled edges and cuffs to wear day or night.
- Graceful Spanish stole and evening overblouse in silver metallic thread wool.
- Fashionable mohair sweater with a V-neckline.
- Four-way sweater for all the family from the same basic pattern.

• The Australian Women's Weekly 1959 Knitting Book is wonderful value for 2/- at newsagents and bookstalls.

£7500 HOME UNIT

• This is the third week of our fascinating Home Unit Contest, in which you can win a £7500 home unit in the lovely Sydney suburb of Elizabeth Bay.

THIS wonderful prize is in Ithaca Gardens, a modern 10-storey building which, now nearly finished, is being built for Lend Lease Corporation Ltd. by a leading firm of constructors, Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd.

As an up-to-the-minute home unit it has everything — a functional yet artistic layout, L-shaped dining-living room with a huge window nearly 16ft. by 6ft., two bedrooms, a recessed balcony, a Harbor view, plenty of roomy cupboards, roof laundries with automatic washing-machines, and many other advantages which Mr. and Mrs. Contest-winner will love.

The architect is the well-known Mr. Harry Seidler. The contest is being run by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with Lend Lease Corporation Ltd., specialists in financing building projects.

Lend Lease Corporation have supplied the prize home unit, and will pay all legal costs and expenses (including stamp duty) to transfer ownership of the prize home unit to the winner of the contest.

The contest, based on the prevailing interest in better housing, concerns home units—the latest type

of personally owned home, now rapidly rising in popularity as a new way of streamlined, comfortable living.

Keynote of the contest is how home units can be best suited to the actual, practical needs of buyers by incorporating those housing features which the buyers themselves most prefer.

For each of the five weeks of the contest, entrants must fill in the coupons presented in *The Australian Women's Weekly* under the headings "Contest" and "Questionnaire."

Details of the requirements are set out under "How to Enter" and "Conditions" on the page opposite.

When the contest closes officials will separate "Contest" answers from "Questionnaire" answers.

A panel of experts, who will be the judges, will independently record their "Contest" answers, and the competitor whose entry agrees with the experts, or is nearest to their choice, wins the £7500 home unit.

"Questionnaire" answers will be used to estimate what features of home units the buyers most desire—in other words, they constitute a survey of opinion on what is most wanted in comfortable, modern home units.

Lend Lease Corporation recently opened Australia's first Home Unit Display Centre in Caltex House, Kent Street, Sydney, to display various aspects of home units.

Competitors can visit the Centre before filling in their entries—it's full of ideas, and is open weekdays till 8 p.m., Saturdays 11 a.m.-2 p.m., Sundays 2-4.30 p.m.

No. 3: CUT OUT AND KEEP

At NO EXTRA COST, I would prefer:

QUESTIONNAIRE

• This week, for our survey, we show you a sample plan of a modestly priced home unit (below).

ITS features include:

1. City is three miles away.
2. Restricted view.
3. Lounge/kitchen face west.
4. A gas stove.
5. Lift in building.
6. Unit on top floor of three storeys.

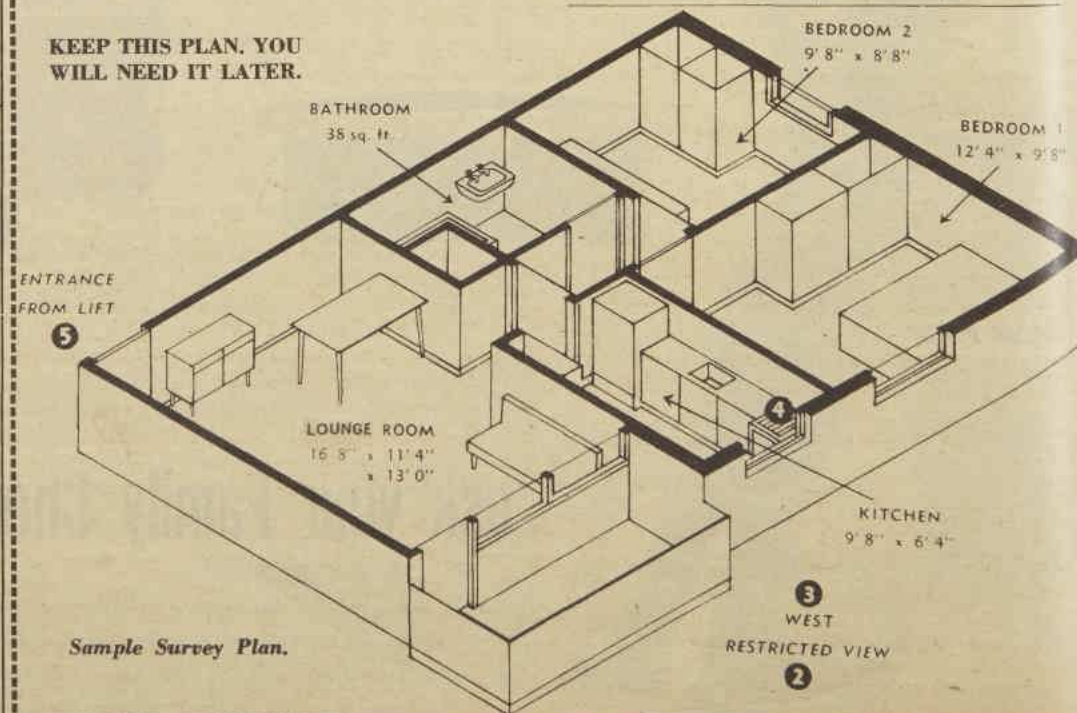
7. Communal laundry on ground floor.

This week and in the questionnaire next week we ask your advice on some suggested changes which could be made to this home-unit plan.

Indicate your answers to the questionnaire at right by placing a tick against the "Yes" or "No."

1. Lounge and kitchen to face south, not west.	YES ..	NO ..
2. An electric stove in place of a gas stove.	YES ..	NO ..
3. Large bedrooms, smaller lounge.	YES ..	NO ..
4. Unit to be on a lower floor.	YES ..	NO ..
5. Kitchen sink to be under window.	YES ..	NO ..

KEEP THIS PLAN. YOU WILL NEED IT LATER.



TO BE WON



KITCHEN of the prize home unit in the course of being built.

HOW TO ENTER

THIS WEEK ...

Cut out the questionnaire on the page opposite.

Cut out the contest coupon on this page.

Cut out the plan on the page opposite and keep for reference.

Fill in both the questionnaire and the contest coupon.

HOLD THESE till the contest ends.

EACH WEEK

for the five weeks of the contest ...

Cut out the questionnaire, the plan (if one is printed), and the contest coupon, where indicated. Fill in and hold.

At END of CONTEST ...

Pin together the five questionnaires.

Pin together the five contest coupons, with the list of 32 features you will find in the final week of the contest. This list will have its own coupon to be filled in.

Your total entry will consist of the full set of questionnaires and the full set of contest coupons.

When the contest closes, send your total entry to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," to reach there by 5 p.m. on August 24.

No. 3: CUT OUT AND KEEP

CONTEST

● During the five weeks of the contest we will publish, in all, 32 features of home units.

● We have already published two groups of these features—Nos. 1-7 and Nos. 8-14—in the first two weeks, and this week we present the third group, Nos. 15-21.

● Carefully think over the merits of each feature in this week's group, then

● Number them, 1-7, in what you consider to be their order of importance to the home-unit buyer, placing the figure 1 against the most important.

15 Wide choice in size and design.

16 Freedom to express own personality in the decor of your unit.

17 Nearness to entertainment centres for night-time outings.

18 Nearness to parks, children's playgrounds, schools, churches, and other community features.

19 Imaginative planning to exploit permanent beautiful views.

20 Nearness to city and harbor for participation in sporting and communal activities.

21 Enjoyment of gardens and lawns without personal responsibility.

Competitor's name and address

(PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS)

NAME

ADDRESS

CONDITIONS

1. An entry for The Australian Women's Weekly Home Unit Contest will comprise five completed questionnaires as published in five different issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, together with five completed contest coupons as published in the same five issues, and a completed contest coupon as published with a list of 32 features in the issue of The Australian Women's Weekly published in the last week of the contest.

2. Entries must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and be posted, with the proper value of postage stamps affixed, through the mail addressed to "Home Unit Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney," and be delivered in that box before contest closing time.

3. The contest closing time is 5 p.m. on August 24, 1959.

4. You can send as many entries as you wish, but each must comprise the complete set of contest coupons and questionnaires.

5. Entries containing alterations will not be accepted. Entrants should work out their answers on separate sheets of paper before finally filling in their answers, which MUST be on the forms printed in The Australian Women's Weekly.

6. Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., and its associated companies, and of Lend Lease Corporation Ltd., and Civil and Civic Contractors Pty. Ltd. are not eligible to enter. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

7. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries delivered after the closing time, will be disqualified.

8. All entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

9. The judges will use their best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

10. The result as published in The Australian Women's Weekly shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding.

11. No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

12. It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied), and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

MOTHER! WIN A VOLKSWAGEN!



HURRY! CLOSES AUG. 5th

and a course of driving lessons if you don't drive. or any of the 126 other prizes in the

"Mother's Choice" FLOUR

£2,000 JINGLE COMPETITION

2ND PRIZE

HOTPOINT Fully Automatic Electric Range or A.E.I. EKCO 21" Console TV

25-3RD PRIZES

Each a choice of Sunbeam Beater-Mix or Sunbeam Frypan

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES Each a hamper of Mother's Choice products

Don't delay—complete the entry form below and you could win the car that'd make life so much easier (plus £100 cash to splash)! Or perhaps the Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range (or an Ekco 21" Console TV set if you prefer it), or a labour-saving electric mixer or frypan. In fact, any of the 127 valuable prizes plus a substantial bonus could be yours. Just hurry! Your grocer has more forms for anyone else in the family who wants to enter!

EXTRA! £375 IN CASH AWARDS

A Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet top must be sent with each entry. Prize-winners who include a Mother's Choice Plain Flour packet top also will receive cash bonuses as follows: 1st—£100; 2nd—£50; 3rd—£25 each; consolation—£1 each.

READ THIS FIRST!

See the Quick-Mix Cake Recipe on the back of Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet. It's a one bowl cake that needs just 2 minutes' mixing with spoon or electric mixer, yet it's truly, deliciously home-made. Try this time-saving new cake method. You'll bake a moist, even-textured cake (in your choice of flavours) so perfect that you'll complete the jingle below with no trouble at all!

RULES:—

1. Open to N.S.W. and A.C.T. residents only.

2. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a packet top from Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour. If you also include a packet top from Mother's Choice Plain Flour, you will qualify for the big cash bonuses.

3. The closing date is 5th August, 1959, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

4. Employees and the families of employees of Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd. and their advertising agents are not eligible.

5. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.

6. Winning entries become the property of Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd. and may be used for advertising purposes. No entries will be returned.

7. Results will be published in Sun-Herald on Sunday, 30th August, 1959. Prizewinners will also be notified by mail.

Just add two lines to the last verse of this picture jingle!



Buy Mother's Choice Flour On the back of the pack Is the Quick-Mix-Cake method Give it a crack!

Combine all ingredients In one mixing bowl Mix only two minutes That's fast, 'pon my soul!

You'll be proud as can be Of a cake that's so light

WRITE YOUR LAST TWO LINES HERE

NAME

ADDRESS

GROCER'S NAME

(The top from a Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour packet must be sent with this entry.)

☐ Tick here if you also wish to qualify for the cash bonuses by including a Mother's Choice Plain Flour packet top also.

Post complete entry form, together with packet top(s) to Mother's Choice Pty. Ltd., Box 7065, G.P.O., Sydney, to arrive not later than 5th August, 1959. Additional entry forms available from all grocers.

LV30/59

It's the Most!



Most cups
TO THE POUND

Most flavour
FROM EVERY CUP

Most lift!
AT ANY TIME

KINKARA is very much *your* cup of tea! So economical . . . so full-flavoured . . . so refreshing when you are tired or worried. To get the most from your teapot, buy Kinkara . . .

It's the
Most!

Continuing . . . THE MARK OF THE HAND

Just go about your business and forget about me? Will you promise?"

"I'd like nothing better on all this earth than to forget about you," the man said bitterly. "All right, I am not as well as I should be. And I am a coward. I am weak. I am just like you. We understand each other. I don't know you, never knew you, never want anything to do with you."

"Thank you," she said. "And I will never hurt you, Dean. I promise, too."

"All right," he said. "All right, Sylvia. Just don't—All right. You've changed, you say? Then let it go."

She smiled. She slipped out his door, hurried to the boundary line, and began to move quickly through the shrubs. Her head came into the clear on the Kilburn side. Her feet were sinking into soft ground and she looked down.

She was standing in a small patch of earth that was fenced on the lawn side by a low wire barrier. Her feet were bruising some tiny plants that were evidently cherished. She stepped quickly over the little fence on to the grass. Then she crouched and tried to eliminate the marks her feet had made, but several of the seedlings were crushed and broken. She crouched there, staring at them, for half a minute.

She looked up and the shrubs seemed to be parted, betraying clearly that somebody had gone through them. She looked back, and her nervous eyes checked the walls and windows of Douglas Kilburn's house. Sun and tree shadow moved gently over it. All was still.

Sylvia walked to the back terrace. Her eye was caught by the little brown rubbers that stood at the bottom of the steps. She stooped to pick them up. Tessa had been playing in the back garden alone during the morning.

Late Saturday morning, Douglas said, "Betty, was Tessa playing in the backyard yesterday?"

from page 52

Betty was ironing a frock for the child. She tilted the iron. "Yes, she was. In the morning."

"Were you with her?"
"No. It's perfectly safe." It worried her that he looked so stern.

"She seems to have trampled my seedbed."



"Oh, I'm sorry. Tessa knows—"

"I know she knows," said Douglas. His lean face was troubled. "You can see the marks of her feet plainly. But Tessa says she didn't step inside the wire guard."

"I wasn't watching. Only now and then," Betty said, feeling unhappy.

"What I don't like is that she lies about it," Douglas said, and it seemed to Betty that he invited her to face the problem with him.

"Oh, darling, how ridiculous to call it lying," said Sylvia, coming up beside him and slipping her hand within his arm. "The dear little soul isn't lying! She has just forgotten. Or she never realised. She's so little. Don't be so grim." Sylvia was soft and sweetly appealing; but Douglas still frowned.

"I don't think Tessa would tell a lie," Betty said slowly.

"There. You see!" Sylvia was gay.

"Don't you, Betty?" Douglas said thoughtfully.

"She wouldn't know how," Betty said. Her heart was beating a bit fast. She had forgotten her resolution to mind her own business. "Why would Tessa tell a lie? No one is mean to her. She can't be afraid. And she has never heard any lies, has she?"

Sylvia looked at Betty. Their eyes met with a tiny flash of hostility. Sylvia's innocent ones turned away. "Oh, what if Tessa did put her little foot in the seedbed while she was playing?" said Sylvia softly. "Is it so important? Is it worth a fuss? After all, it's done, and why should we make her unhappy?"

Douglas stood quietly. He seemed to be listening to his own thoughts.

Betty said impulsively, "Tempest in a teacup, you think, Mrs. Walsh?" She waited for the innocent eyes.

The innocent eyes remained veiled. "If I am going to be her mother," Sylvia said, in her crooning way, "I warn you, I'll be on her side."

Douglas looked down at her and now he softened. He smiled.

Betty said worriedly, "Shall I talk to Tessa, Mr. Kilburn? Maybe I can get her to tell me."

SYLVIA said sweetly, but she made it clear she was giving an order, "Oh, I would so much rather not see her pestered any more."

Douglas let out his breath. "Let it go, Betty. I suppose she is not really lying. Let's not make too much of it."

"That's better," Sylvia sighed, and they turned away together.

Betty stood very still. In a moment she picked up the iron and finished pressing the ruffled dress.

When she took the dress upstairs to Tessa's room she found the child sitting on the floor

among her toys. Betty smiled and said, "Hi, what are you doing?" She had meant to let the incident go, but Tessa must have seen a question in her eyes.

Tessa looked at her and said, "I didn't step in Daddy's flowers. I'm not exposed to." The little girl looked at Betty with clear and candid eyes, eyes that were windows of innocence and trust.

Betty knelt and pulled the little body close. "I know," Betty said. Then, in a moment, "We'd better wash your face and comb your hair."

Betty's world spun. Frantically she thought: I do believe her. I can't help it. I know she's not afraid of the truth. And I know she understands about the seedbed. Why, I taught her myself. There is something strange about this. Who is afraid of the truth in this house?

The week that followed was an ordeal, to be lived through and endured. At night, wishing desperately for sleep, Betty tried to conquer her stubborn suspicion that Sylvia was a liar. The clear little footprints in the garden bewildered her. If Tessa had not made them, who had faked them? And why? What purpose could there be beyond senseless malice? There couldn't be any logical reason. And Betty realised she would have to watch her thoughts: she could be guilty of thinking senseless malice herself.

She could not help watching Sylvia. She saw her flatter Mrs. Kilburn with praise and attention during the long hours Douglas was gone. Mrs. Kilburn seemed charmed to have so attentive an audience. Betty tried not to feel hurt. She had no right to resent the fact that Mrs. Kilburn no longer had as much time for her.

Betty watched Sylvia woo Tessa with indulgences. Sylvia always pleaded for softness, for sweets, for choosing a moment's pleasure at any future cost. It

To page 58

Don't let that snuffle become a cold!



Reach for Listerine!

Listerine kills the germs that cause the misery of colds. At the first sign of a "snuffle" — gargle with Antiseptic Listerine. Listerine stops colds before they start!



YOUR No. 1 PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION

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Continuing... THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 57

this love? Betty thought. Tessa was getting a trifle out of hand, and there wasn't a thing Betty could do about it.

Occasionally, she had a chance to watch Sylvia with Douglas. Tired from a hard day's work, Douglas was welcomed with petting and pity. He did not come into his home as the master, the responsible male in a female household, but rather as a little boy who is to be babied and indulged.

Oh, couldn't he see?

Or was there nothing to see?

The news of the engagement was official now. The wedding date was being discussed. Douglas could not leave for a honeymoon until a certain project in the laboratory had been finished. Meanwhile, the house was to be redecorated.

Sylvia was animated and full of ideas for the project. Colors. Fabrics. Wallpapers. Enthusiasm. Changes. Mrs. Monahan seemed agreeably resigned to the changes. Tessa seemed happy; she hung on "Silvera." Douglas seemed doting. Mrs. Kilburn seemed excited.

Betty was miserable. When the house was finished she would leave. She knew that, no matter how polite Sylvia seemed, Sylvia did not like her, and as Betty struggled with the churning of her own heart she knew that no arguments, no noble resolutions, no charity could ever make her like Sylvia. And was this jealousy alone? Or what?

The following Saturday, towards six o'clock, Betty went outdoors to look for the child. Tessa was trailing her father around the garden.

MR. KILBURN and Sylvia were on the terrace; the older woman deep in one of her mystery stories and Sylvia lounging on a garden chaise. But as Betty drew near them she could see that Sylvia was stiff with tension.

Betty looked for a possible cause and saw nothing alarming. Tessa was safe beside her father, who stood at the far edge of the yard talking to the next-door neighbor, who seemed to be peering through the shrubbery. She supposed he was being normally friendly.

Puzzled, Betty glanced back at Sylvia, and seeing her hands like claws on the chair arms said gently, "Is anything wrong, Mrs. Walsh?"

"What?" Sylvia, startled, came to attention. "Oh, Betty. No. Why?" Sylvia relaxed with obvious effort.

Douglas was coming towards them, with Tessa trotting alongside, and their faces were happy in the soft light.

"I was curious," Sylvia drawled to Betty, "about the neighbors. After all, I'm going to live here." Betty was aware "not you" was implied.

Mrs. Kilburn looked up from her book and tilted her head.

"Hi, angel," Sylvia called to Tessa, smiling. "Come see Sylvia."

Tessa left her father's side and ran to Sylvia's lap.

"Shall Sylvia tell you a story?" Sylvia's lips were on the child's hair.

Betty said, "It's bath time. And then bed."

"Oh, no," said Sylvia. "Not quite yet. It's such a lovely evening." She drew Tessa closer. "Can't I have her a few minutes more?" she was asking Douglas.

Betty stood still. Am I too rigid? she was thinking. Am I wrong?

Douglas had come nearer, and his tall figure made a long shadow. "She had better keep

to her regular hours, Sylvia," he said gently. "She's only three and a half."

"Ah, must she? Well, then, I know! Sylvia will give her a bath. Do you like hubbles, Tessa? Sylvia has some stuff that makes the prettiest hubbles."

Betty found that now her own hands were taut. "I don't think—" she blurted, then stopped herself.

"Now, as long as," said Sylvia, stroking the child's hair, smiling at the child, not looking up, "I'm going to be bathing her, why don't I begin? Shall we have hubbles, darling?" Sylvia got out of the low chair and lifted the sweet, squeezable little body in her arms. "All right?" said Sylvia gaily. She bore Tessa away.

Betty said, "I had better help. I know where everything

"We don't need you," Sylvia called, almost singing it.

Douglas Kilburn said quietly, "She's right, Betty. It's her job now."

Betty did not look at him. She said, "Yes." She turned stiffly and walked slowly towards the house.

Mrs. Kilburn had her thumb in her book. "Douglas," she said, "couldn't you be a little kinder to Betty?"

"Why?" he said, astonished.

"Was I unkind?"

"She adores the baby. That hurt her."

"But—" Douglas sat down on the edge of the chaise. "I know, Mother, but surely Betty can see. She is leaving as soon as we get back from our wedding trip. Betty's an intelligent kid," he said confidently.

"Betty is nearly twenty-two years old," his mother murmured.

He felt a vague surprise. "But she must understand," he insisted.

Mrs. Kilburn said stubbornly, "Just the same, it's not necessary to kick a heart when it's down."

"Sylvia has to learn," Douglas said rather stiffly.

"Yes," said his mother dryly.

He saw that her face was masked. The atmosphere was disturbing. He changed the subject. "By the way, the man next door recommended a painting firm. Says they do excellent work. I'll call them in the morning."

"Changes," said his mother moodily.

"Things don't stand still."

The conversation had upset him. He was sorry if Betty Follett's feelings had been hurt, but—"Tessa's not Betty's child," he said suddenly.

"She isn't Sylvia's child, either," his mother retorted. "She is yours."

He was not a devious man. He asked directly, "What's the matter, Mother?"

"Sylvia," said his mother carefully, "gives Tessa too much candy."

He knew this to be true. But he understood it. "Sylvia has never had a child," he began patiently.

"No," said his mother, in the same dry tone as before.

"But she loves Tessa, and she—well, she wants Tessa to love her. And so do I," he added bluntly.

His mother had opened her book.

"Sylvia will learn," he said stiffly.

"Who is to teach her?" his mother murmured.

Douglas laughed. "Why, I am, and Tessa is, and time and

To page 60



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1959

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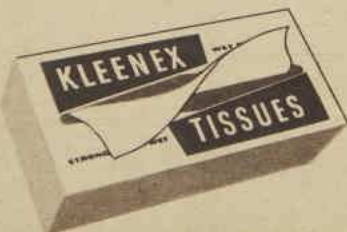
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Continuing... THE MARK OF THE HAND

from page 58

experience will do their bit. Patience helps, too."

His mother twinkled at him through her glasses. He felt better. There was a problem here, but the knowledge that both saw it was comforting to each.

In the house Betty sat in the kitchen corner with nothing to do. Her hands lay before her on the table and they were empty. Everything was changed. "I must go away from here quickly," she said to herself, and knew it was necessary.

That night Dean Mowry sat in a booth in a small, dim bar and grill in town across from a man named Henry Updyke. Mowry's heavy-lidded eyes stared broodingly ahead, and his jaw sagged more than usual. For a man of forty-five he carried his years heavily, and his large, petulant mouth betrayed his discontent with life.

He said distastefully to Updyke, "What got into me to recommend your firm to Kilburn I don't know. I wish I hadn't. Listen, don't go on that painting job, Henry. Let another man go."

"Mike Calverne died in prison, you say," the other man said. His weather-beaten face was thoughtful. He had small, sly eyes.

"I did a lot of work for Mr. Calverne in the old days. And I remember her. She wants to get married again, eh? You'd like to break it up? Why don't you write an anonymous letter to this fellow she's going to marry?"

"She'd know who wrote it," Mowry said dejectedly.

"If I walk in there she'll know who put me on to her." "That's right," said Mowry listlessly. "Don't go. Nothing I can do will ever stop her."

"She's in a spot, isn't she? She'd rather Kilburn didn't find out about her past, wouldn't she? I wouldn't mind," Updyke said judiciously, "giving her a good scare. I'll ask her for money. Don't worry, I'll put it so she can never prove anything. You scared or something?"

Mowry said, "You're the one who ought to be scared. I'd stay away if I were you."

"Aaah," the painter said scornfully. He took a long draught of beer. "I'll give her a jolt. And don't worry, I'll cover you, too." His eyes moved slyly.

Mowry looked wildly hopeful for just one moment.

The painter was to start in the den on Thursday morning. Wednesday evening Douglas, with Sylvia to help him, cleared the room. He was taking his guns off the pegs on which his cherished collection had rested for years. The green of the wall was badly faded around them.

He was obscurely distressed by this activity. He could not say why.

He knew it would be fatal to make comparisons, but there was a lack of ease in this girl Sylvia, a tautness he had never experienced in Molly. He must remember that he had been married to Molly for three years, that he had been lucky in his happiness, and that time and the exposure to each other would undoubtedly clear up any lingering doubts he had about Sylvia.

But he couldn't deny that, in all the discussions of changes, he had begun to sense some steel under the velvet of Sylvia's manner. It was true he hadn't initiated the idea of the tapestry wallpaper in the den, but he had agreed to all the changes she had suggested. The house was being redecorated, with his consent, exactly as Sylvia

wanted it. There had been no clash. Oh, don't be childish, he told himself crossly.

The den looked dirty and desolate now that they had taken everything off the walls and pushed all the furniture into the middle. "What a mess," he said, sighing. He was putting his guns into a cardboard carton on a big table.

"Shall we take the pegs down?" Sylvia asked. "Are you going to put the guns back on the wall?" Her expression showed she doubted the wisdom of this.

"Why, sure," he said lightly. "I don't like guns," she said wistfully. He knew this to be true. She had recoiled from them at first sight.

"That's silly," he heard himself saying. "Nothing to dislike. A gun is a little machine, that's all. Ever fire a gun?"

"No, no." She looked as if she had a bad taste in her mouth.

He picked up a small pistol, opened the flat drawer in the big table, and selected the proper box of cartridges. "Come on," he said. "I've got a range in the cellar."

"A what?"

"A place to shoot."

"Oh, Douglas."

He was feeling stubborn. "If you dislike guns because you don't understand them, I'll teach you."

"All right, darling," she said. Her velvety manner had returned.

His mother was in the living-room reading.

"We're going down to the cellar to shoot a little," he told her.

"Fire away. I'm used to it." She dismissed them with a gesture.

IN the cellar he led Sylvia to a narrow alley, which was partitioned off. He turned on the light at the target end and the fan that drew out the fumes. Then he loaded the little weapon and fired it, noticing that his aim was off. Sylvia held her ears. After a few shots he patiently started to show Sylvia how to hold, aim, and fire the pistol.

Finally she squeezed the trigger and jumped. "I don't like it," she complained.

Douglas had begun to feel he was treating her rather badly. He took the gun from her and said, "Would you mind if I tried again?" Sylvia shook her head and Douglas fired, with better aim this time. He turned to Sylvia, proffering the gun, and said, "Look, try it just once more."

"All right," Sylvia said reluctantly. She pulled the trigger. "There. Now may we go upstairs?"

It seemed to Douglas that as she spoke now she exuded something, an allure of some sort, a promise of better things to come and a great anxiety to be gone from here.

He let the fan run while he checked the gun. He turned off the lights and fan, and then, in the dark, her lips found his.

She went up the cellar stairs ahead of him and turned towards the den. He took the gun and the ammunition into the den, put the box of ammunition into the table drawer, and started automatically to clean the gun. Suddenly Sylvia's arms were around his waist.

"Oh, please," she murmured against his chest.

Douglas tossed the pistol on

To page 66

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... Margaret Merrill.



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THERE wasn't a studio that would give a free advertisement, and when labels had to be shown they were ones specially run up by the art department.

Now, however, with the financial pinch being felt all round, times have changed.

The studios are only too glad—for a consideration—to insert a nice clear shot of somebody's cigarettes or whisky.

Joan Crawford tied it up so that all the soft-drink bottles shown in her picture "The Best Of Everything" are those of her late husband's firm, of which she is now a director.

WEALTHY Arthur Loew, jun., seems to specialise in consoling widows. Elizabeth Taylor saw a lot of him after Mike Todd's death, and now Ty Power's widow, Debbie, is getting the Loew cheer-up treatment. Perhaps this could have some bearing on the cancellation of her plans to go to Europe.

NEWEST actor to have designs on becoming an independent producer is Jeff Hunter, who recently made a lot of money on the stock market. Jeff has formed his own company, Hunter Enterprises, and will use it to make the one outside picture a year which is allowed in his contract with Fox.

MARTHA HYER isn't waiting to marry a millionaire to get all the beautiful things she wants. She is buying them herself, and paying them off from her movie earnings. Her Hollywood Hills apartment is filled with fine furniture and paintings.

PLENTY more movies are ahead for TV star James Garner. He has just signed a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers, giving him salary increases over the first five years. "I got just about everything I asked for," says Jim, who is currently filming "Cash McCall."

PRODUCER Dick Powell has had to cancel his proposed "Bachelor's Baby" because its star, Bing Crosby, wouldn't agree to any of the girls Powell lined up to play opposite him.

ONLY two years after its filming by Joseph Mankiewicz, Graham Greene's "The Quiet American" is to be remade by a French company. Author Greene, who did not care too much for Mankiewicz's handling of his

story, is delighted with the idea of a French version, and has accepted the company's suggestion that he write the film-script himself.

SPOOFING those science fiction movies that take themselves seriously is the independently produced "Have Rocket, Will Travel." Playing the feminine romantic lead is Norwegian beauty Anna Lisa, who has graduated to films from American TV.

MELBOURNE-BORN Dick Bentley has been signed for the new English comedy "Every Night Something Awful," the story of a wartime concert party.

NEW RELEASES

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Drama, with Spencer Tracy. In color. Century, Sydney.

IF ever there was a work of love, it surely must be this.

To me, the task of bringing to the screen Ernest Hemingway's slender Pulitzer and Nobel Prize-winning story has always seemed the most impossible and least rewarding of ventures.

Yet here it is. Not quite ideal Hemingway, and not quite ideal screen fare. But possessing, none the less, genuinely lyrical and moving passages.

Deeply felt and loving as is Tracy's Old Man, I would have preferred some unknown actor, to me anonymous and not connected in my mind with other portrayals.

Because unknown, the Cuban youngster (Felipe Pazos), who splendidly plays the lesser role in a virtually two-man film, was ideal.

He will always be to me The Boy, while Tracy, for all his dedication, will be Tracy acting—full-heartedly and wisely—The Old Man.

Director of photography James Wong Howe has achieved some striking and lovely effects, notably with the fishermen setting out in the early hours of morning. But the frequent changes of color depth throughout are disconcerting.

Although winner of the 1958 best musical-score Academy Award, the Hollywood-style fully orchestrated accompaniment seems to bear little relation to the south-of-the-border theme.

This most brave of ventures

NOW nearing studio completion at Pinewood under Hollywood director Nicholas Ray is "Top of the World," a story set among the Eskimos, and starring Anthony Quinn and Yoko Tani.

The film, which has been shot partly in Canada, has been made in the Technirama 70 system, and may be processed in Todd-AO.

It has been jointly produced by Pinewood's Joseph Janni and Italian producer Maleno Malenotti, and is the first of their new Anglo-Italian tie-up.

Next subject on their books is "Madame Devil May Care," which will star Gina Lollobrigida, and will begin filming early next year.



was produced by Leland Hayward and directed by John Sturges.

In a word... UNUSUAL.

★ MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR

Romantic drama, with Natalie Wood, Gene Kelly. In color. Regent, Sydney.

THE New York girl of good Jewish home background for a charming, ageing drifter is here treated as the length of some major epic.

The longer it goes on, the less important it seems.

Herman Wouk's novel, on which the film is based, made the outcome of the affair of some consequence, because it went deeper.

In her first testing role as a dramatic actress, Natalie Wood just scrapes by.

The now oldish Kelly, who hardly has the magnetism implied, still manages to come across with an effective sort of stark sincerity in some of his dramatic moments.

But it is Everett Sloane and old-timer Claire Trevor (now brunette) who, as the girl's worried orthodox parents, anchor the film securely to earth by their warm, human performances.

Veteran comic Ed Wynn, in the unconvincing role of poor-relation uncle, shows the sort of durable stuff on which past reputations were made.

In a word... OVERBLOWN.



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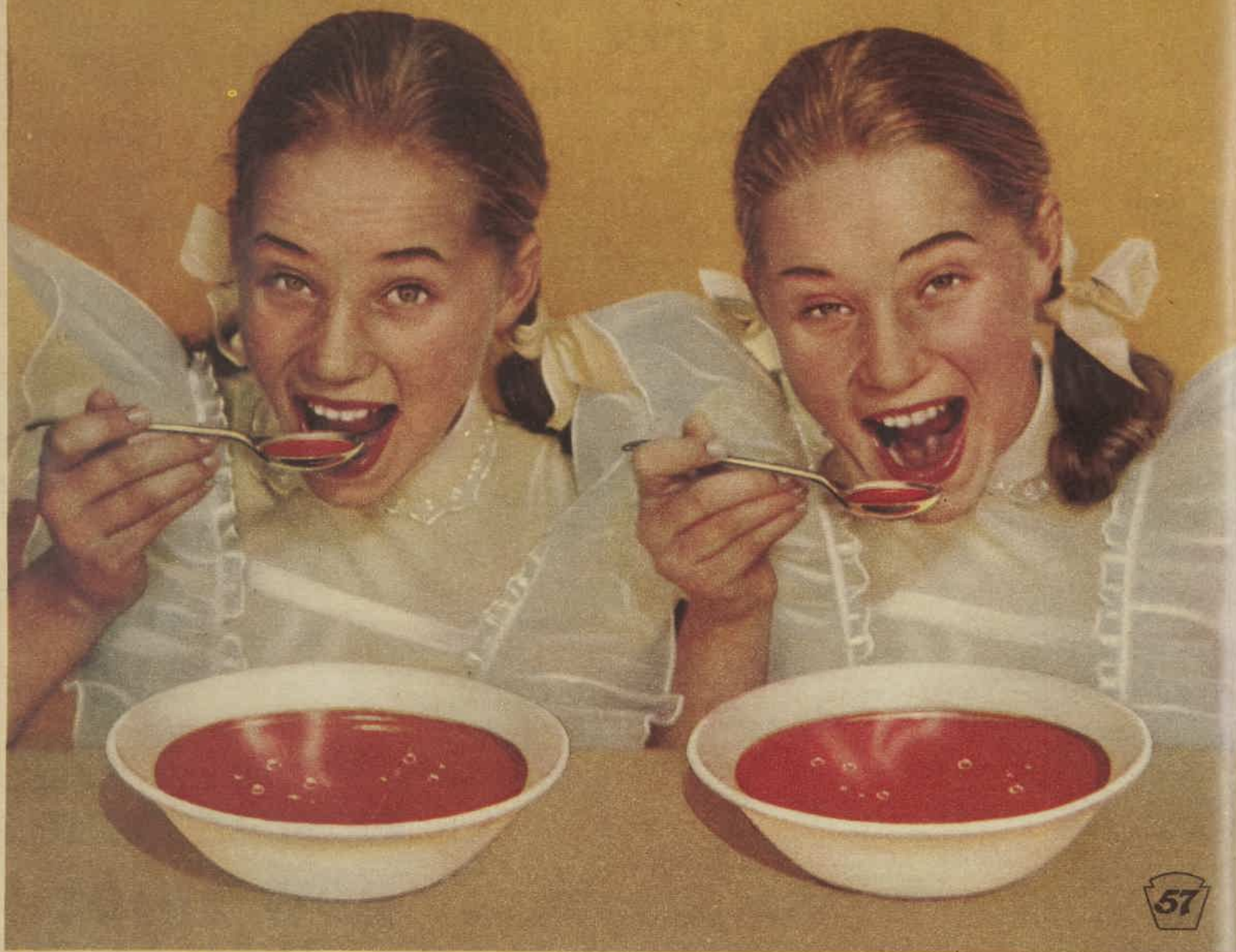


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Page 61



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HEINZ

'Rawhide' coming from the heart of Texas

By NAN MUSGROVE

● With a yip-yip-yip, churned-up plains, and a cloud of dust, "Rawhide" will arrive on your TV screen this month. "Rawhide" is a new, bigger-than-life-size Western, with all the ingredients that add up to top TV ratings.

RAWHIDE (Sydney's Channel 9, Thursdays at 8 p.m. from July 30) is the story of a cattle drive from Western Texas, across the plains to the railhead in Kansas, and the incidents that take place during it.

Having heard this far, I said, "Ah—another Wagon Train?" I was told it was not, but undeniably "Rawhide" has many of the same elements that have made "Wagon Train" (Sydney's Channel 7, 8.30 p.m. Wednesdays) so popular.

It lasts an hour, has guest producers, guest stars, a theme song that is expected to top the hit parade, and a down-to-earth approach that I am assured has hardly a Western cliché in it.

Characteristic of this are the titles of the weekly segments. They are all called either "Incident at..." or "Incident of..." and that's that.

The cattle drive, the same one from the start to the finish of the series, is a gigantic one, undertaken by a number of Texan cattle ranchers who can't afford individual drives. They pool their resources, their cattle, and their cowhands to get their beef to the railhead economically.

Stars of "Rawhide" are trail boss Gil Favor, played by Eric Fleming, and wrangler (horse-braker) Rowdy Yates, played by Clint Eastwood.

Gil is a strong, silent, forthright man, a direct contrast to Rowdy, a handsome hot-head of 25, who has woman trouble, episode after episode.

These two, with the nine cowhands and "Wishbone," the cook, are the continuing characters in the show.

One of the interesting things about "Rawhide" is the guest



HANDSOME Eric Fleming (right), trail boss Gil Favor of "Rawhide," with a fair admirer, and "Wishbone," cook of the cattle drive.

directors, all of whom are notable for their successes with TV Westerns. They include Ted Post, of "Gunsmoke," Vincent M. Fennelly, of "Trackdown," and Andrew V. McLaglen, son of the famous old actor, Victor McLaglen, who directs "Have Gun, Will Travel."

When I heard about the guest directors, because I thought it meant that we'd be battling round that same old "Gunsmoke," "Have Gun" country.

I know it so well I could tell desperate characters where to put their feet and what is round the other side of that

TELEVISION PARADE

Producer is Charles Warren, who wrote, directed, and produced "Gunsmoke" originally, and set the format of this excellent Western.

The "Rawhide" theme is sung by Frankie Laine and composed by Dmitri Tiomkin, who has won umpteen Academy Awards for mood music. I was rather despondent

familiar old rock that they shoot over or around.

But I'm told the whole series is set in new country, has a wonderful, wide-open-spaces look.

The first episode is called "Incident of the Tumbleweed Wagon," and has Terry Moore as guest star.

A tumbleweed wagon was a travelling gaul used in the old West to transport prisoners taken by marshals in outlying districts to the towns visited by the circuit judge.

It was a horrifying vehicle that looked rather like a big wooden-covered tumbrel with tiny high-up barred windows.

If you're still undecided about tuning in the first incident, I might tell you that Miss Terry Moore is incarcerated in the tumbleweed, along with a number of desperadoes (male), and there is more than some trouble.

★ ★ ★

WRITING about the screening of "Casablanca" on Sydney's Channel 9 a few weeks ago, I said I'd like to take a poll of how many middle-aged couples say "That's our song" when they hear the film's "As Time Goes By."

Apparently quite a lot of

couples did say just that, but they're all very cranky with me because I described them as "middle-aged."

"I'm still smarting about your description of us as 'middle-aged,'" one said. "I don't think we are, even if it is our song. When are you middle-aged?"

I thought I'd get the record straight, and consulted various authorities. All of them were very non-committal about it.

Medical men were generally fairly uniform up to 40 years but then hedged a bit. Striking a mean from the medical data, I'd say the classifications were 0 to two years, an infant; 2-12 years, a child; 13-18 years, an adolescent; 18-40 years, a young adult; 40-60, middle-aged; from 60 onwards, aged.

For the purposes of social harmony I feel the medical men could tactfully use the classification "adult" between "young adult" and "middle-aged." Perhaps some do.

The medical divisions don't suit me as well as those of the Commonwealth Statistician's Department. They tell me they generally work, for most purposes, on three age-groups only.

These groups are: People from 0-15 years of age, who are classified as "school-aged"; from 15 to 65, who are classified as "working-aged"; and from 65 onwards, who are classified as "the rest of the population."

Well, I beg everyone's pardon. As I was saying, I'd like to know how many working-aged couples say "That's our song" when they hear "As Time Goes By."

★ ★ ★

I WONDER whether I'll ever see Perry Como again? I'm afraid that his place has been taken by such excellent shows on his home station (Sydney's Channel 7), and on the opposition that Perry may well find there's no audience left over for him.

I won't really mind, my crush on him is over, but his show, without doubt, is the best musical one on TV.

The new Joseph Cotten show, "On Trial" (Channel 7, 8 p.m., Thursdays), is certain to gain a big audience. It's an excellent 30-minute drama which re-enacts a trial which concerns famous cases or points of law.

The first case in which Cotten starred as attorney was the first in history in which a guilty but insane plea was tendered.

It was a well-produced show, marred only by poor Mr. Cotten's make-up. He sported a ravaged look and a cupid's bow of lipstick that really made a travesty of his expressions. It was too bad, for it was really a good show.

LAST WEEKS! GET YOUR ENTRIES IN NOW!



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Specially planned by American-British Travel Headquarters of Sydney with stopovers at Honolulu, San Francisco, New York, London, Paris and Rome, staying at leading hotels. See the London production of "My Fair Lady," attend a Norman Hartnell Fashion Show as a special guest.

PLUS A NEW **VANGUARD SALOON** (value, £1,298)

★ If a cup from a Kwit bottle or can, or top from a Kwit Powder packet is enclosed with your entry.

Kwit wants household hints to include in a booklet they propose to publish to help all housewives. All you have to do to enter this competition is to write a simple household hint in less than 50 words on such subjects as cleaning, decorating, flower arrangements and care, sewing, knitting, baby care or cooking—even your favourite recipe will do. Here's an example: "Wrap large potatoes in aluminium foil; bake for half an hour in hot oven and serve still wrapped. You'll be amazed at the difference in flavour." Next mark four uses for Kwit on the entry form in order of their importance to you. Entries will first be judged in their own States. State finalists who qualify for the National title will be known as "Mrs. Queensland," "Mrs. N.S.W.," "Mrs. Victoria," "Mrs. South Australia," etc. Each State finalist will be presented with a cheque for £100 by Kwit and will be flown to Sydney and back for the National final. In Sydney, finalists will be guests of the famous Aarons Exchange Hotel for one week. Write that household hint now! Fill in the entry form, post it to Kwit—and you may have the most wonderful and exciting tour of your life.

STOREKEEPERS! Help Kwit to find "Mrs. Australia" and **WIN THIS VANGUARD ESTATE VAN** (£1,339)

The storekeeper from whom "Mrs. Australia" purchases her Kwit will be presented with a new Vanguard Estate Van valued at £1,339. Stock and display Kwit during this competition. "Mrs. Australia" may visit your store to-day!

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

To "Kwit," P.O. Box 22, Botany, N.S.W.

Attached is my entry in Kwit's "Mrs. Australia" Contest.

I agree to abide by the rules.

Remember, if you enclose a cup from a bottle or can of Kwit, or a top from a Kwit Powder packet, you will qualify for the Vanguard Saloon, too!

Read these four uses for Kwit, then mark them 1, 2, 3, 4 in their order of importance to you.	Kwit softens the hardest water.
	Kwit is kindest to your hands.
	Kwit does a week's washing-up for less than 1/.
	Kwit cleans cars quickly—just wash on... hose off!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NAME OF STORE (where you purchased your Kwit) _____

ADDRESS _____ STATE _____

★ This condition applies only to those States where it is legally permissible.



HAZARDS of a Western hero's civilised life are the autograph-hunters who lie in wait for stars during filming breaks. Clint ("Cheyenne") Walker has had more than his share since he returned to the "Cheyenne" lot.

Film Parade



DIRECTOR and his discovery. At left, Henry Fonda as the great Willie Rainier and Leslie Caron as actress Ann Galantier in the 20th Century-Fox color film "The Man Who Understood Women."



SPECTACULAR arrival of movie star Ann Galantier at a plush Hollywood premiere gives Leslie the opportunity to wear a striking evening gown (above), designed by Hollywood's Charles LeMaire.



ITALIAN Cesare Danova, in his first American film, plays a charming adventurer whom Leslie meets on the Riviera.

The Man Who Understood Women...

*... played by
Henry Fonda,
with Leslie
Caron as the
woman he
almost failed
to understand.*



HENRY FONDA (above), as the great Hollywood producer-director-actor Willie Rainier—the man who had won himself the reputation of understanding the ways of the most difficult women. But—did he?

NEWCOMER Buck Class plays the nice young actor who helps Leslie through the ordeal of her first screen test (at right). The film is based on Romain Gary's "The Colors of the Day."



from page 60

top of the heap of other guns in the cardboard carton. It didn't matter for the moment. He would have to polish them all before rehanging them. Sylvia was near, and perfume came from her hair. Douglas drew her to him and said huskily, "I'm sorry if the practice distressed you."

"That's all right," Sylvia said. "I like this. Just being alone—with you." They kissed, and his mind moved ahead to thoughts of themselves together when the wedding had been held. He felt his heartbeats quickening.

"Douglas," she said after a while, "when is Betty leaving?"

The unexpected question piqued him a little, and he said almost gruffly, "Oh, I suppose when we get home again."

"Does she have to stay all that while?"

"But she'll be needed while we're gone."

"I want to take care of Tessa," Sylvia pouted.

"Soon enough," he murmured.

"No, Douglas, really. Betty is a nice girl, but she—I feel she keeps me away from Tessa. At least she'd like to."

His stubborn mood returned. "Betty is fine with Tessa. She has had a lot of experience with children."

"But Betty—"

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Don't you know that you spoil Tessa terribly?" he said, not unkindly.

Sylvia moved closer against him. "And yet," she said softly, "we are the family. I want it to be the three of us, so close."

"Soon," he said, melting.

But later, twisting in his bed, he thought: Sylvia doesn't care for my hobbies, neither the garden nor the guns. He had been irritated, he realised, by Sylvia's stupidity with the gun. No intelligent person needed to be quite so flagrantly inept. Could it have been deliberate? For that second time she had picked up the gun with competence and ease.

He twisted the other way. What was he dreaming of? Something deceitful? No, no. Actually, there was nothing difficult about picking up a gun unless you made it so. Well, if she disliked it that much, he supposed he could let that hobby go.

Changes are inevitable in any marriage. He knew that when he returned to the house tomorrow after work there would be new paint, new wallpaper, something for him to admire. His uneasiness was no doubt normal. At last, he slept.

When the painter's truck pulled into the driveway at nine the next morning Betty did not see it. She was helping Mrs. Kilburn with her bath. Betty was trying phrases in her mind. "Mrs. Kilburn," she would say, "I am afraid I must leave sooner than I had planned. In fact, I'd like to go right away if that is possible. I could arrange to come back during the honeymoon."

No, no, she couldn't say that. Neither could she say, "I can't bear it any more. I can't watch. I can't stay where nothing is really mine—or ever can be—and watch Sylvia take over." But she would have to find some way to say it. And leave.

Mrs. Monahan did not see the painter arrive, nor did she

hear his ring at the front doorbell. She was sorting the wash in the laundry off the kitchen and had one load already running noisily. Tessa was in the kitchen to be under her eye until Betty finished her duties upstairs.

It was Sylvia who heard the doorbell and who opened the door.

The man wore spattered white overalls. She scarcely glanced at his face. She led him across the living-room into

"I can explain," said the painter. "Seems I got up this morning with a strong hunch that you'd like to loan me a bit of money. Mrs.—er—Walsh, is it? Not too much. Say a thousand dollars. And Mr. Mowry, he might like to loan me the same. Why should you? Oh, I dunno. We knew each other of old, eh? Mrs. Cal—I mean Walsh—she wants to get married kinda quietly. Mr. Mowry, he likes peace and quiet, too. Me, I'd like the loan of a couple of grand and then I'm all for the quiet life myself. Is everybody happy?"

gun before either man noticed what she was doing.

Then Updyke saw the glint of the gun. "Hey, watch it!" he cried.

Sylvia steadied the gun in her hand. She wept. Tears seemed to spout from her eyes without affecting her vision or her resolve.

"Nobody is writing any cheques," she said. "You go ahead and tell. Anything. Anyone. Go ahead. Wreck my life. Make me pay for a past that's over and done. Just do it."

"Wait a minute." The painter was no longer so sure of himself.

Sylvia continued to weep, but her hand was steady on the gun. Hysteria crept into her voice. "I won't pay blackmail. That's too stupid. Neither of you is going to open his mouth. Because if you do and you ruin me, then why should I care what I do to you?"

She had them terrified.

"Listen," the painter whined, "cool off, Mrs. Calverne."

"Mrs. Walsh!" she shrieked.

"Okay, okay," Updyke mumbled.

Mowry said, "Take it easy, Sylvia. Listen to me. This isn't going to do any of us any good." He was close enough to reach for the gun. "Put that down. We can talk, can't we?"

"I'm only trying to live," she sobbed.

He thought he saw his chance and he lunged. The gun wobbled as he pitted his strength against hers.

Henry Updyke turned towards the panelled door. "I'm getting out," he said. "Nobody told me she was nuts."

Mowry said, "Let it go, Sylvia. Let it go!"

But she was twisting and writhing, and the gun went off.

Mowry groaned. "Now you've done it. Somebody must have heard that. Listen, Sylvia. Forget it. Hear me."

But he saw that she was staring at something in horror. He turned to look and met the astonished gaze of Henry Updyke. Updyke was looking over his shoulder at them, with an expression of outraged surprise. Then he died. As he died he fell.

To be concluded



the den. The door in the panelling automatically closed and shut them in.

"Now the woodwork is to be cream as I guess you were told." Her eyes were drawn to the glass door at the side of the house, where the bulk of a body was darkening the light. Dean Mowry was tapping on the pane. Sylvia clicked her tongue. She went to open the door.

Mowry was pale. He said, "Henry, I came to beg you—"

Sylvia looked over her shoulder. The man in the painter's clothes was grinning. "How do, Mrs. Calverne? Remember me? Name's Updyke. Used to do work for Mr. Calverne. But he's dead, I hear."

Sylvia's hands were clasped at her breast. "What is this?" she hissed, her eyes darting from one man to the other. "What do you want?"

"Who sent you here?" she demanded.

"I don't blame you for asking that," said the painter saucily. "So I'll tell you. Mowry told me you were here."

Despair overcame Mowry's weak face. The painter watched the woman slyly.

Sylvia's face stiffened. "What was the idea?" she said slowly to Mowry.

"It doesn't matter what his idea was," the painter said. "It's my idea now. So how about it? I'll take cheques. Then, well, I am a painter, it so happens, and I can either paint the room or walk off the job. And no more said. So?"

Mowry began to sputter something.

Sylvia moved swiftly. She picked up the small pistol from the top of the cardboard box and opened the table drawer. She had two cartridges in the

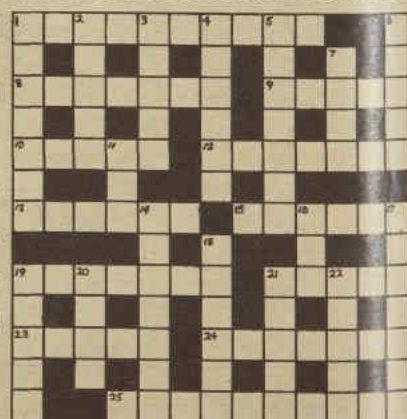
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- As this is a war, we may arm the old fellow (10).
- Warnings, look like for warm climate (7).
- Dweller in Mesopotamia (5).
- Birthplace of the original Robinson Crusoe set to music by Handel (5).
- Once a London sanctuary for lawbreakers restored by Germany to France (7).
- He keeps a royal park, mostly with ire (6).
- Northern part of a curve with facial neuralgia (6).
- Excursionist (7).
- A member in beer is quite enough (5).
- Beach in Florida (5).
- Great at boatracing (7).
- Having a bout of drinking exactly as Berlin (2, 3, 5).

EPITAPH MAGIC
VINTAGE LIRA
ELGAR ACCOUNT
LITITHE NE
EMANATE ASTER
SI DE
SUNNIERCLIMES
NE I P
FLUID TREMOLO
APPROPRIATE
DESPAIR GREAT
SEW TENSURE
SATIN SUSPEND

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- First abolish to be ring-like (7).
- Witty saying or a machine imparting motive power (5).
- House lizard, which at the end gets a knock out (5).
- When a barrister is treated as bird he is no longer a barrister (6).
- I rose to be lazier (7).
- Country of fine earthenware (5).
- Sharp-tasted pastry (4).
- It's a rowing boat even when it turns (3).
- Suppression of vowels in pronouncing (7).
- Part of a wheel turns to a Scotchman (3).
- Mere cat (Anagr., 7).
- Stiffener with a holy curve? (6).
- More tractable man who makes more tractable beasts (5).
- Mountains separating two continents, but not two countries (4).
- Protection used by Zeus and Athene (5).
- His fish is the haddock (5).

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning August 3

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21—APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.

★ You may buy an article of clothing and find it a perfect match for your outfit. You venture to ask a favor of a difficult person, only to find him friendly and co-operative. Some of you invite that handsome stranger to a party, discovering, to your delight, he is more than prepared to meet you halfway. Only the bold win.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21—MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, it, blue. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck through elders.

★ If a teenager, parents are likely to help you further an ambition. If engaged, the influence of an older person or a relative could hasten the marriage date. If a young married, the offer of a parent to baby-sit could help you take a job. In certain cases, financial assistance from a member of the family could mean the purchase of a home.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21—JUNE 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in an outing.

★ This could be a short trip to town or with a sports team to a game away from home, a week-end house-party, or merely a Sunday picnic with family or friends. Such a trip could affect holiday plans later on, possibly the rent or purchase of a weekend cottage or the building of one. If the outing is with young people, some meet their life partners.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 21—JULY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a crowded building.

★ Where people and activity are found your luck is waiting. You could pick up a purse, sum of money, article of value; a reward is likely to be forthcoming. Should you work in a busy place a new member of the staff becomes important, a romance is in view. Useful information may be gained through demonstrations in stores.



LEO The Lion

JULY 21—AUGUST 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your own quick wits.

★ Keep your presence of mind. Social situations may require tactful answers, a kind white lie to save hurt feelings, or merely a close to you may need moral support in a difficult decision. If a parent, a child is likely to seek your advice or confide in you; the right response is essential. In traffic you will need to be quick to avoid an accident.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 21—SEPTEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in leisure.

★ Pressure removed after working at top speed is a vacation. Less may be expected of you, although you may be asked to visit some one in hospital or an elderly relative. If you have commenced any project, such as knitting a jumper, making a dress or hat, it should move faster than you anticipated, because there will be fewer interruptions.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 21—OCTOBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in sports.

★ If you play any game you are likely to be training for an important match, or you may be present at a gathering where you receive a trophy. Should you be a supporter of a team, excitement may be at fever pitch. The celebration of a victory could take the form of an impromptu party. If your beloved shines as an athlete, be there to cheer him.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 21—NOVEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in playing to the gallery.

★ It's not enough to give an adequate performance; add that flair for originality for which Scorpio is famous. Be careful about timing your answers; make your point the climax, then listen to others before joining in again. Play your part with sincerity, honesty of purpose, and imagination. Make a hit with your best beloved, your boss, your parents.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 21—DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in know-how.

★ If you're not satisfied with your skill in sport, in a craft, or in some department of domestic achievement, get advice from the more experienced, buy a book on the subject, attend a class. Practise in your spare time; soon you'll be almost a professional. If you and your nearest and dearest have a hobby in common, friendly rivalry will do no harm.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21—JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in a challenge.

★ Obstacles are made to be overcome. You have a long-cherished wish, but cannot see your way to accomplishing it. Grit your teeth and pitch in, whether you want to improve your skill in golf or playing the piano. If coldness, misunderstandings have clouded your relationship with your best beloved, sweep them away, find happiness.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in harmonious relations.

★ Your associates in business or social activities are likely to be most co-operative, ready to accept your ideas. This should smooth the path with regard to a delicate negotiation. If a parent, children will be ready to fall in with your plans. Family outings should be pleasant occasions, with adventures and misadventures to add to the fun.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, orange. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a heavy programme.

★ You'll be too busy to think about yourself or your problems; you'll be concerned with surface interests, outside activities, possibly influenced by people becoming increasingly important in your outlook. You may be called upon to hold office, preside over a meeting, or head a deputation. Your beloved or your family will resent your frequent absences.



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LOXENE

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clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness

Many Australians to-day are suffering from unhealthy hair and scalp. Sometimes, not realising this, they believe they have naturally dull hair. But if they realise something is wrong, all too frequently they adopt the wrong kind of treatment—start applying lotions and dressings that merely mask the problem temporarily instead of tackling it at its root.

WHAT SCIENCE SAYS ABOUT DULL HAIR AND DANDRUFF

Hair specialists have found that very many hair troubles stem from one cause—the incomplete cleanliness of hair and scalp. Dust, grime and dandruff, accumulating on the scalp, can form a deposit which tends to block the hair follicles. This can prevent the free flow of the natural scalp oils that give healthy hair its lovely natural gloss. In extreme cases the deposit is visible (as dandruff)—often it is in the hair without being seen at all.

HOW LOXENE HELPS TO REMOVE THE CAUSE OF UNHEALTHY HAIR

The answer to all these troubles caused by unhealthy hair was found by formulating a scalp treatment as a medicated shampoo. This preparation, called Loxene, makes hair and scalp really clean by removing all grime and flaky deposits. With regular use, Loxene removes and helps to overcome the development of dandruff.

ONLY HEALTHY HAIR CAN BE ATTRACTIVE HAIR

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1959

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F4732. — Beginners' pattern for a girl's easy-to-make sundress. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material, ¼ yd. 36in. contrast material, 1½ yds. embroidered edging. Price 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 845 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 8348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5414. — Princess-style dress has a wide, oval neckline, bell-shaped skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5432. — Slim dress is buttoned through from the Empire line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5414

F5347. — Tailored dress has a slim skirt, slightly blouson bodice, and striped trimming on the pockets, cuffs, and neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material, ¼ yd. 36in. striped material. Price 3/9.

F5418. — Sundress has a halter-necked bodice covered with a short, back-buttoning jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5432

F4732

F5418

F5347

F5425

F5425. — Dress with two bows on the bodice has an accordion-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7 yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 100. — LAYETTE
 The layette — comprising a dress, pincers, nightgown, bonnet, carrying coat, and petticoat — is obtainable cut out ready to make in white, pale pink, or pale lemon flannelette, and in no-iron cotton plisse with a color choice of white, pale blue, and pale pink. The lace trimming is included.
 Dress 12/6, postage 1/- extra. Pincers 5/9, postage 6d. extra. Nightgown 13/9, postage 1/- extra. Bonnet 4/6, postage 6d. extra. Carrying coat 12/2, postage 1/- extra. Petticoat 5/9, postage 6d. extra. Complete set 52/6, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 101. — LUNCHEON SET
 The rose-design luncheon set is obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen, with a color choice of white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.
 Cloth sizes: 30in. x 36in. 18/6, postage 1/9 extra; 45in. x 45in. 29/9, postage 2/6 extra. Serviettes: 11in. x 11in. 1/9 each, postage 4d. extra.

No. 102. — TRAYCLOTH, TEA-COZY, AND SERVIETTE
 The traycloth, tea-cozy and serviette are obtainable clearly traced to embroider on Irish linen. Color choice includes white, blue, lemon, pink, and green.
 Sizes: Traycloth, 11in. x 17in. 4/6, postage 6d. extra; tea-cozy, 13in. x 10in. 4/9, postage 6d. extra; serviette, 11in. x 11in. 1/9, postage 6d. extra. Complete set 10/2, postage 1/- extra.

No. 103. — FULL-SKIRTED DRESS
 The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in white-striped cotton cambric, with a color choice of aqua, green, red, and blue.
 Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 36/6, 36 and 38in. bust 39/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

101

102

103



How to make TEA to a "T" and still watch T.V.

Mrs. J. Heath of Camberwell writes:

Dear Sirs, I think all T.V. Owners will welcome this tip. Before settling down for the night's viewing, just bring the electric jug, some cups and a pack of Lipton's Tea Bags into the lounge. This way you don't have to interrupt your viewing to make your "cuppa". Just boil the jug and pop the teabags straight into the cups. It's much quicker and saves washing up later. All my friends agree that your teabags make the most delicious tea ever.

MRS. DIANE WARE of FAIRFIELD writes:

At our office, where we all like tea of different strengths, Lipton Tea Bags are a blessing. I just place a bag in each cup, pour on boiling water, and the owner can remove it when it is exactly to his or her liking. Thank you for a wonderful product.

WIN £5

... for a simple letter. For every extract published, we'll pay £5. Let's hear from you!

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1 LIPTON TEA BAGS

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3 LIPTON ROYAL BLEND

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LIPTON'S KNOW TEA BECAUSE LIPTON'S GROW TEA



Cecil Beaton, one of the world's leading photographers, took this Lux picture. It captures all the cloud-soft freshness that says it must be new — yet it's been Lux-washed six times . . . that's the Lux care you love!

Kayser, makers of fine lingerie and hosiery, say

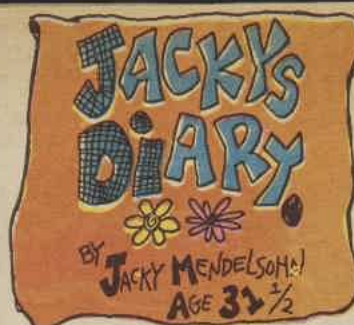
“Wash fine things in Lux
because Lux is so safe”



So lovely, this frothy negligee — as trousseau-fresh as the day she first tried it on . . . yet it's been washed and washed — Lux-washed of course! Delicate lingerie stays so soft, so colour-true . . . with safe, gentle Lux care. That's why Kayser remind you, “The secret of keeping fine lingerie new-looking is frequent washing with gentle Lux Flakes.” A dip in pure, soft Lux suds brings them up like new. Gentle Lux, as kind to your hands as it is to your clothes.

LUX IS SO SAFE — YOU'LL WANT TO USE IT ALWAYS

U461WWHPC



Later on I SAW THE MAN WHO'S COAT GOT STOLE, & HE WAS BUYING AN OTHER ONE FROM THE LADY. And it fitted Him PERFECT.



If you NEED a NEW COAT, go & buy one in a RESTAURANT... THEY SELL THEM there for A 1/- a PIECE.

Your Friend, JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



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TEENA



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grabbed her. She fainted and an invisible man carried her from the room. When Mandrake returned he was challenged by the thief, who was very angry at the trick. Mandrake tried to leave, but the Invisible Thief knocked him out with a pistol. NOW READ ON:



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